"Wofford College Journal"

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THE
WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY

Wofford College Journal

OCTOBER, 1908

PUBLISHED BY
The Calhoun, Carlisle and Preston Literary Societies
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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The House of Kuppenheimer
Chicago

SOME SNAP

There's Always Some Snap to our Suits

We're out of the rut—our suits are always different. Come in and try on some of the new comers for Fall and Winter wear. It's a revelation to some men to see how readily we can meet their ever requirement. Suits of many fabrics, of many colors, of many shapes, of many styles of trimmings.

SUITS AT $10.00, $12.50, $15.00, $16.50 to $35.00

Hats and Haberdashery

We can't attract you here by prices, for other stores quote the same figures—any store can quote prices. We expect to win your trade by the excellence of our wearables at the price—not by the price alone. For this reason we say, "This way, please."

Our guarantee is always "Money Back" if you want it.

M. Greenewald, The Leading Clothier and Hatter.

WEST MAIN STREET

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

W. C. Curry, Literary Editor

To Wofford beckoning hands invite,
  And voices cry, "Come on!
Here is the source of light and might;
  Young men, come on, come on!"

They know within her stately walls,
  Are men most brave and true;
And thus they send an urgent call
  To me and you; yes, you!

These men are here to teach and lead,
  The boys of this old land;
To live a life so pure in deed,
  That men will lend a hand.

A hand to lead them up and on,
  To highest heights of fame;
Where none but pure and great are gone,
  And none but great remain.

—Earl L. Keaton.

The Maid's Frown

It happened late one beautiful afternoon while I was sitting alone in the evening shade enjoying the calm, refreshing breeze. I had been working over a few Latin verses, but soon my mind began to wander, and the last thing I remember wondering about before I was fast asleep was: What causes such melancholy looks on the countenances of old maids?

While I was dozing thus in the dreamy air, I dreamed that I was reading an article in The State about the spinsters becoming infuriated with the men because they were thinking of permitting immigration to the United States. Several weeks had gone by, and these ladies were forming clubs in order that they might make some plan for taking action against this very important matter. Then, again, I was very much surprised to see in a paper that these furious ladies had come to the conclusion after much perplexity of mind, that it was impossible for them to do anything more than to form an army and kill all the bachelors in the country. They believed, if the bachelors had married, there would not have been any such question under consideration in the United States as "shall we have immigration?"

These bachelor maids said they knew in their hearts that the bent of the minds of these half-men was to have immigration.

"Our forefathers," they said, "who showed their patriotism in the Revolutionary War, held this country of ours sacred. How have the bachelors held it?—a paradise for the world's hoboes. Patrick Henry exclaimed, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' but we will have patriotic men or death."

After I had read about the step which the spinsters were about to take, I became interested enough to go to one of the clubs and offer my services to help them in whatever way I could. I was one of the enemy, but, strange to say, they received me gladly to carry messages and help them in other respects. Thus I was informed of all their plans.

Then they argued thus: "We must get the government under the wrong impression about the way in which we in-

tend to conduct this affair. First, we will tell Uncle Sam we believe the bachelors are cowards, and in order that we may prove whether they are or not we will challenge them to meet us on a battlefield, on the first day of April, 18——; our grievance being that the bachelors will be the cause of immigration to the United States. Second, we will inform the government that we do not expect to fight, but only want to play a joke on the bachelors. Third, we will have the government send an army to protect us if the bachelors attempt to fight; and will pay the government for this expense and trouble."

After winning the government over in favor of their plans, they then proceeded as follows: "We have informed the government that we are going to fight on April 1st, but we will have the bachelors to meet on the field about a week earlier; and then we will see who is the braver—a bachelor or a maid."

In fact, the maids thought the government would not pay any attention to their "foolishness," but they knew that the bachelors were in earnest about the matter, and knew that they had everything in their favor now, and success depended upon whether or not they could keep their plans a secret.

About a year after the plans, the bachelor maids challenged the bachelors to the field. The bachelors thought it was for life or death—just what the spinsters meant—but Uncle Sam had no idea that the maids would fight.

"We do not like this business," said the bachelors, "and will choose a white flag."

The maids said, "We expect to kill every bachelor in the United States, and therefore we will choose a black flag."

The Blackflagers and the Whiteflagers met on the field where the contest was to take place. And there on the twenty-first day of March, 18——, was fought the battle, in which the bachelors retreated in defeat and showed their cowardice. After only a few had been killed, the tender hearts of the maids were influenced by the bachelors' cry, "Have mercy!" which was heard from all over the field. Then the maids with clasped hands raised their eyes towards heaven, and, after

they had remained in this position only a few moments heard a voice saying, "Why are you not fighting?" They knew it was Vox Dei and not vox virorum.

Then the maids exclaiming, "The men who will not marry shall not live," renewed the fight.

But those words, "Have mercy," seemed to penetrate their hearts sorely, and with grieved spirits they said one to another, "What have we accomplished? We expected to kill all the men on the field, but have only proven them cowards. Our purpose is lost!"

Then they knelt down upon the battle field and prayed thus: "Oh, God, we have tried to do the best thing for our country that was in our power to do. We tried to exterminate the bachelors, but we could not do anything with the cowards for their pleas for mercy. Now, oh, God, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt give us a disgust for a coward, and let this disgust take the form of a frown upon our faces, an indelible sign of a lost purpose." And the maids arose and went home with their request granted.

I awoke about this time and, after thinking a few moments formed a new opinion of a bachelor maid. They stand higher in my estimation today than ever before. I believe they are our truest patriots, and the looks of sadness manifested in their countenances are not looks of demoralization because they are not married, but because they failed in their purpose to kill the last bachelor. R. E. Smith, Jr., '10.

Education and the State

(MEDAL ESSAY.)

The highest aim of a nation or individual is to strive to raise the mass of people to as high a state of civilization as possible. We cannot expect any less of an intelligent, patriotic man. It is therefore our duty to find out through what channels men may be brought to a higher plane of living and make better citizens. The State is no better than the men who comprise it. It is a whole and its value is determined by what its individuals are.

There are a great many questions of more or less importance which confront a nation, but the greatest question which the people of our State and nation have to meet is that of education. We cannot neglect it, the future of our State depends upon it. Will we put all our time and energies in the money making business and neglect the children who are the future of the State? The modern world with all its inventions and discoveries, the development of commerce and the rapid increase of population has brought about various complexities in society which requires more intellectual power than a century ago. The march of civilization has been very rapid in the last hundred years, industry has made great strides and it is a question whether or not our mental faculties are keeping pace with material things.

We are a growing nation performing one of the greatest experiments any people ever attempted—that of Democratic government. It is an excellent system but by no means perfected. We glory in its principles, and justly too, of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. But an ignorant Democracy is a dangerous thing. It is like a great beast without brains. If it is not held in check by its own superior faculties the result will be self-destruction. Geologists tell us that the mastodon became extinct because its body increased more rapidly than its brains and it was thereby a helpless creature, unable to take care of itself and therefore perished by being entangled in swamps and mud-flats. We see. therefore, that it is of great importance that we keep our mental powers on a par with our material development.

Whether education is or is not a good thing for a nation is beyond discussion. We see the many instances of its effect on progress and the general uplift of humanity. Why do we know the Greeks as we do? Why do so many of our poets an dthe poets of all ages turn to Greece for subject matter? It is simply because they were a cultured people, their works of art and the example they set before the world will outlive all their riches and victories a thousand times. What made New England the industrial center of the United States? Those

old stalwart Puritans when they landed on American shores and planted the seed of a great nation, their first building was a church, then a school house. They saw that the success of the future depended on the development of their children and they were prepared for it.

To bring the question nearer home, what are we doing for our children to make the future of our State glorious? What are we doing to raise our people to higher standards of life and develop a nation which will be an inspiration to the world? Are the children of our land being treated fair? We cannot answer in the affirmative. A great deal has been done in this country along educational lines and the work has been a source of admiration across the water. But the question is not how much we have done, but what we can do and are not doing. The educational system in parts of our country does not give the child what he deserves. We ask, what should he have? He is certainly entitled to a high school education and enough recreation and outdoor play to make life worth living.

A great per cent. of the children of our land do not get this. We see them of all ages filing out a great mill at evening after a day's toil, with their pale faces and sunken chests, yet wearing a smile trying to adapt themselves to these abominal conditions. Many of them grow up in ignorance and know nothing of the beauties of life which they are by nature entitled to. Instead of the songs of birds and a pure atmosphere to enrich their young lives, they only hear the monotonous hum of great machinery and dwarf their young bodies within the walls of a cotton factory. Child labor laws have been passed and many are inadequate. In some States they had just as well not have them. In our own South Carolina they are a farce. Children raised up under these conditions know nothing of life in its broader sense, they have no ambition, nor ideals and are a drawback to society.

In this section of the country we are not so familiar with the mining industry. In many States very efficient laws have been made regarding child labor, but sad to say in others

their treatment of children is inhuman. It is a common occurrence to find little girls working in the galleys of mines, lifting ore from one step to another, their young backs almost broken under the burden. All day long they breathe the impure atmosphere underground and only at night, possibly in a dingy hut, are they permitted to breathe the pure air of the open sky. Very often boys and girls are found working in a half naked condition and the frightful immorality which results is hardly believable. These conditions actually exist, they are not fanciful anecdotes to arouse men to this great need. One has only to go to the mill or mine to find our children doing these tasks, and wasting their young lives, possibly for the sake of a worthless father or mother who are at home spending their time in idleness and depending on their children for sustenance. Here the little people are worked long hours and the bloom of their young lives wasted, maybe to increase the pocket-book of some millionaire who is spending his time in idleness or spending his money foolishly on the pastimes of the day. Is this right? No! we answer. It is life, and we who are more fortunate in life, is it for us to stand aside and allow these conditions to continue? It is our duty to go to the rescue of the children and by legislative power correct these evils as best we can.

The only channels at present through which these evils can be attacked and exterminated is through proper child labor laws and compulsory education. The children can be kept out of the mills and it is the duty of the State to do it. This is being done in some States and the results are encouraging. The next step is to require them to go to school. Some narrow minded people claim that the State has no right to compel a child to go to school. They say it is the parents' business if he wants to educate his child. This argument might be continued and claim that the law has no right to protect a child against its father, but we see immediately the absurdity of the statement. If ignorance is a drawback to society it is the duty of the State to remedy the evil.

Quite a number of States have passed the compulsory edu-

cation law and the results are very favorable—South Carolina has not. This is not an experiment; it has passed that stage. The results in the States in which it has been adopted are all that could be desired, and the general tone of the working class is raised and the frightful conditions greatly alleviated.

When this question is brought up in our legislature the negro question rises in defiance and clouds the minds of our law-makers with foul prejudice. Of course this law compels all children to go to school regardless of color. But the negro children are going to school while we argue whether this law should be passed or not. Do we remember that there are twenty-five thousand more negro children going to school in South Carolina than white? It is almost incredible, but this is the report of the State Superintendent of Education in 1907. The negro children are going to school while a great per cent. of our white children are working or idly loafing around the streets or selling newspapers. Something must be done for our younger generation is growing and will soon occupy the places of honor and responsibility which the present generation now holds. What kind of men and women shall we make of them? Shall they be broad minded and cultured or brought up under stringent educational facilities and narrowed with prejudice against an inferior race?

No respectable white man denies white supremacy, this is not the question. If education is good for the white man it seems that it would be good also for the black man. It is the duty of the whites who are superior in every line to lead the negro into higher planes of moral and religious life, and this can be best done by education. It is useless to try to hold him down, the white man has to stay down to hold the negro down, and furthermore ignorance is no remedy for anything. We should be guided by knowledge not prejudice. And the sooner we can look on this question as fair minded men, not swayed by the cries of the mob but determined to do our duty, the better will be the affairs in our State. The negro is here, he is here to say, whether he was placed here by the hand of Providence to be lifted up by us, we do not know. Shall we cheat him in his ignorance and

try to hold him down and thereby impede our own progress? No! Shall we lynch him? No! for the sake of a civilized Southern white race.

It is therefore our duty to push on to the mark of an ideal State. We have made great progress in educational lines, but what has been done falls into insignificance when we see what is yet to be done. We are proud of our democratic country and justly so, the land of the free and the brave, as we like to speak of it. The country in which every man is king. But, we must remember our kings must be educated, we cannot afford to have them ignorant; they may become tyrants and unknowingly an enemy to the form of government which fostered them.

Ruskin says, "The true veins of wealth are not in rocks but in flesh." And our people, all the people, all classes, have to be given the proper mental training in order to develop the vast material riches that our country offers, and the South especially.

It has been found that the production of the majority of States in the Union is in direct proportion to the amount expended on education. That is, the State which spends ten dollars per capita on education produces just twice as much as the one that spends five. It is therefore an economical investment, and no commonwealth has ever lost by investing money in the development of its younger generation.

May we look forward to a brighter future? We believe the day is dawning when better educational advantages will be given and every child in South Carolina, yea, in the whole country will be given a high school education before he attemps his life's work. When this is done we will see a great change in our nation. The ignorant cries of the mob will be silenced, there will be less oppression of the helpless classes, employees will be on a better footing with employers, and justice will be demanded where it is due. Then we will have what constitutes a true State, "not high raised battlements or labored mound, thick wall or moated gate," but "Men, men whom their duties know and knowing dare maintain."

F. Mason Crum, '09.

"The Christmas Jug"

The December sun was slowly setting on the little cottage where lived the old farmer William Byrd. The toils and labors of the year were now nearing the peaceful quietude, and prospects of a happy Christmas were felt by William and his devoted companion, Marie.

The thoughts of slavery and hardships suffered during the year were now banished from their hearts, and as Christmas was drawing on rapidly, the devoted couple sought various forms of pleasure and amusement for the holidays. The thought came to William that a jug would not be out of place, so an order was immediately sent in.

On the twenty-first of December the order was sent in, enclosing a money order for the required amount, two dollars. It was worded as follows:

"Frog Level, S. C., December 21, 1907.

"Mr. Havemeyer & Co., Augusta, Ga.

"Dear Gentlemen: I wish you ter look on de enside ob dis leter ter fin' a order fer 2 dollers an' wants you ter be kin' enuf ter sen' me de bes' galon er liquer you got. I wants it fer nex' week case we'se gwine ter hab a turkie shootin', an' I spects ter git de turkie. Please sir sen' it ter me on de 12 clock bestibule, so I kin git it in time fer de shootin'. An' much erblige ter you— "William Byrd."

During the few days which intervened the sending of the order and the receipt of the jug, William was contemplating how to make the best use of it. He finally decided to lay it aside until Christmas morning, and when the golden sun became visible on the horizon, then it was that the seal should be broken.

On the following day the much expected jug arrived, and when the happy William drove in town the next morning, the express office was his first stop. Having inquired for his jug, and finding it to be there he immediately found his employer, Mr. Silas Winn, and requested him to identify him, so as to obtain the jug. When this was accomplished, he got his jug

and made his way to the Flat-bottom shop, where he intended leaving it until he was ready to go home.

He was accompanied to the store by two of his friends, Duffy Dandy and Pink Roundtree, whom he had always esteemed as partners. Here he left his jug, telling the proprietor that he would call for it about five o'clock in the afternoon. Upon his request, the jug was left in the store, in care of Mr. Silas Winn.

Meanwhile, while William was walking around town, much pleased with his success, the jug was handled and contents apparently exchanged. Mr. Winn, thinking that he might have some fun, brought it to mind how to play the trick, and exchange with him.

Calling the delivery-man, Mr. Winn inquired whether or not it was possible to find a jug similar in appearance, and the same size of the one which had been left in his care. After some deliberation, a jug was found, which only at a glance, resembled this jug of William's, to be used in playing the trick.

After rinsing it out thoroughly, the jug was filled with water, and using some molasses to color it, it appeared to have similar contents. This done, a stopper was fitted in it, and waxing it over, a half-dollar was used to seal it, leaving a neat seal similar to the one on the original jug. When this was done, the jug of water was put under the counter just where William had left his jug, and the original one was hid somewhere else.

Shortly afterward, William came in, and after talking awhile, thanked Mr. Winn for his kindness, and decided to start home. He left his buggy and went home on foot, accompanied by his partners, Duffy Dandy and Pink Roundtree.

The jug was put in a sack; for William had brought it from home for the express purpose, thereby avoiding any suspicion which might arise. While he was walking home, the jug over his shoulder, making some little noise, he was heard to say:

"Never min', ole gal, I'll ten' ter you when I gits you

home." And so he proceeded homeward, singing and talking, and once in a while he was heard to say this over:

"Never min', ole gal, I'll ten' ter you when I gits you home."

When he arrived home, his wife, Marie, was at work preparing supper. When she saw what he had brought with him, she too was pleased, and it was only a short time until supper was ready.

William and Marie had a long discourse about the jug, each one expressing an opinion as to when would be the right time to open the jug. It was finally decided to open it then, and after a lenghty discussion, the seal was broken, stopper removed, and the yellow liquid came trickling into the glass.

It was rather difficult to decide which of the two should sample it first, and as it was held up to the light and looked so refreshing, Marie at length put it to her lips, tasted, and said:

"What is dis? It doan taste like no liquer ter me, an' whar did you git it frum?" William almost frightened at Marie's questions, said:

"Han' it here." Then he, tasting, exclaimed: "Marie, it ain't er thing but water."

This almost unnerved William, and after going into details about his order, he demanded Marie to keep a close watch on the jug until morning, when he could write Mr. Havemeyer & Co. about the matter.

William decided to go over to a party where he had heard a good time was proposed. He went, and while there, others learned of his experience, and he advised them never to patronize Mr. Havemeyer & Co.

He came home tired and sleepy, but despite his restlessness and nervousness, he could not sleep for thinking about his jug. This was the only two dollars he had, and now to think that it was gone, and no benefit received from it. He walked the floor at times of the night, and rested only a few minutes. However, he resolved to straighten out matters in the morn-

ing, either by recovering his jug or having his money refunded.

Early the next morning he began his trip to town, and arrived at the store of Mr. Silas Winn about sunrise. When that gentleman came in William proceeded to explain all about the affair. Of course, Mr. Winn knew about it, although he appeared to know nothing. After the whole matter had been carefully explained, William asked him to write the company about the jug, and the letter was written for him. Just as William was going out of the door, having fully made up his mind to mail the letter, Mr. Winn, who could not hold in any longer, called to William and said:

"Well, William, I have had my fun, and as you seem to be worried about your jug, look under the counter there, and get it." To this William, overjoyed and elated at the good news, raising his hat, said:

"Thank God, Captain, I knowed you would treat me right. I got my jug after all." W. J. Parks.

What Then?

The youth, with fond ambitions, hopes,
  Looks eagerly upon Life's ways;
Ideals pure now draw him on,
  And flowered paths delight his gaze.
" 'Tis good," in rapture he exclaims,
  "With manhood strong, I'll laurels win,
I'll right earth's wrongs, all must be well."
  And manhood comes, but then—what then?

He learns that all of Life's not joy,
  That happiness and sorrows blend,
That Human Nature's black and warped,
  And strongest souls, dark passions bend.
He strives, and erring, strives again
  To liberate the world from sin,
"When old age comes I'll rest," he sighs,
  And old age comes, but then—what then?

The world still hurries on its course,
  He's "old and childish," weak and gray,
His efforts scorned because he erred;
  No work for him, his hands delay.
But patiently he sits and thinks,
  Heeds not ingratitude of men.
"Soon Death shall lull me in sweet sleep,"
  And Death comes sure—but then—what then?

A FEW PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

Or, Who, Oh Who Shall it be?

The crop of candidates for the presidency this year is more than usually satisfactory. Climatic conditions have been uniformly favorable and improved methods of cultivation have been everywhere instituted. The result is a large supply of nice round-stomached candidates; a supply of which any nation could well afford to be proud; a supply that may even exceed the demand. There is a danger just here that the benevolent and poverty stricken great grandfather of this republic never dreamed of or provided for. When Thomas Jefferson, reared back in the highest ranks of etiquette in a rocking chair in his rented room in the city of Philadelphia to compose the excellent pieces of English and abuse of King George known in history as the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America, he little thought that the time would possibly come when there would be more presidential candidates than the country could support. But such a contingency or something like that seems now not so remote. Even now there are seven candidates in the field; and yet seven men have been found who are willing to sacrifice themselves on the altar of the vice-presidency. Peace hath her victories no less than war, but some of these days the people are going to arise! awake! or be forever fallen over these useless vice-presidential sacrifices. And we for one do not blame them. What in the name of common sense, or any other kind, is the use of demanding that so many men sur-

render their right to be respected by offering to become vice-president?

But to get back to the presidential candidates. First comes William Jennings Bryan, the all-wool-and-a-yard-wide standard bearer of the Democratic party. Whenever the said party has needed the services of a man for standard bearing, William has always said, "Here am I." He first "standard bearered" in 1896, and suffered one of the most successful defeats in the history of American politics up to that time. Four years later he pranced out and repeated this performance, only more so. He then gracefully yielded to A. B. Parker, of Esopus, New York, who broke all previous records in the defeating line. Mr. Bryan is this year doing some of the best standard bearing of his life and almost his whole time is given up to devising new and novel ways and means of getting himself cordially hated by the Republican party.

William H. Taft is the choice of the Republican party and Theodore Roosevelt for the presidency. He is also the most corpulent man in his party, hurrah for him! The Honorable Bill, as his friends probably affectionately call him, has never acted as a presidential candidate before, as heretofore his public duties have been taken up by scotching for T. Roosevelt. The platform upon which Taft, William H., stands seems to be standing the wear and tear of the campaign as well as could be expected, although the heavy weight of the gentleman referred to is beginning to tell upon it. Mr. Taft is a very busy man as he insists upon shooting as he can be properly loaded by Roosevelt. If presidential timber is what the American people are looking for, W. Howard Taft is a butte cut sawed to order by T. Roosevelt.

Next in order comes the Honorable "Lo-and-Behold" Thomas E. Watson, the Populist nominee, whatever that is. Mr. Watson's platform seems to consist mainly of "cussing" Bryan and "denying" Taft, and Thomas E., of Georgia, is a past master of the art of "cussing" and "denying." Nothing ever suited him; nobody is righteous who does not accept T. E. Watson as the only simon pure article in American politics.

Mr. Watson has been in politics for many years and was accidentally elected to congress once upon a time. He is almost morbidly anxious to have Georgia's electoral vote this year cast for him, and it may possibly be so cast, as Georgia plays the political fool very beautifully every now and then or even oftener. (We assure the reader that we did not think of Joe Brown or Hoke Smith when we penned the above sentence.)

Whom shall we name next? We shall name Eugene V. Debs, the first man in the Social-democratic party. Mr. Debs' close-set eyes, sharp nose, coyly drooping mouth and extraordinarily bald head give him decidedly the appearance of a we know not what. As to his platform it is intensely against the government, and Mr. Debs is in hearty accord with it. During his past life, 'Gene has, at different times, been prominently connected with several strikes of laboring men, yet he has never lost faith in his kind. He has never swerved from his principles or anything else. He does not believe in swerving, consequently he has never done so. His motto in life seems to be, as Sir Walter Scott came very near saying upon one occasion, "The man who swerves, go mark him well or he will mark you, selah." We will now cease to write about Mr. Debs.

In his place we will take up Mr. M. R. Preston, the party whom the Labor-socialists have decided would make a first class chief executive. Mr. Preston is now serving his country in the capacity of convict, he having been sent for twenty-five years to the State penitentiary of Nevada for homicide. Owing to the exhaustive nature of his public duties there, he at first declined the honor of being the most badly defeated presidential candidate in the country, but being urged he accepted. If there were any possibility of his election, Mr. Preston would set his naturally fertile brain to work to discover a way to evade that interesting little cause of the Federal Constitution which says that no man shall at the same time hold two offices under its authority, but as affairs now stand he will probably hold on to his present job. It is needless to add that Mr. Preston is very much guarded in his actions during this campaign.

And now we come to the Prohibition candidate, the Hon. Mr. Chapin. He is a teetotaler, but is nevertheless hale and hearty for a man of his years. He drinks nothing but water and prefers to have it filtered. His platform is now, has been before, and from all appearances will continue to be, "Liquor Must Go." He does not even assign it to any particular destination, not being a profane man, but leaves the vile stuff to blaze its own trail. Mr. Chapin expects all saloon keepers, etc., to vote against him, and also expects to be handsomely defeated in November.

Last and youngest, but by no means least, comes Thomas L. Hisgen, nominee of the "Independent-of-everybody-but-Hearst" party. Patient research on the part of the author of these lines has failed to discover whether Mr. Hisgen chews or does not chew tobacco. Judging from the sound of his name, we would hazard a guess that he does, but it is a somewhat debatable question. Mr. Hisgen has one of the handiest platform in existence, "Away with everything and everybody, especially Foraker and Haskel." At the present time Mr. Foraker has been obligingly "awayed with" by T. Roosevelt, but Mr. Haskel positively refuses to be treated so. The campaign song of Mr. Hisgen, assisted by Mr. Willie R. Hearst, is, "A charge to make I have."

'Tis done. The foregoing information relative to the presidential candidates now on hand will be given to the public immediately and also forthwith let the chips fall where they may. We are willing to trust to the good sense of the American people to choose the best man if he is in the crowd. We believe they will do it. '09.

P. S.—William R. Hearst has secured free access to the private letter boxes of several of the supposed eminent men of this republic. He presents an average of one letter a day to the public. They make highly interesting and instructive reading matter. These statements would have been skilfully woven into the main narrative if we had not calmly and judiciously decided that they would appear to better advantage in a postscript.

The Call of the Bloods

(Medal Story.)

"Will the society of Lancaster only express its wonder, then forget? Is she disgraced because of her race? The blood will boil in many Southern blue veins when they learn that their daughters have been taking music under a mulatto!"

The deep black eyes of young Prof. Edwin Earle flashed as he murmured these words, and his great square jaws became rigid.

"But my secret is safe!" he continued, as he crossed the room, dim in the falling twilight.

He stood in silence, looking out of his window upon the broad college street of Lancaster, with its rows of giant trees through whose leaves the full summer moon cast its first rays. He looked a man to keep a secret. The broad shoulders, massive head, large firm mouth, and deep-set eyes indicated that this young professor of Latin in Holme's Home for Girls was not popular by chance.

"My secret is surely safe," he repeated, looking down upon the magnolia trees beneath his window. The fragrance of their blossoms came to him on the gentle Southern airs, stirring in him memories almost forgotten: memories he had tried to blot out, but which would come back to haunt him: memories of another State, another home, other Southern breezes and magnolia blossoms. He saw again the humble little hut, heard the ripple of the spring branch where he and his brother used to play. Recalled well the day when he realized that his own face was white by nature and that of his brother was black. Felt again the rising ambition: saw the long road that led him to the strange city where he hid himself from those who would force him back to the humble hut. The long streets, hungry nights, the kind Mr. Earle and his new home, rose before his mind. School days, and university with their pleasures and sorrows, the coming here as teacher three years ago—still no one ever knew; not even his new mother.

Then came the terrible shock yesterday—the surprise that

set all Lancaster talking. The beautiful and accomplished Miss Eloyse Newton, teacher of music here, had been asked for her resignation.

"Because a few drops of inferior blood flows through her veins!" he murmured bitterly to himself. "Why must she be held behind the black bars?"

As he looked out across the street to a great, old-fashioned house where Miss Newton had her rooms, the stillness of the night was broken by a deep minor chord from the piano there. The melody hung quivering in the air for a moment, then vanished in the moonlight. The young man strained his ears to catch the next sound from that dark, open window; for he recognized in just one chord the touch and feeling of her who had been his friend for the last three years. Once again the music came—a familiar theme which she had often played for him. But never before had there been such a sadness, such a depth of emotion as seemed now to run through every measure. His own young blood tingled, and his heart beat fast with something more than sympathy as he listened to those soft strains of bitter disappointment and lost ambition. There was a new note, too, which he had not heard before—something strange, weird, a mysterious combination of broken minor chords which stirred his blood. And he wondered vaguely why it affected him so.

Gradually this new note developed into an entirely new theme, which caused him to start up suddenly. An almost uncontrollable eagerness seized him, making him hold his breath to listen. Where had he heard that simple theme? Strange, indefinable shadows of memory rose up from his inmost soul—yet he could not remember! Swifter flew the delicate fingers over the keys, wilder and faster came the variations—now full of passionate tenderness—now rising loud and harsh in their savageness. Under this influence, the moon-lit street with its shadows faded from before his white face and staring eyes. He saw a little room of logs, with white-washed walls. In a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, the flames cast flickering and uncertain shadows upon the walls. He saw in one

corner an old negro woman, bent and wrinkled with age, but with the light of the jungle still gleaming in her eyes, as she crooned softly to herself:

"When the tom-tom sounds, yi! yi!
When the warriors yell, yo! yo!
The kulu smells blood in the air!
Blood! Blood!"

He saw himself a little boy gazing with eyes full of wonder up into the face of his grandmother! Ah! He remembered now! The same theme, the same notes, the same savage spirit, floating out to him from the dark, open window, seemed to draw him with irresistible power.

"How should she know that battle-song?" he murmured to himself as he leaned far out of his own window to catch every note.

As in a dream, he made his way into the street. Like one in a dream, he made his way slowly toward the window whence came those melodies so strange yet so familiar. But scarcely had he crossed half the way, when from far up street came the rich, mellow tones of a deep contralto voice. He stopped to listen, for he knew that it was Miss Heinz, another music teacher in the college. The wonderful flexibility of her voice charmed him; her interpretation of the master's moods and meaning thrilled his very soul. As the melody was borne to him—low—mellow—thrilling in its depth of checked and restrained emotion—free in its expression of higher, finer, more cultured beauty—the wild, almost barbaric strains of the piano were forgotten. The lighted window had his attention now. The ambition, the boundless aspiration expressed in that song appealed to his own mind. The very culture and refinement touched his heart; while the subtle pathos and restrained passion stirred his soul.

"But it's not enough!" he exclaimed half aloud, as the music ceased. An empty, hungry expression came over his face, and an indefinable longing. "What is it I want?" He was in deep thought for a long time. "If only the sacrifice were

not so great," he said, looking toward the dark window whence came once again those notes from the piano, this time not loud or harsh; but gentle, alluring, almost sensuous in their passionate appeal. There was the call of love—the call of something more profound, which was amost irresistible. The white, drawn face, the tightly closed lips, and wild eyes betrayed the struggle within. He sat on the cool stone curbing, placed his face in his hands—and the broad shoulders shook with a mighty passion—a terrible indecision. Still came those strains, full of the perfect abandonment to feeling.

"I must do it! I must! There's no life without it!" he exclaimed, starting up in haste. "I'm tired of restraint."

The square jaws were fixed now and the dark eyes flashed determination. He went, with a firm step, close to the open window and waited patiently. The music rose just once, a little louder, then sank again; and with a few minor notes stopped suddenly in the middle of a chord. The silence was broken by a low sob from the dim figure at the piano.

"Eloyse!" he called softly. "Eloyse!" In a moment she was looking down at him as he stood in the bright moonlight. Her curling, black hair fell in tangled profusion around the declicate white face, with its wild eyes.

"Did you call?" she asked simply, choking back another sob.

"Did you call?" he repeated, as he looked deep into her eyes.

"No!"

"Something did!" And after a long pause, "What will you do tomorrow? Where will you go?"

"I don't—know," she replied, with a catch in her voice. "I'm a negro, you know! What called you here to talk with a negro?"

"Where did you learn that music?" he asked, not heeding her question.

"I never heard it before—yet it seems to have been with me always. And do you know," she continued with anima-

tion, "it stirs strange feelings in me—something like fantastic memories of another life."

"That's what made me come, Eloyse. It's the Kulu's battle song—the call of the wild—it calls both—both must go!"

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed almost wildly.

"No one suspects—but—I'm a negro, too!"

"You! *You*?" from pallid lips.

"Yes," he answered. "But I'm tired of this sham. I'm a negro again, so I can laugh—laugh—and—" He stood looking dreamily up street.

"But surely you would not leave your ambitions and—Miss Heinz?"

"Yes!" he answered fiercely, "I want to be free—this civilization oppresses me."

"Where will you go?" she said softly.

"Somewhere—anywhere—I don't know." Then suddenly, "I'm going to take you with me!"

"No!"

"I will, though! We are savages tonight. You must go!" he said—a fierce passion in his voice. "You were playing the African marriage hymn just now."

"But it wasn't finished."

"You will finish it now?"

There was silence. She looked at the full moon for a short time, as it shone through little rifts in a cloud, as though from behind bars. Then, pointing timidly to it, she answered:

"See! we are behind the '*black bars*!'"

W. C. Curry, Jr.

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Crawford A. Easterling, Editor-in-Chief

As we enter into the work of the present year it is with the full realization that to edit a college magazine successfully; to make it bright and attractive and to give to its readers the best which college talent affords is an undertaking not to be termed "easy." Yet we believe that it can be done and we hope that the coming year will prove again the right of the "Journal" to be classed among the foremost college periodicals of the South. Every year there falls upon the new editor the task of trying to impress upon his fellow students the fact that the college magazine is their property; that it is the means given to them to give utterance to their thoughts and beliefs, to show to the outside world that they are college men who are thinkers.

If your college magazine, fellow students, is a success the praise and the honor falls to you. If it falls short of your ex-

pectations and is not a source of pride to you the blame then must also fall where the praise would otherwise go. If the stories published in it are sentimental and lack the spice of an interesting plot you should remember from whence they come. In other words, The Journal is entirely dependent upon you for all of its articles for publication. We know that you who claim the Journal as your own are just as smart, just as capable and just as interesting writers as your predecessors have been. But are you just as *willing?* Are you not more so? If you are, then the destiny of The Journal for the college year 1908-09 is settled and we have no fears about its success. Now if any man among you has anything which he would like to see published in the Journal we beg you to submit it to the staff and we promise you that everything you may hand in will be given due and careful consideration. The amount of pleasure you deserve from reading your Journal will be equal only to the amount of work you lend toward making it a source of pride and pleasure. The Journal will be what you make it.

Medals

The Journal has the pleasure of again offering to its contributors the same medals given heretofore. Among these are: A medal for the best short story coming from the Junior or Senior classes, one for the best story from the Sophomore and Freshman classes. Another medal is offered for the best poem coming from any class. These medals make very unique souvenirs, indeed, to bind one to the pleasant memories of a college life. Nothing can give more real pleasure and arouse a deeper spirit of pride in the breast of an old alumnus than to look upon the medal won during his college days. Along with this offer we also give you the guarantee that in the contest the best man shall win. Determine to be the best man and in June the medal will be yours.

The Lyceum

Among the best things Wofford has to offer her student body is her splendid lyceum course. Prof. Gamewell has booked for this year several of the leading attractions of the country. Besides affording a great deal of pleasure and amusement these attractions are also very instructive and are worth many times the price they will cost you. The lyceum course is primarily for the benefit of the student body and if the occasion ever necessitates any showing of preferences the student is the first to receive the benefit. It costs a lot of time, trouble, worry, and money to keep up a lyceum course such as ours and to make it a success requires the hearty support of the student body at all times. This support has always been given and the students have always been highly appreciative of the benefits offered them. Let it be continued by us.

The Annual

"Are we going to get out an Annual?" That's a question we hear asked every day by some of the boys.

"Do we want an Annual?"

That's a question the Annual staff wishes to ask you.

Think about the cost of an Annual from every standpoint, from a literary, from a financial, and from a standpoint of work. Decide whether or not you wish to lend your aid and support to every phase of it and when the time comes be ready to express your opinion in a strong, clear-cut way.

Pave East Cleveland Street

Wofford College annually turns loose in Spartanburg between $50,000 and $100,000. The one street which is almost solely a college street is East Cleveland. At present its sidewalks are about as poor as any in the city. We think it is due the students by the city that the side walks of this street be paved at least to the ball park. To pave East Cleveland street would furnish a clean outlet for many of the boys living on the campus and would also add materially to the attendance at our ball games. We respectfully ask that this matter be given due consideration by the members of the city council.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

Glee Club

Just after commencement last June the Glee Club made a tour of the State, presenting their entertainment in Laurens, Greenwood, St. Matthews, Orangeburg, St. George, Sumter, Bennettsville, Darlington, Dillon, and Marion. The trip was a success from every point of view and the papers of the State said many nice things about the club.

This year a musical organization has been formed with the following officers: Prof. D. A. DuPre, president; Tom Hill, vice-president; B. H. France, manager; Prof. Bressler, director, and F. C. Huff, secretary-treasurer. About fifty men have already joined the association and from this number the Glee Club and an orchestra will be selected.

Class Elections

Class elections have been held with the following results:

Senior— W. D. DuPre, president; F. M. Crum, vice-president; R. C. Folger, secretary and treasurer; W. C. Curry, poet; F. C. Huff, prophet; J. C. Hardin, historian; James Glenn, manager baseball team; J. C. Hardin, captain base ball team.

Junior class—E. B. Hammond, president; G. A. Beech, vice-president; G. M. Heinitsh, secretary and treasurer; H. C. Raysor, historian; W. G. Hazel, poet; H. C. Raysor, captain ball team; W. C. Wrightson, manager ball team.

Sophomore class—W. P. Meadors, president; Grady Hardin, vice-president; Mack Snyder, secretary and treasurer; Joe Johnson, captain ball team; W. Ellerbe, manager ball team.

Freshman class—R. T. Wilson, president; R. S. Hill, vice-president; E. R. Hubbard, secretary and treasurer; J. B. Walker, captain ball team; R. H. Ott, manager ball team; B.

L. Haynes, captain football team; W. P. Cassells, manager foot ball team.

Lyceum

By the untiring efforts of Prof. Gamewell the lyceum course this year is up to, if not better than, its usual high standard. It presents a fine opportunity, to students and citizens alike, of coming in touch with men and movements that shape and mould the destinies of our country.

The following are some of the attractions offered this year:

1. Schubert String Quartet.
2. Leland Powers, impersonator.
3. Whitney Bros. Quartet.
4. Gov. Jno. A. Johnson, statesman.
5. Lorado Taft, sculptor.
6. Germain, magician.

Adieu Mess Hall

The mess-hall is a thing of the past. The old mess-hall has been fitted up as a lecture room, and is used by Dr. Snyder and Dr. Carlisle. One feature of its usefulness has been to keep down the price of board at other boarding places, but its passing has not put the price of board up any as yet.

Many pleasant associations are connected with the mess-hall and especially the students of other days will regret its passing.

Enrollment

The enrollment this year has been very satisfactory, the Senior class being the largest in the history of the college.

The following is the number of students by classes:

Senior	58
Junior	60
Sophomore	62
Freshman	75

Fitting School	157
Total	412

Base Ball

Class ball games have been the rage on the campus for the past two weeks. During these games the new men are watched to see if there is any material for the 'Varsity team among them.

Contrary to all precedent the Seniors lost the trophy cup this year and the Juniors were the winners. The following is the percentage of the teams:

	P.	W.	L.	Per.
Junior	4	4	0	1,000
Soph.	4	3	1	.750
Freshman	4	2	2	.500
Fitting School	4	1	3	.250
Seniors	4	0	4	.000

Foot Ball

The class games of football will begin soon, and let every man see to it that his class puts out a good squad. Intercollegiate football is not allowed here, but we hope to have that privilege before many years. Nothing will help along better than by putting out fast bunches and keeping the game clean.

Fitting School a High School

At no other college in the State can one get an eight-year course except at Wofford. The Fitting School has added on another year, and is being run on the high school plan. The teaching corps this year is made up of Profs. DuPre, Bennett, Anderson, Hamer, Haughton, and Bressler, and it can be said in perfect safety that no other school can offer better advantages for training boys than does this one.

Personals

R. Burton Hicks, of the Senior class, who was operated on far appendicitis at the beginning of the session, is back with us again. The operation was very successful indeed.

Prof. Bressler has been secured as gymnasium instructor and base ball coach. Prof. Bressler is a ball player himself of a fine record. He is also director of the Glee Club.

Mr. Peeples is assistant instructor of mathematics and physics. Prof. Peeples is an alumnus of Wofford College.

Madison Richardson, who went to the College of Charleston three years, joined the Senior class this year.

J. C. Rushton, of the class of '08, is with the Senior class this year to take his A. M. degree.

T. B. Penney and Ernest Blakely, who entered with the class of '08, have taken up the work of the Junior class this year.

B. F. Crouch, who entered with the class of '06, has taken up his work again in the Junior class.

W. C. Duncan dropped out of college two years, but is back again, in the Junior class.

H. T. Bouchier, a graduate of the University of South Carolina this year, is taking a post-graduate course in English here.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

The Exchange Editors of the Wofford College Journal will earnestly endeavor to conduct their department on a basis of absolute fairness and imparitality. No preference will be given the articles of one magazine over those of another. The periodicals which come to our desk we shall, to the best of our ability, judge; and criticism of their faults, or praise of their excellencies will follow accordingly. We shall try to avoid undue harshness in our criticism; but on the other hand we shall see to it that no spirit of subserviency enters into our work. We shall be absolutely fearless. Whatever is good in contemporary magazines, we shall praise in proportion to its goodness. Whatever is bad, we shall criticise in proportion to its badness. In short, if we were politicians, our motto would be: "We shall hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Clippings

HOW'S BUSINESS?

"Business is poor," said the beggar,
Said the undertaker, "It's dead!"
"Falling off," said the riding school teacher,
The druggist, "Oh, vial," he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author,
"Picking up," said the man on the dump;
"My business is sound," quoth the bandsman,
Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

—Ex.

The bottler declared it was "corking!"
  The parson, "It's good," answered he.
"I make both ends meat," said the butcher,
  The tailor replied, "It suits me."
—Mustard Bits.

The Professor: "You are better fed than taught." Stout Student: "I reckon you are right. You teach me, but I feed myself."—Ex.

Here's to the lying lips we meet,
  For truthful lips are bores;
But lying lips are very sweet,
  When lying close to yours. —Ex.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While making a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while
They found his front teeth and one cuff.
—Success.

Stranger: "My friend, why are you swearing so?"

Cussity: "Why? Because of a blank fool of a doctor. I got some pills for a pain in my back, and the directions read, 'Take one a half hour before you feel the pain coming on.' "—Judge.

THE MAIN POINT.

"Bill Peak is the orator of the day. He has a splendid delivery."

"But has he anything to deliver?"—Life.

"They have come to a wreck it seems, on life's matrimonial seas."

"Indeed? And which rocked the boat?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And some shirt-waists would be less rumpled if they were pressed less often.—Ex.

Her eyes seemed to tell me she loved me,
And yet though I'd often propose,
Her lack of conjugal affection,
Was plainly implied by her "No's."

—Ex.

"Why is a gun like a cat?" asked the conundrum fiend.
"I dunno," replied the victim.
"Because they go off."
"But there's a difference, too."
"What is it."
"The cat comes back."—Ex.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES.

A fool and his money are soon discovered.

The proof of the pudding is the way you feel an hour afterwards.

A little widow is a dangerous thing.

Train up a servant in the way she should go, and the first thing you know she is gone.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the breakfast eggs.—Ex.

Student—"Something is preying on my mind."
Professor—"It must be very hungry."—Yale Record.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

What is the Y. M. C. A.?

The Young Men's Christian Association stands for the upbuilding of the moral and spiritual side of the student-body. It is primarily a Christian organization and its sole purpose is to strengthen the men in their spiritual lives and bring out those qualities which go to make up true manhood. The association is under the direction of the students and every man feels free to take an active part in the work and is relieved of that formality which might exist if it were under the direction of the faculty or older men not connected with the college.

Let it be clearly understood that the Y. M. C. A. is no "sissy" organization; it is anything but that. It has no apologies to make. It holds up to the student-body the highest and noblest ideas of college life. It expects the best that is in a man and tries to give in return something better than all his college course. It asks not for the man who goes about with a long face and head down, but the man who is full of life and is not afraid to stand up for what he knows to be right; for the athlete who plays the game fair; for the sportsman and not the sport.

The Y. M. C. A. is one organization which lays a claim on every man in college. Other organizations make their restrictions but the Y. M. C. A. has a right to expect the names of the men in all phases of college life on its roll.

On the first Friday night following the opening of college was held the annual reception of the Y. M. C. A. to the new men. At seven o'clock all assembled in the chapel and representatives from different departments of the college were heard from. The speakers were limited to ten minutes making the program only about an hour long. They were as fol-

lows: Senior class, Tom Hill; Junior class, Geo. Craig; Sophomore class, Chas. DuPont; Preston Literary Society, James Hardin; Calhoun, Wallace DuPre; Carlisle, Burton Hicks; Journal, Clyde Curry; Annual, Crawford Easterling; Glee Club, Mason Crum; Athletics, Kistler Breeden; Faculty, Dr. C. B. Waller; Fitting School, Prof. Anderson; Freshman response, Mr. Bledsoe.

After these gentlemen were heard from all retired to the Science Hall where refreshments were served by the ladies of the campus. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all and the Freshmen were given a most hearty welcome.

The first meeting of the association was held in the college chapel on the Sunday afternoon following the opening of college. An address was made by Prof. Clinkscales. His subject was "Fools." Quite a large crowd attended and many learned that in that great throng in no small degree were to be found college fools. Prof. Clinkscales is a very attractive speaker and always draws a large crowd.

On last Sunday was held the Bible Study Rally. Mr. R. S. Truesdale, of Central Methodist church, spoke and gave many reasons why the Bible should be studied systematically. He also showed that a man cannot be educated without a knowledge of the Bible. The address was thoroughly enjoyed and quite a number joined the Bible classes and took up one or more of the courses offered.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

"La vie n'est qu'um travail, une occupation continuelle."

The boys of the class of '08 have gone out into the world to take their place in the ranks of various classes of workmen. They leave behind them a host of friends at Wofford and in the city who wish for them the greatest success in their chosen field of work. May their every endeavor be to bring renown to their alma mater.

We all are interested in knowing where last year's men are and what they are doing. We give below what information about them we have been able to collect.

H. B. Atkins is at his home in Waynesville, N. C. He has just recovered from a long spell of sickness.

Charles E. Bethea is in business with his father at Latta, S. C.

Horace Bethea is principal of a school at Port Royal. He has two assistants with him.

W. C. Boyle is in the live stock business at Sumter, S. C.

R. A. Brown is teaching school.

C. P. Calvert is at his home in the city.

R. L. Carter—we were unable to locate him.

G. S. Coffin, Jr., is assistant in chemistry at his alma mater.

Alex Copeland has charge of the rental department of J. W. Alexander, real estate agent, city.

J. W. Crum is at his home at Denmark, S. C.

J. L. Dukes is reading law in Orangeburg, S. C.

W. B. Garrett, Jr., is teaching in Little Rock High School, Dillion, S. C.

T. M. Hamer is a member of the faculty of the Fitting School in this city.

E. H. Harley is teaching at St. Stephens, S. C.

John Lee Hydrick has gone to Oxford, England, where he enters Oxford University. He will take the medical course offered at Oxford.

M. D. Jackson is in business with his father at Bennettsville, S. C.

L. K. Jennings is reading law in this city.

C. A. Johnson is studying pharmacy at Charleston, S. C.

C. E. Klugh is teaching at Greenwood, S. C.

D. E. Knight is principal of a school in Williamsburg county.

W. A. McKelvey, Jr., is enjoying farm life at Pelzer, S. C.

P. L. Martin is in the city at present, having played shortstop on the Spartanburg League team during the summer.

G. R. McKewn is working in the treasurer's office at Orangeburg, S. C.

Ed. Mason is teaching school at Oswego, S. C.

F. B. Morgan is in business with his father at Central, S. C.

R. F. Morris is teaching near Turbeville, S. C.

A. S. Nettles is studying law at Columbia University.

Joe Nettles is studying law at Harvard University.

M. P. Orr is in the cotton mill business at Fountain Inn, S. C.

J. M. Owen is at his home in Orangeburg, S. C.

B. B. Patterson is teaching school.

G. C. Peterson is trying farm life near Laurens, S. C.

James H. Ramseur is taking a business course at Asheville.

H. C. Sheridan is principal of the public schools of Cheraw.

McGilvary B. Simpson is at his home at Glenn Springs, S. C.

C. D. Smith will take a medical course as soon as he has sufficiently recovered from a case of fever.

Yates Smith is court stenographer for the seventh judicial district.

LeRoy Stanton is in business with his father at Tatum, S. C.

J. T. Taylor is teaching a school in Sumter county.

Leon Tolleson is on his father ranch at Phoenix, Ariz.

A. B. Waldrep is at Vanderbilt University in the Theological department.

J. J. Welch is in business at Carlisle, S. C.

J. A. Willis is principal of the school at Gray Court.

Wofford College Journal

NOVEMBER, 1908

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Nov., 1906

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

W. C. Curry, Literary Editor
E. B. Hammond, Assistant Literary Editor

To the Chrysanthemum

Mellow October's tender leaf,
  Tinged with the red and gold,
Whose age of beauty was too brief,
  Lies trampled in the mould;
And the long boughs, naked and black,
  Stretch out and seem to pray
The God of Nature to give back
  Their beautiful array.

Although chill autumn's frozen dew,
  Full many a flower has slain,
There's life and beauty in the few
  Sweet blooms that yet remain.
If every other flower were dead,
  No gloom could ever come
With thee to deck the flower bed,
  Bonny chrysanthemum!

—H. F. Gault.

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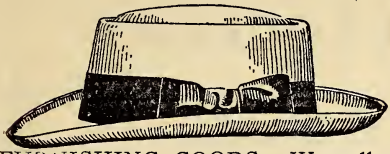

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—H. F. Gault.

Who are the Croatans?

To most people the term Croatan has but little meaning, if any at all. Indeed, little is known by the world at large of the people who now bear this name.

Ninety-two years after the discovery of America by Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out his first expedition of settlers to America. Both this attempt and the one the following year came to naught, but Raleigh was not a man easily discouraged by failures. So in 1587, in company with some merchants of London, he sent over a third colony of men, women, and children, which, after an uneventful voyage, reached land and chose what is now Roanoke Island as a place for settlement. Here they immediately began to clear the forests, build huts of the logs, and plant a few scant patches.

Soon after the colony landed a child was born to one Dare, and named Virginia. She was the grandchild of the governor, John White, and was the first English child born within the present limits of the United States.

Very soon after the arrival on Roanoke Island John White, the governor of the colony, was obliged to return to England to bring more supplies for the colonists. On leaving he told them, if for any reason they should have to leave the island, to carve their destination on a certain tree, with a cross above if danger or distress threatened. A war was being waged between England and Spain at that time, and on this account White was delayed in returning. And when he returned to Roanoke the colony had disappeared—where, no one knew. The remains of their deserted fields and village could be seen, but no clew as to their whereabouts. It was here that John White found that curious and mysterious word "Croatan" cut deep into the bark of a tree. He searched in vain for its meaning, and even in this day we know nothing positive concerning the word. Raleigh sent several times to seek his lost colony, but it was never found.

In Robeson county, North Carolina, there is a portion of country inhabited by a people whom this lost colony incident

invests with peculiar interest. There are about one thousand of these people living on an area of about thirty square miles. They are called Croatans, and are supposed to be descended from those who originally belonged to John White's colony. It is thought that after White left they were not able to support themselves on Roanoke Island and so began to move away from the shore and penetrate the unexplored forests. As they moved westward they gradually settled and intermarried with the Indians, and soon became absorbed in their population. This is mere conjecture, but, nevertheless, very highly probable. We are sustained in reaching this conclusion because of the character and disposition, and the language and family names of this tribe of Indians.

The district inhabited by the Croatans is known as "Scuffletown." It lies in the great swamp district of North Carolina at the foot of the sand-hill belt. This district has always been noted for its dense impenetrable swamps, jungles, and tangles. Many spots can be found over which the foot of man has never trod, nor the sun ever shone. One will never see the hut of a Croatan on the public road; so, if the curious traveler wishes to see one of their places of abode, he must leave the public highways and penetrate these swamps, where he may find a small hut surrounded by a few rudely cultivated patches of puny corn and cotton. The Croatan does not fancy having many neighbors or living on a public road: he always wants to be isolated.

To describe a typical Croatan character is as difficult as it would be to find a typical South Carolinian. He has many traits of feature and character, however, which are distinctly characteristic of the Indian. As a race, the Croatans are of medium height, slender of figure, and of extraordinary alertness. They are sinewy rather than muscular, and, like the Indian possess great strength and endurance. They are a copper-colored people, with high cheek-bones and straight black hair.

There are those who have tried to establish the theory that the Croatans are descended from the negro, but this seems

very highly improbable, as they possess no traits of character peculiar to the African race, and in no way do they affiliate with them. Like the Indian, the Croatan is always quiet and friendly till someone does him a wrong and then he will be his worst enemy, using every device he can to work his vengeance. For these reasons it seems fair to maintain that those who entertain the idea of these people being descended from Raleigh's ill-fated colony cannot be far wrong, because all of the facts which can be obtained certainly point in that direction.

No period of Croatan history interests us so much as that between the years 1864-1874. At no period of her history has the South undergone such dark and thrilling experiences. And here among these Croatans the mighty civil conflict was waged perhaps with more ferocity, tragedy, and blood-shed than any other section of the Southern States. The whole South was paralyzed: each section was mourning its own dead and trying to meet its own problems. Over the land the dark rule of Reconstruction rested; the Southern people were powerless to restore a good government which would ensure the happiness and protection of all. They were at the mercy of lawlessness, misrule, and military authority. Concerted action was impossible.

The Croatans were opposed to the superiority and the rule of the white man. They said, "No longer will we submit to the rule and dominant power of the whites." Now they began to strike the fatal blow. There was not a single pitched battle; there was no organized army; and in few instances were plans made for concerted action. It was the guerilla warfare which caused the destruction of so much property and the loss of so many lives. Wholesale robberies were boldly and openly committed and objection or resistance meant death. The Croatans would go about at night burning and pillaging barns, tenant houses and dwellings and carrying off furniture, live-stock, and whatever they could find. So sparse was the white population that for years they could do nothing to protect themselves.

As a result the few whites which had been spared, determined at whatever cost to band themselves together, to capture these outlaws and kill them, one by one. For a long time it was hard for the whites to assemble any forces, though gradually they grew stronger and greater in numbers. There were to be many hand to hand fights of the most bloody and inhuman sort. And only by strategic methods were the whites at last able to overcome the Croatans. Their property was destroyed, the leaders were killed and their influence stamped out, and then the Croatans surrendered in humble submission.

Thus, as far as we have been able to prove, the descendants of those who survived Raleigh's colony are still living in Robeson county as citizens of the State of North Carolina. And since the outbreaks and feuds of 1864-74 they have given the State no trouble, and now they are peaceable and valuable citizens.

J. K. Davis, '10.

Adventures with a Madman

"Do you think it strange that I still live in a society of which I have long ceased to be a part? Do you wonder that though past three score and ten I yet live among those with whom I have no mutual interest? Well, I guess it does seem peculiar," said the old man, bowing his head in his hands, "but somehow it seems that I just can't live anywhere else.

"My life has been an odd one. For over half a century I have lived in the garrets here in the Latin quarter. Of my early acquaintances not one is left. All are long since dead. Many have come and gone, but there has been one and only one who has left upon my life a lasting impression, and he it was who caused me to be what you see me today.

"Fifty-two years ago there came among the garret-dwellers of the Quarter a young Italian nobleman, Sebastian Rusetto by name. My first sight of him convinced me of the fact that here was a man with a history. He aroused my interest; I watched him, I tried to engage him in conversation, but his

impassible taciturnity thwarted me. I observed him as he sat alone; I observed him as he sat silent in the gay gatherings of our garret neighbors. In it all he gave no outward sign of his interest. He listened attentively to all that went on around him, nothing escaped his notice, yet he seemed to feel that they were of another world from himself. My interest in him was further aroused by observing the suspicious look with which he regarded those in his company, how closely he watched the doors as if fearing an unexpected arrival, and how certainly on the unlooked for entrance of any one his right hand reached beneath the folds of his waistcoat.

"Late one afternoon I sat alone in my chamber, almost dreaming, when I was aroused by hearing him hastily enter his room, slam the door behind him and then, it seemed, begin a rearrangement of his chattels. I went to his door and knocked. Instantly the noise ceased, but no response came to my rapping. I knocked again and again.

" 'Who is that?' he demanded at length.

" 'Let me in, Sebastian Rusetto. What makes you so slow?' said I, giving the door a kick.

"For a few moments I waited, and then the noises that I had just heard were renewed, and after a bit the door was opened.

" 'What are you piling everything against your door for?' said I, looking around and observing the furniture of the room in a heap against the door. 'Are we so undesirable that you have to keep us out in this manner?'

"He made no reply, but hung his head. At once I saw that something moved him. His face was pale; his hands trembled as he closed the door behind me.

" 'What has happened?' said I, heartily wishing myself out of this embarrassing situation.

"Saying never a word he drew his chair close to mine and then after a pause began in a low whisper:

" 'It's as bad as bad can be. It's simply terrible. I am going to tell you all for I believe you will help me; if you won't, for heaven's sake don't tell a soul. It's a serious matter with

me. I belong to the noble house of the Guiseppes, of Florence, and I am here a fugitive from justice. I once had a friend, a young Florentine, whom I murdered. We were both intoxicated, and it was not until the next day that I was aware of the crime that I had committed. His family swore vengeance, and consequently I fled from the city. Well, not an hour ago I saw this man's brother within two blocks of this place. He is still searching for me. If I stay here he will be sure to find me. I must leave Paris tonight. What do you advise?'

" 'Go by all means, and'—with a burst of youthful enthusiasm—'if you will let me, I will go with you.'

"That night we left Paris. As soon as it was dark we entered a waiting postchaise and were off for Boulogne. The next day we arrived at the port and it was with unbounded delight that my companion found a ship about to sail for London. We transferred immediately and a few hours later were out in the Channel, passing thence up the Thames to London. Here at last, I thought, we would be safe, but the fierce excitement of my companion had been augmented rather than lessened by the weariness of the journey.

" 'Well, I am glad that we are at last in a place of safety.'

" 'What? Safe? This is the very first place he will come to find us when he discovers that we have left Paris. Maybe even now he is on his way,' exclaimed Rusetto passionately.

" 'Then where shall we go?' I ventured, rather annoyed that he should still wish to flee when we were in a place in which we would never be detected by his enemy.

" 'Anywhere. I saw a ship in the river which leaves tomorrow for Australia. I am going with her, and would gladly have you see me through this danger. But whether you go or not, I must.'

"When, on the following morning, the ship passed down the Thames we were her passengers. It was not until we had passed out of the Channel into the Atlantic that Rusetto ventured on deck, and then only after annoying me with a multitude of questions as to other passengers, whether any of

them looked suspicious and whether I thought he might go safely on deck, and many others the like of which no sane man could fancy.

"After a two weeks' voyage we reached Sydney. Here I thought we would rest, but Rusetto's insane fear which had carried us away from London now took us from Syndney.

" 'We must go up into the forests above Lake Eyre. Nobody will ever follow us there, for none but the most venturesome of English traders ever go so far away from the settlements.'

"Unwillingly I consented. About a hundred miles from Sydney we dismissed the driver and the native who had followed us from the city. Looking back now over that time it is to this man that I attribute the disaster that soon befell us. I had, in a moment of thoughtlessness, given him the true name of my companion.

"Four hundred miles from Sydney we found a deserted hut. Here we decided to remain, and here I might be at this moment but for the catastrophe that brought my exile to an abrupt conclusion.

"One night I was awakened by Rusetto shaking me violently and whispering excitedly to arouse me. I arose sleepily and was on the point of lying down again when I noticed the change that had come over him. At once I saw that he was suffering from a panic similar to the one he had had in Paris. His countenance was ashy; his body shook violently.

" 'What is wrong?' I exclaimed, jumping up.

"He made no reply, but pointed in the direction of the woods. I listened a moment. I heard the noise as of some animal making its way through the dense undergrowth, and said:

" 'Why, that's nothing but one of those confounded dingoes. You are not afraid of them, are you?'

" 'No, listen,' he whispered.

"He was right. It was not the call of a night fowl, but the sound of a human voice, and it was calling loudly the true name of my companion.

"'It's his voice,' he shrieked. 'He has followed me here.' With this he darted through the door and out into the night. I followed him, but when I reached the steps I saw his rapidly retreating form almost a hundred yards away. He was running swiftly to the woods on the side of the hut away from the sound. I called loudly to him, but he gave no sign that he had heard.

"There was no time to lose. I plunged into the forest after him, plowing my way through the bushes which grow in such abundance in Australian forests. Now tripped to the ground, now struck in the face by overhanging branches, I made after him as fast as my legs would carry me. Again and again I called his name, but the only reply that came back to me was a wild shriek from him as he ran far ahead.

"Soon the pace began to affect me. I knew that I could not run much further. Already my strength was well-nigh exhausted. As I ran I tripped down a steep incline, falling prostrate in a shallow stream below. The soft soil was soothing to my aching limbs. The water cooled my heated body. I would have given the world to have lain here only a few minutes more, but already the footsteps of the pursued were growing faint in the distance. I leaped to my feet and tried to follow. My limbs almost refused to move. The pain was agonizing. I summoned up all my strength, determined if possible to overtake him at once for my endurance was not equal that of the insane man who ran madly before me. How far I pursued I do not know, for, as I ran, I stumbled down a hillside and lay unconscious at its foot.

"The sun was shining brightly overhead when I awoke. For some moments I lay in vain trying to recall the events of the nights before, and then the experience of the preceding night dawned upon me. I jumped up and took up the course which I had followed the night before. For some time I walked steadily. At length as I emerged from the woods into an opening I saw a native dressing some fowls. I advanced toward him and inquired with signs whether he had seen my companion fleeing through the forest. He nodded, and point-

ed across the opening opposite where we stood. He laid his hand on his forehead. I understood. The man meant that Rusetto was insane.

"Further pursuit was in vain. I turned back and a few days later returned to our hut only to find that in my absence it had been plundered. I resolved no longer to remain in this wilderness. Gathering the remains I set out on a return to Sydney. From there I sailed back to Europe and to Paris.

"That has been a long time ago," said the old man, looking up, "but I remember it as if it were yesterday. I came back here to the Quarter and have been here ever since. I live in the same garret rooms that I did before the advent of Sebastian Rusetto. Those who live around me are just as gay as ever, but I have never since that day gotten back into the same old life. They live in the present; I live in the past. Their amusements have long since ceased to please. Not only in my waking hours do I think of those days and my strange companion, but in my dreams I see him, feel myself pursuing him through a never-ending forest, I hear his shrieks as they come back through the trees and I awake to find myself madly crying, 'Come back, Sebastian, come back, come back.' "

Madison Richardson, '09.

Democracy

In the beginning God created man, kings and nobles and common people, as it seems, created He them. The kings and nobles to rule, their rights everything; the common people to serve—they had no rights. And so it went on, and whatever the king and noble wanted to do, that they did. What mattered it, when the king's pleasure called for a new palace, if the people were burdened to the ground with taxation? What difference, if through the lust of nobleman, tragedy found its way into the hut of a peasant. Unspeakable are thy sufferings, O plebian! What wonder that thou didst inaugurate a Reign of Terror, measured in days, when thou hadst endured

one, measured in centuries? The past tells of thy much toil, but also of thy many victories. Slowly, imperceptibly, through long ages, bright days and dark, on from precedent to precedent, have thy rights crept. Bright was the day on which John of England granted Magna Carta, but many were the dark days that came after, when it was altogether disregarded. And thou didst try in various ways to so hem in the king that he would rule in thy interest. That worked not so well. Right readily did the king under compulsion or on payment of gold grant charters innumerable; but more readily did he break them. Then thou didst go at it in a new way. Let the people be king, was thy cry. Slowly did thou come to see that this were the only true government; loath were the kings and nobles to give up their usurped throne; and exceedingly slowly did the ideal work out into the actual, and that with many slips and flaws. But now we have it,—in the young Republic wherein all men are created free and equal. Political rights then was the first great score made by democracy.

But if all men are equal, shall we stop here, having given the people simply the right to vote? No, we cannot. What caused the French Revolution? *Centuries* of oppression. What will remove us from the danger of another? Centuries of education. Well has Thomas Carlyle said: "He who first shortened the labor of copyists by devise of movable types was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most kings and senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the art of printing." The printing press, without which there had not been any education of the masses or public opinion, has made democratic government possible. Then let that government see to it that it promote education, for in it lies the hope of the State. But democracy involves education for the people aside from the motive of self-preservation. This term democracy has been so appropriated to the political that we forget its larger significance. The political is but a small part of man's life, democracy pervades the whole of it. The feeling that a man is a man, that one man is

of equal rights to another, that what is good for one man is good for all,—this has wrought itself into every phase of our life. Education has been found good for the higher classes, then must we give it to every man. And so democracy has built schools and colleges, has founded public libraries and museums, has established scholarships and loan funds, has passed compulsory education laws.

We must realize that democracy has expressed itself in various ways. Take the Protestant Church, for instance. Here we have neither pope nor priest to come in between a man and his God, but every man on an equality before Him. And indeed this is the very core of democracy. It is the fact that men are all equal here that makes them equal everywhere else.

Mere mention may be made of some other ways in which this principle is working: the abolition of slavery, prison reform, public parks, world-wide missions, the Hague Conference. Wonderful and various are the workings of this great principle. Who can tell how it will work out in the end? We are forced to believe

"It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Marion Dargan, Jr., '09.

A Myth of Brevard

Our camp was situated near the banks of the French Broad river on the western side of Cedar Mountain. There were about fifteen of us, and without a doubt we were a jolly set. Even Wrightson, who was the quietest among us, was laughing and joking; and Cudd, too, whom we called "c-o-w, cud," was trying to pull all of Crews' hair out.

In fact, everybody was jolly except Tom; we all knew the reason why, though—just because he was in love. Most of the boys called it "pestered." He had a right, though, not to be jolly with us; for in a few days he would be sailing away, leaving her behind.

But Tom was actually in love; he ate like it, drank like it, and did everything as if he really were "pestered." And he had good reason to be; for his lady-love was one of the sweetest girls we ever met.

That night we went to bed early; for we were going the next morning to the top of Bird's-eye Peak, which was about three miles away. We could hardly get Tom away from her at all; but he finally went, in his usual way,—that is, as if he were in love.

By sunrise next day we were on our way. Our object was to go in the cool of the morning and return in the late afternoon. And we were looking for a big time that day; for the young ladies had promised to go along with us.

But best of all, for Tom's sake, Bess was to be along. She was a dark-haired, brown-eyed girl, about sixteen years old. Tom really loved her; but, so far, had been too bashful to tell her so, or even to show it.

All the way up the peak Tom was by her side, helping her over rough places and watching after her every wish. Sometimes they would stop along the way and rest; and for all the "gentle hints" that she gave him he would only "choke 'em down" and love her all the more. Once she asked him, "Tommy, are you strong?" Tom did not answer; but all the rest of the way, to prove it to her, he tried to see how far he could throw rocks; and when he helped her over rough places, he fairly picked her up, just to prove how strong he was.

At last, after much hard walking, we reached the top. It was a level, shady place, and best of all, had a good, cool spring not far away. Tom though, never seemed to realize when he got to the top; for, wonder of wonders! he had changed now, and for the last hour had been making love to Bess with all his might.

After we had finished dinner, we began admiring our surroundings. To the east were long ranges of mountains, and on the west a deep rocky gorge. Far below the river could be heard roaring as it tumbled over the huge rocks, and on

the very edge of the gorge before us, grew a magnificent oak tree, one of whose limbs reached far out over the cliff. And when the leaves fell from the limb, they struck the bottom hundreds of feet below.

As we all sat wondering at this tree, growing as it were on the brink of destruction, I noticed that Bess was full of fun; and by the twinkle in her eye, we all saw she was in for teasing Tom. Being a big flirt, she certainly must be a big tease.

Poor Tom! Suddenly I saw her look at him and say, "Tommy, do you really love *me*?"

Tom looked all around, then, without blushing the slightest bit, replied: "Yes, Bess, with all my heart."

It was a mean thing to do, but without any idea he would do it, Bess answered: "Well, Tommy, if you want to prove it to me, you've got to climb up that tree, go out on that limb, and skin the cat!"

Tom seemed rather stunned at first; but after a moment or so, he walked deliberately over to the tree without saying a word, climbed slowly up, slid carefully out on the great limb, then paused as he stared fearfully down at the rocks hundreds of feet below. Then, when he had steadied himself, he slowly skinned the cat, and—returned to the ground.

Tom did not even turn his head towards Bess when he got down, but walked straight on down the mountain to the camp. And when we reached the camp, he was as jolly as any of the rest of us. Bess was never mentioned afterward. It hurt him we knew; but when a good-hearted Wofford boy like that goes on a camping trip, it takes something more than mere love to shake his nerve. Roslyn Shores, '11.

Philosophy

If bricks in skyscrapers were words, wouldn't they be high?
If women's minds were like their hats, wouldn't they be broad?
If railroad trains were run with lies, well, wouldn't they fly?
And praise is mostly where money flows, and don't we laud?

If deeds were easy done as easy thought, wouldn't we accomplish?
If money were made of campaign bluffs, wouldn't we coin?
If riches came as Democratic votes expected, wouldn't we "accumulate"?
And so men are building the great canal, and don't they purloin?

If men were bought on the world's estimate and sold at theirs, would we be brokers?
If all our life were college life—and it's a cinch, wouldn't we like to live?
If we could all know the coca cola formula, gee! wouldn't we be dopers?
And protests given shorter History lessons—about six lines,—and don't we give?

If musical instruments in some places were dynamited wouldn't it help a lot?
If some office customs were done as some boys' trousers, would we be astounded?
If some things could only be done as shoe laces, wouldn't many people untie a knot?
And the "cheap John" still cries, "Good people, what a bargain," and isn't he surrounded?

If an honest man were a "10 cent side-show," wouldn't he make a hit?
If all the crazy people did as the crazy dogs, wouldn't a lot of us get bit?
If all the poets in the world were like this, hadn't they better quit?
And many things are disgusting and worst of all, isn't attempted fun without any wit?

Peter Sniblets, '09.

The Influence of a True Ideal

(Carlisle Sophomore Oration)

What is the real motive power behind the making of a man? There are those who have an idea that money is the "pearl of great price" by which one may become powerful among his fellow men. This is certainly a mistaken idea. Education has been heralded as a mighty force through which great men are produced. Only so far as it be put to the right use, can this be true. Ambition is known as a powerful influence that drives men on to success in life. The truth or untruth of this depends entirely upon the kind of an ambition that is chosen for a guide. In other words, a high and pure ideal is the beacon light that leads men on and on through difficulties and over obstacles and at last brings them out as successful men. Successful not only along the line of wealth and distinction, but also successful in that that those who allow themselves to be led by this high ideal are sure to become men of grand and noble characters.

First, let us look at the man who has the amassing of a great fortune as his only ideal of life. Is he ever successful? I say no, not in one case out of a thousand. Such a man begins his business affairs without the proper regard for the rights of others. If this follows him through life, how can he succeed? No one except a few of his own class either trusts or respects him. Let it be granted that this fellow succeeds in accumulating a large fortune. Even then, he cannot be considered a successful man, because his greed for gain will continue to be a source of great trouble to him. And so it goes on from year to year. He never pauses in his course to take one serious thought of other things. When it is entirely too late he awakes from his foolish dream and is brought face to face with the fact that he has had the wrong ideal of life. His chances of success are gone and nothing but death can put an end to the bitter memories of his many lost opportunities.

Again, can education, or rather mere book-learning, cause men to succeed? We immediately say that it cannot. Many

who have graduated at our best colleges and universities have become miserable failures in life. It has been said that "education will make a real man, a greater man, and also, out of a fool it will make a bigger fool." We see this in the lives of men all around us. One of the dirtiest and most dishonest of men whom I have ever known is a graduate of Wofford College. No one has the least confidence in him. To illustrate his real character: Some time ago his mother was suddenly taken very ill. Though he was very near, he absolutely refused to go to her bedside, saying that he had no time to bother with her. He worked on within the sound of his mother's groans, and when she died, on the day on which she lay a corpse, the sound of his hammer could be heard as he worked away, too busy to pay the last respects to his own mother. A Wofford College graduate, did I say? Yes, a man of whom the world has a right to expect and to demand something. This man has a fair knowledge of books, so far as that goes, but no moral character to back it up. No education, as we are accustomed to use the word, can never play but a very small part in the building up of a real, manly man.

Ambition has been called a dangerous thing. It is by no means seldom that we see this proven to be true. When one allows himself to be led by other than a high and noble ambition, he is treading on dangerous ground. Improper ambitions have dragged many men down to shame and dishonor. As I have tried to show, the ambition to make money is unsafe. And yet, there is another ambition that I regard as equally dangerous. It is the ambition for fame. I believe that there are today but very few men who really desire to become famous who are men of clean and honorable principles. They may be true men when this ambition first seizes them, but just so sure as they allow themselves to be led by it, they will go wrong. When you see men whose whole desire is to become famous, you may be sure that this desire will never be satisfied. These are not the kind of men who succeed. This is not the kind of ambition that builds up grand and noble characters.

What then is the power that makes men great? It is a burning desire to live pure and upright lives. Not that we should never have dreams of future greatness. It is only natural that we have them. But our chief aim should be to live an ideal life, a life upon which no flaw or blemish can be found. If we have the right kind of an ideal, we need not hope to reach it. Even if that were possible, when the height of the ideal shall have been attained and we have nothing left to inspire us on, there will come into our lives a certain dullness, a lack of interest in things around us, that will eventually throw a damper over our moral characters. If we live honestly and uprightly, and then, if we have the capacity for great things, they will be sure to come our way.

Mr. Bryan, in his speech on "Building Surely," said: "No man has an ideal that is worth following that is not high enough to keep him looking upward until he dies. No man has an ideal that is worth following that is not so far in front of him that he cannot reach it while he lives. The young man who will build his life upon a firm foundation, who will be honest, upright, and faithful to every trust, cannot live in any community twenty-five years without being called upon to become a representative and spokesman of his fellows."

Masks

It's ceremony, fashion, form,
  That hides the world's real heart from me;
Makes hate seem friendship, love not love;
  Shuts God from souls, that, never free
    From rites
    (Dark blights)
Plod through unhappy days and joyless nights.

Welcome, simple, savage state,
  Where men are men without a mask;
Where hearts are hearts, good or bad;
  The soul is bare, no need to ask,
    Is't stained—
    Has't gained
A wealth of purity, all nice disdained!

—W. Clyde Curry.

The Battle Against Ignorance

(Speech of Jas. C. Hardin, winner of South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, 1908.)

In reviewing the history of our proud old State of South Carolina, it is but natural that we should be impressed with the deeds of our forefathers, and become in a great measure satisfied in mind that she has reached the highest point in development in statehood. We realize that our public men of the past, our Pinckneys, our Calhoun, and our Hampton, had their trials in statecraft, but is there no danger of our reaching that state of mind in which we think all such problems are matters of the far distant past, and that we now only have to reap the rewards of the labors of our ancestors? If such be the case, never were a people more cruelly deceived, for we have before us for solution in the very near future a problem that is seemingly old to some, but one which is vital in every respect, and which should be held fresh in the minds of our citizens until it is rightly settled, and settled forever. We refer to the state of illiteracy so prevalent in a great part of our citizenship.

Our State has always carried a heavy percentage of illiteracy in proportion to her population, and continues to suffer humiliation in comparison with her sister commonwealths; for in all of the forty-six States of the Union, in numbers of natural born illiterates, North Carolina, Tennessee, and South Carolina, yes, your own South Carolina, stand at the very bottom, holding in their hands the black flag of illiteracy,—a condition to make us blush with shame.

We are accustomed to refer to a period in our history as "before the war," and we revel in stories of the opulence of the entire South at that time; but there are phases in the history of that period of which we have been taught little and in which we can take little pride. Our landowners were living in splendor, educated abroad in the best universities of Europe, but there was a poorer class of which we hear nothing, born in poverty, spending their lives in miserable toil, scoffed at by the slaves themselves, and finally dying in squal-

or. There is no system of educaton, properly called, which does not include all classes, and in ignoring the poorer whites at that time we were but sowing the seeds which have produced this harvest of ignorance and illiteracy which we are reaping today. The fundamental principle in the educational system of a democracy must be the education of the children of all classes, and this we seem to have forgotten while trying to solve other problems. And at present our citizens of South Carolina are unveiling monuments to honor and commemorate the glorious lives of our heroes, and at the same time we are rearing children who can not read the inscriptions thereon, nor can they grasp anything of the true spirit or inspiration for higher citizenship and nobler lives for which these shafts should serve. With such a condition unchanged, we are surely breeding trouble for the future, for a democratic government is never safe when any considerable part of its voting population is ignorant and an easy prey to corruption through its ignorance.

In discussing this condition we must deal with three separate problems, though they are so closely related as to be but one,—the cotton mill element, the agricultural class of our rural districts, and the negro population. In the illiteracy of these three classes lies the menace to our civilization.

The present cotton mill element consists largely of the rural population of just a few years ago. Consequently they are not yet adjusted to the conditions of a crowded community life. Many of them are not masters of their occupation, and having come from thinly settled backwoods or mountain districts are extremely illiterate. Suspicions of city people and ways, distrustful of all attempts to draw their children into the public schools, though possessing some strong rustic characteristics, they are an easy prey to the degrading tendencies that go hand in hand with ignorance. The condition of these people constitute one of the gravest problems for the South to solve.

In our cities and towns it is a familiar scene, rather an every day occurrence, to see the negro children flocking to schools,

happy and gay of countenance, and with an insatiate desire for learning. In sharp contrast to this, and shameful to say, we see the white children in equal numbers, with ignorance and vice depicted in their countenances, spending their time in idleness around the mills, or perchance in many cases, working in the mill contrary to law, and by reason of the falsehood to which their parents have sworn as to their age. It is but fair to say, in justice to the management of our mills, that in many cases within sight of these idle children are school-houses with competent teachers. But the blame for the ignorant condition in which these children are being reared rests not so much upon the managers of the mills as upon the shoulders of their degraded parents. On the factory hills today there are thousands of children growing up in densest ignorance. Already the factory vote has become a serious question in our politics, and if this condition is allowed to go unchecked, it will in a few years assume alarming proportions.

But now let us turn to the conditions in the country. When we speak of the public school conditions of South Carolina, our minds instinctively turn, not to the schools of our cities and large towns, but to those of the rural districts, which in large measure are a disgrace to a civilized commonwealth. The short terms of our public schools are proverbial. Statistics show that the average length of term of our country schools is but eighty-nine days of the year. Less than one-fourth of the year are the schools kept open, and we are sure that the average attendance will be much less than eighty-nine days. What a shame to our State! Her children, those into whose hands must be entrusted the destiny of this commonwealth, being prepared for life in such a slovenly, inadequate manner! The average value of our school-houses is something over two hundred dollars, while the average value of the school-buildings of Massachusetts is over two thousand dollars. What would an enlightened stranger think of our solicitude for the education of the State's children when he is told the salary which we pay our teachers? Do you know

the average wages of the hod-carriers of this country are nearly twice as much per month as South Carolina pays her public school teachers, while those of the blacksmiths are three times, and those of the brick layers are four times, as much? I venture the assertion that the janitor of this college draws monthly wages nearly equal to the average salaries paid the instructors of our children in the public schools of our State. Is South Carolina willing to trust her children in the hands of such poorly paid servants? How can she expect to secure first-rate teachers on fifth-rate salaries? The small compensation offered is but a bid for cheap teachers. It is a notorious fact that in many country districts those are the kinds of teachers secured, and even then their feeble efforts must be distributed among an average attendance of fifty-two pupils. Of course there are sections of our State where these conditions do not obtain and where certain country schools are the pride of the county; but in great measure the conditions as we have pictured them are true.

It is hardly necessary for us to say much upon that phase of this question which relates to the negro population. This has been the skeleton in the Southern closet, and it has been the delight of the cheap politicians—with whom heaven knows we have been cursed enough—whenever the question of general education has been agitated, to dangle these bones and appeal to the lowest passions and prejudices of our voters. The cry of the children has been hushed when race prejudice has been aroused. Surely a better day has dawned. It is folly to talk about a compulsory education law or any other law forcing the negro to educate his children. He is doing it without force. The last report of the State Superintendent of Education shows that there are twenty-five thousand more negroes than whites in the common schools of South Carolina. And we would say nothing by way of censure of the negro for embracing every opportunity afforded him to better his condition. Would that the members of our own race were doing the same.

We have attempted thus far to show the educational condi-

tions existing in our State. Now what is the remedy? Surely there must be a remedy, for the God-given rights of childhood and the future welfare of our commonwealth demand a better condition of affairs. Illiteracy in an American commonwealth is a disgrace to twentieth century civilization.

We must have better country schools, longer terms, better paid teachers, and though local taxation should be encouraged to remedy those conditions, school-houses must be built in some communities by means of outside help. Legislators must be instructed to curtail expenses elsewhere if they can, but by all means to increase the appropriations for common school education. Even then many children will not receive the benefit until a compulsory educational law forces the parents to send them to school. In our opinion this is the only way in which educational conditions among the factory operatives can be remedied.

But back of all legislation and prior to it must be that greatest force in an American government—public sentiment. There the work must be done. An aroused public sentiment means reform. Witness, if you please, the wave of prohibition sweeping over the South today. Whence comes it, if it be not the direct result of an awakened public opinion? And in the same way the crusade for education must be conducted. To lead in the work we must have soldiers of the common good who are willing to give their lives and talents for the sake of the children of the State.

"God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands." Would that our young men and women as they go out from our colleges were filled with this spirit, that they might be stalwart warriors in this righteous cause. We, the youth of our State, have the keeping of her good name in our hands. How shall we handle it? Shall we be neglectful of our charge, and allow the besmirching influence of ignorance to mar the glorious pages of the past? Shall it be said that South Carolinians of the present are afraid to take a stand for God and humanity Nay, never, but glorying in her past, with the God-given as-

surance that we are right, we shall sweep over the ramparts of the enemy of Ignorance, and plant there in victory, the dear old battle-scarred emblem of the Palmetto. When our youth become inspired and filled with right enthusiasm, the day for which we long will soon come. When that day comes, and surely it is not far distant, the political campaigns of South Carolina will no longer be upon the liquor question but upon this paramount issue, and from the Piedmont to the seaboard, across the Palmetto State shall ring the battle cry of the twentieth century—Education for our children. Education for all our children and preparation for good citizenship.

J. C. Hardin.

Only a Dream

To ————.

I had a two-fold dream last night;
I dreamed that Death stooped from his flight
  Thy charming form to claim.
Tears from my eyes began to flow,
Then I awoke, and oh, how glad to know
  That it was but a dream!

And then I dreamed this heart of mine
By winning that kind heart of thine
  Had gained its chiefest aim.
With joy my heart began to glow,
Then I awoke, and oh, how sad to know
  That it was but a dream!

—H. F. Gault.

From Slopeway, Canoe-ward, Westward

"And so, you say, your interest in me is, and cannot be anything more, than that aroused by friendship for a man whom you willingly admit that you think rather clever? Did it ever occur to you, Miss Carrell, that, perhaps, the clever way in which you treat a rather clever man, as you say, might lead

him to suppose that he had a right to think that it was prompted by something a little more than friendship?"

"Why, no, Mr. Vaughan; it had never occurred to me in just that way and in just those words. In fact, I have always considered you too clever a kind of man to ever suppose that a warm sense of regard and admiration could in anyway resemble that strange something called—oh, well, I don't see enough real comparison between the two to even permit my mentioning the name. You have always impressed me as being possessed of too much self-satisfied complacency to ever be led astray by the wild fancy that you wanted to care for a woman in any other manner than that of friendship."

"Then, I am to understand that the one real dream of my life, as you see it, is nothing more than a mere fancy which could have as easily been answered by the stars? You wish me to have as my final answer the bare, plain fact that you consider me a clever man who is not clever enough to be worthy of a small attempt on your part to search among the scattered coals of your affection and see if you have ever at any time given him one small spark which might in the course of time be coaxed and fanned and tempted into a little burning flame?"

"Mr. Vaughan, there is on the altar of my friendship a sparkling flame of true friendship and admiration for you; at the shrine of my affection the fire has never been kindled, for you; nay, for no one. Good-night."

He caught her hand, bade her good-night, turned and walked briskly down the moonlit path to the little street beyond. The odor of roses blended with that of the honeysuckles gave a sweet perfume to the air; the moon lazily threw its beams upon his pathway and far off in the background a little mocking-bird carolled her sweet notes as if intent upon adding to the splendor of this ideal summer night. To James Vaughan all this was unperceived; his eyes were bent upon a vision imaginary; his ears were bolted doors to

the sweet strains of nature's music; his feet were their own guides.

* * * * * * * * * *

May Carrell stood for a moment on the moon-lit porch watching James Vaughn's tall, manly figure as it disappeared down the little street, then the thought of how extremely nice she had played her part struck her and she whirled and ran upstairs to confide her success to her partner in the scheme—Edith Exum. She and Edith had come to this little country summer resort with its woods and lakes and rustic quietude with the purpose in view of making it the scene of their joint comedy, in which they were to tease and worry and seemingly disappoint, and then forgive and hesitate and finally yield. They meant to show these clever friends of theirs, James Vaughn and Ralph Miller, that they were indeed worth the winning; that the difficulty of attainment increases the value of the object. And so the play was on, the first act was over, and Edith and May sat in their room eagerly discussing its success.

"Oh! what if they were to take us at our words and accepting their fate run away and leave us?" exclaimed Edith, with a flash of realization of what the other side would be should the game turn in the wrong direction.

"Why, Edith, don't you suppose we have enough sense to be masters of a situation which we have created and which we know every feature of? Besides, don't you know, can't you see, that we have James and Ralph right in the palms of our hands, and all we have got to do is to close our fingers on them and they are ours?" replied May, seemingly disgusted that Edith should show the sign of a faint heart right at the beginning of what gave promise of being a most interesting game of fun and chance.

"Don't talk that way, May. I'm game and I'll stick just as long as there's any fun in the thing," broke in Edith, speaking as though May were judging her unjustly.

May began humming the little song:

Maybe he loves me, and maybe he don't,
Maybe I love him, and maybe I don't;
Maybe I'll lose, and maybe I won't,
Maybe he'll win, and maybe he won't—
Who knows? Maybe?"

* * * * * * * * * *

When James Vaughn reached his apartments, he found Ralph Miller sitting lazily in a big arm chair with his feet propped up in the middle of the table, making smoke-rings and watching them disappear toward the ceiling.

"Well, James, what do you know?" he asked, without looking around, as James came into the room.

"Nothing more than that we are up against the worst piece of pure, unadultered, uncalled-for, genuine hard luck that ever befalls a man when he has picked himself as a winner against the field in a race that taxes all a man's ability to his wits' end to win. And, furthermore, I have exhausted all my resources in trying to win one way and my attempt has availed me naught, and now I have determined to win, and that's not all. I am going to make it a victory complete. I have got fighting blood, yes, and when that doesn't answer the purpose I am capable of strategy. If you are the right sort and if you've got the spunk, say so! and let the next few weeks show what we can do." He finished and stood waiting to see what affect his outburst was having on Ralph.

"Bully for you, James, old man. Sink or swim, I say! let's try the canoe.

This conclusion reached, they began a series of discussions and debates which finally led to the plan on which they were to depend for the success of their future campaigns. There are a thousand and one ways for a woman to keep a man floundering around in the sloughs of uncertainty, and even so there must be at least about a thousand walls which he can scale in coming out; for the would-be tragedies in such affairs generally lead to that happy medium of stable equilibrium which results in a dance and then a surrender in which the man is the victor.

At Slopeway in summer there is a beautiful little fresh-water lake bound by a scattered margin of low green cypress trees; on one side there is a sloping shore of white sand mixed with gravel; on the other, skirted with a mass of pond-lilies bouyed up by a raft of round green leaves under which the water seems to hide away and then creep off into the tangled shrubbery beyond. On the southwestern side of the lake the water flows out into a narrow, deep channel which leads it through the dense wood of bamboo, cypress, poplar, black-jack to Chipley river, some two and a half miles away.

The afternoon following the night May Correll had given James Vaughn his final answer, she, Edith, and Ralph Miller sat on the sandy shore of the lake, idly talking about nothing and watching James Vaughn gather pond-lilies on the opposite side of the lake. May Carrell viewed him with intense pride as he ran his bare arm, with sleeve rolled up to his shoulder, deep down into the water in order that he might break the stems off long.

This was the last one, taking up his oars he began pulling for the shore. Then he raised his hand to wave at her, his oar slipped from the hook and was caught by the current leading to the channel. Whirling his canoe he pulled alongside the oar and leaning over the edge he made a grab for it. He had leaned too far; the boat dipped and then went over. May jumped to her feet with a scream followed by a cry from Edith and a suppressed oath from Ralph. Once they saw him rise and heard his scream for help. Then they saw the canoe drift away down the channel, and darkness began to fall too fast to see more. Every canoe was gone and Ralph was helpless. There was not another man to be seen. May stood for a moment trembling with terror and then falling to her knees she buried her face in Edith's lap and shook with sobs. Ralph rushed off to secure help.

All night men dragged and dived and searched for his body without avail. Believing in the old tradition, they took a bundle of fodder, tied a rope to it, threw it out into the stream and waited for it to sink near his body. The bundle sank

and diligent search around the spot brought no success. Dawn came, and the men exhausted by the night's work, gave up the search and went to their homes. May Carrell, dazed by the shock and broken hearted with grief lay all night sobbing to herself, "Oh! if I hadn't been so foolish, perhaps he would have been living now." Her friends tried to comfort her, but she felt that she had wronged a man from whom providence had forbidden her the power to ask forgiveness. She felt that the sentence for her folly was cruel but just. She knew that her future was the prison in which she must serve her sentence but she dared not think of it. As the effects of the shock wore away she began to be her natural self again. Not the natural self which had hitherto been a bright, happy young woman, but her bearing was of a nature newly born. In the days that followed during her stay at Slopeway, she began to reason in another way and to see things in a new light. She knew that James Vaughn was a man with little real emotion in his life but what there was, she also knew counted for much with him. Few things appealed to him in an emotional way, but when his emotional self was touched it bespoke itself to be strong and lasting. He had had many things to fight for and when he won, his victories were like bars of gold. Outwardly he looked to the world as a man little bothered with care and the deeper problems of life; inwarldly he was every inch a man who knew how to appreciate the value of true worth and the nobler instincts and qualities of his race. As she thought of him in this way she realized that he must have known that she really cared for him and that she had given him every right, by her attitude toward him, to expect an answer far different from the one she had given. Then, suppose he had really accepted her answer in a serious way and had felt the knife of a cutting disappointment sink deep into his soul. Had he felt that he had wrongly estimated her; that instead of being the true, noble woman he had thought her she was only a fickle, heartless flirt? Had he been weak in the hour of disappointment and not man enough to stand face to face with his fate? Her mind was

almost overcome with the tragedy of such a thing, as the thoughts kept coming and going. Was she defaming the character of a dead man to allow herself to think thus of James Vaughn? But he was a good swimmer and the current where his boat had capsized wasn't strong. She had rowed there often and had brooked the pull of the stream with only a little extra stroke of her oar. And, yet, a cramp might have struck him and rendered his struggle futile. At least she couldn't make her self believe that James Vaughn was a man who would allow disappointment, dealt him at the hands of a woman, to drive him to such a point of desperation that he would wilfully take away that which God had entrusted in his keeping and which God alone had the lawful right to recall. With these reasons she would drive the mad thought from her mind; and yet, despite her attempts to ward it off, it would come back and continue to haunt her.

Summer passed slowly into autumn. Roses faded and fell away, leaving only the budding chrysanthemums as a vanguard of nature's train of beauty slowly drawing away to give her fields into the icy hand of the coming, distant winter. Soon the leaves of the tall, stately poplars would redden and fall, leaving only the boughs of the low-moaning pines to shadow the memories of the fast dying summer. One by one the few guests left Slopeway to take up again the old life at home. May Carrell went away bearing with her the sad memory of a summer which, if the power were only hers, she would have blotted forever from the pages of time. The face once bright and beaming with happiness bore on its every feature a tinge of sadness. The sad change in her brought forth many sighs of regret and sorrow from her parents and caused them many sleepless nights trying to devise some means of lifting her from this shroud of gloom. Thinking that, perhaps, a change of life and surroundings would help her to forget the memory of the recent past and lead her thoughts into new paths, her mother and father persuaded her to go and spend the winter with her uncle on his ranch in Arizona. Her love for them forced her to yield to their request and, although she wanted

to be left alone with her thoughts and the memory of him whom she had wronged, still she thought she was obeying the call of duty. She had one load of self-reproach and regret to carry and she wished to try and gain recompense by her love and fidelity to those who were still left to her. Reluctantly she made her preparations and took up her journey for the West.

* * * * * * * * * *

Up in his little office at the Iroquois Cotton Mills, Ralph Miller was also facing a proposition which worried him day and night. Every letter from Edith told of how May Carrell was pining away and that she had lost almost all interest in her friends and, as it seemed, in life itself. Edith said she was doing all in her power to turn May's thoughts away from the tragedy of the summer, but she could do nothing to dispel the cloud of sorrow that seemed to envelope her. There was a deep question in Ralph's mind as to which way his duty lay. He had pledged his word of honor, but it seemed to him that he had just cause to break it. If he had only known it was coming to this he would never have given his promise. He had almost decided to overstep the bounds of honor when a letter came from Edith telling him that May had gone West and it was then too late. May might not understand so he would wait.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was night when May reached the little station where her Uncle Herbert had written her that he would meet her. Almost exhausted with the fatigue of her long journey she stepped down from the platform of the little three-coach train and looked around for her Uncle Herbert. She hadn't seen him in five years and she was wondering to herself if he looked the same as he did when she, a young girl of eighteen, had listened to him tell of the things they did out West. She felt some one touch her on the elbow, and turning she saw him,—just the same, jolly old Uncle Herbert he had always been.

"May, my little girl, I am so glad to see you," he exclaim-

ed, "you don't look like the devilish little minx I saw five years ago, but I can tell its you all right. How's everybody back at home?"

And thus he ran on, asking question after question all the way home. "Auntie" met them at the door and after she and May had exchanged greetings and numerous questions had been asked and answered May was allowed to retire and obtain the rest of which she was so much in need. The next few days were spent in showing May the scenes and wonders and all the things which made up the life of the real West. She soon learned to ride a "bronco" and Uncle Herbert gave her one to use for her own. She tried to be as bright and happy as she could but still the memory of James Vaughn would come back to her and the old thoughts would haunt her. One day at dinner Uncle Herbert came in from a long ride down the ranch and as he sat down he began telling them about the things he had seen while away.

"And I met that young fellow down at Dawson's ranch this morning," he went on, "and I'll tell you he's a brick. It's strange he won't tell anybody where he's from, but I don't think it's because he's done anything wrong. He looks like a thoroughbred to me. I told him I had a mighty pretty neice visiting me and I asked him to come up. He said he would but he couldn't come before next week on account of the "round-up" the last of this week. I'll tell you, May, you might like to make eyes at him."

"Oh! Uncle Herbert, I know he must be all right, but I'm not especially interested in making eyes at anybody," replied May.

Several times during the week he reminded her about the young fellow down at "Dawson's" but May seemed more interested in the excursions she was taking on her "bronco" far out across the plains. Every morning she would leave soon after breakfast, ride far down the trail, and as the sun grew hot she would come back to a little spring which trickled from the side of a big rock into a shining little pool beneath. Here she would throw herself down in the shadow of the

rock, gaze into the sparkling water and give her mind back into the possession of its old thoughts. One morning she had cut her ride short and decided to come back to the spring earlier than usual. The old brooding was about to sweep her back into its grasp and she was unable to resist. As the pony walked slowly around the side of the rock toward the spring it shied a bit and looking up she saw the figure of a cowboy stretched out on the ground, with his sombrero pushed up in front, his eyes fixed upon the water, apparently dreaming. She slipped quietly from her pony but as she did so the cowboy saw her figure reflected in the little pool and he turned toward her. At first she only smiled a little and then she began to recognize. She was stunned. Her tongue clung to the roof of her mouth. Her heart beat like wild-fire. Could it be true? Was it he?

"James!" she exclaimed, as she started toward him and stopped.

"Yes, May," he cried as he fairly snatched her hand.

"Is it really you, James?" she asked, and her voice trembled like a leaf.

"Don't you know me, May?" he asked as she continued to gasp with excitement and astonishment.

"Yes, I know its you, but it's all so strange, so unreal—so—so like a dream. I can't understand it," and she began to shake with sobs. He still held both her hands in his as the wild thoughts and dreams and fancies chased each other through her mind.

"But, James," she asked, while the tears still trickled down her pale cheeks, "how did it all happen? All of us thought you were dead."

"Yes," he answered, "but come, bathe your face here in the pool and then sit down here and we'll talk about it."

She obeyed and having bathed her face and taken her seat beside him, he began, "Well, you see, May, you had given me my final answer and I was heart-broken. My hopes were shattered; I had nothing to look forward to. The world then meant nothing but misery to me, when you didn't care."

"But I did care, James; I did care."

"Did you, May? Really, did you?" and leaning over he kissed her.

"Yes, James, I did," she answered; "but go on! you haven't told me how it happened."

"Well, May," he resumed, "you see, I thought that if I could, in some way, make everybody think I was dead, why, I thought perhaps I could come out here, begin a new life and maybe time would make me forget. I turned the boat over purposely and then after I screamed for help I dived down and came up under the boat. You see, May, when you turn a canoe bottom side up in water, the sides rest on the water and a vacuum of about eight or ten inches in altitude is left under it. Well, I made use of that on the afternoon I was supposed to have been drowned. I put my head up under the boat and swam on down the channel leading toward Chipley River. After I had gotten out of sight I came out into the woods and then made my way on out here. I told Ralph Miller what I was going to do but I made him swear never to tell. Then I was afraid he might and I have never written him a word since I came here.

"But James, if you only knew how I have suffered," and she began to sob again.

He caught her in his arms and asked, "May, shall it be tomorrow?"

"What, James?" and she smiled up at him through the tears.

"Why, our marriage, dear," he replied, as he released her and held her out before him at arm's length.

"You haven't asked me yet," she replied.

"Will you, May, will you?" he asked quickly.

"Yes, Jim, my dear old boy, a thousand times 'yes,' if you wish it," she replied. "Let's go home now and wire Edith and Ralph."

C. A. E.

The Hart Moss History Prize.

I avail myself of the kindness of the editors of the Journal to announce to the student body the rules and regulations connected with the contest for the Hart Moss History Prize, as the contest is open to all students, but quite a number are not in my class.

The prize, consisting of twenty dollars in cash, has been awarded for the past four years. The winners and their subjects are published in the college catalogue, where the entire list can be ascertained since by turning to the department of history and economics. An essay may be upon any approved historical subject; however the suggestion of the following list may be of service in arousing interest or directing thought:

History of the Papacy.

Mediæval Civilization.

Relation of Church and State in European History (or any given period).

The Italian Renaissance (or any phase of it).

Luther.

The Protestant Reformation.

The Influence of the French Revolution upon the Civilization of Europe.

Bismark.

The Struggle for German Unity.

History of Trial by Jury.

Legislation of Edward I.

Wycliffe and Lollardry.

The Peasant Revolt of 1381.

Oliver Cromwell.

History of the House of Commons.

The English Reformation.

Mary Queen of Scots.

Permanent Constitutional Gains in the Period of Long Parliament and Civil War.

Ireland as a British Possession.

The Irish Land Question.

William E. Gladstone.

Great Britain's Indian Empire.

The Oxford Movement.

The Democratic Movement in England in the Nineteenth Century.

The Development of Nationality in the United States.

The Influence of the Supreme Court in the Development of American Nationality.

Causes of the American Revolution.

The Work of the Federalist Party.

The Influence of the West upon American History.

The Transportation Problem in American History.

The Secession Movement in New England, 1804-14.

Thomas Jefferson.

The Burr Conspiracy.

The History of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

Economic History of South Carolina.

The Character of John C. Calhoun as revealed in his private correspondence.

The following are the rules of the contest:

1. The essay required of each student in History as a class exercise will be considered as entered for competition, unless the essay bears a request in writing to the contrary.

2. The competition is open to all students in Wofford College, graduate instructors and assistants excepted.

3. Essays may be written in either pen or machine writings.

4. Essays may be of any length. They should contain enough material to evince considerable knowledge of the subject. From 2,000 to 5,000 words would be a good length.

5. Essays must be signed with the name of some historical character. At the time of handing in his essay, the contestant must deposit with the Professor of History a sealed envelope containing his own name and bearing upon the outside the name of the historical character which he has signed to his essay.

6. A bibliography of all books, articles, maps or other authorities used must be appended to the essay.

7. Essays will be judged from three standpoints—thoroughness of research, independent judgment manifested, and literary style.

8. Essays must be handed to the Professor of History not later than May 1. There will be positively no extension of time. The professor will select the five essays which he considers the best and submit them to a committee composed of two professors of history not in Wofford College and one person not a professor in history. D. D. Wallace.

Wofford College, October 21, 1908.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Crawford A. Easterling, Editor-in-Chief

Pay Your Debts

"There is a debt of service due from every man to his country," is a statement which has often impressed us and which we believe to contain a lot of truth. The fact that a man can claim a country for his, that he can look to her for protection, that she grants him the privilege of being a free man and that she aids him in drawing his means of sustenance makes him a debtor to her. And yet, it is a debt which he not only pays to his country but also to himself. When our forefathers paid their debt of service to their country and brought her from under the yoke of our tyranous mother country not alone did they pay the debt to their country but they paid it to themselves—to us, their posterity. That their country had the right to ask the service of them and that their deeds have been rewarded is answered in the pages of

our history since. It is the spirit of obligation and duty to our country, which is to ourselves and to our fellowman, that has enabled us to wrest a continent from the grasp of a wild, untamed nature and make of it a land brightened by the hand of civilization.

Even so we can say, "There is a debt of service due from every man to his college." It is to our colleges we look to see our youth trained and drilled into the things which will make his life broad and useful. It is from them we are expecting men who shall shape and mould the future of our State and our nation. If we are expecting our colleges to fit us for the paths which we are to follow, then we are due her a debt of service. Every man owes his college some debt which he should pay by helping her to perform her functions better. If a man sees some phase of the college life which he feels that he could benefit by his service then his debt is due there. Just as our forefathers aided us when they made us a free country, we may help the generations which are to follow us by the service we render now. We get out of a thing just what we put in it and if we pay our debts to our college in full we may expect our rewards in proportion to our payments. Now, if you feel that you could write some essay, story, or poem which would make your Journal a better magazine we feel that your debt of service is due there. If you prefer to make full payment at one time we would appreciate it very much but we would rather do business with you on the installment plan.

College Spirit and Wofford

Perhaps the greatest thing about a college in the eye of the student and, often, to the old "grad," is college spirit. It is a kind of inexplicable attachment that finds its way into a man soon after he hits the campus of the college which is to become his alma mater. It comes to a man with the same strong tenacity that the longing for his old home pulses through him in his first days of college life and on through the life beyond. It gets down behind his lungs when he sees

his "team" fighting for victory on the field and makes him shout himself hoarse and feel proud to do it. It is the same spirit which makes a man's blood boil when he sees his college emblem being made the object of ridicule and he rushes into the fight to defend it, with no thought of self but only for his college. Is it great and is it lasting? Ask the old graduate who after years of fight with the "come and go" of the world, which makes and breaks a man, why it is he sits gazing at the announcement that his alma mater and her old rival are to meet as usual for the great Thanksgiving battle with the "pigskin," why he wishes with the old time boyish longing to be there and to help the grand chorus of young voices shout them on to victory. It's almost too sacred to him for an attempt to explain why he feels it but still he murmurs to himself, "Well! but I'd like to see it." The spirit of love for his college, of pride in her victories, and of sorrowing sympathy in her misfortunes was born into him when his young life glowed brightest and it was rooted in his heart to stay.

Has there gone out with the younger generations the sentiment and the feeling that Wofford lacks in this great element? There are rumors that she does. We beg the privilege of differing with this rumor. The spirit is just as deeply ingrained and rooted in every nook and crook and crack and cranny of the old campus and just as clearly stamped on the heart of every Wofford man, at home and abroad, as it was in the days when we lost but once in three years or when we quit her walls to defend the cause of a bleeding South. It is true we don't display it as strong as some of our sister colleges but it is also true that circumstances do not always demand similar manifestations. However, when the time comes to show what true college spirit means we have never been found lacking. The effects of a strong undercurrent, as it were, of real college spirit have been felt time and time again and they have always left a story to be told. It may not be so strong in word but we feel sure that it is far from weak in deed.

The Election

As we go to press, we have just heard the result of the presidential election in which Democracy has again suffered defeat. We have seen the end of perhaps the hardest fought national campaign our generation has ever witnessed. With a feeling of deep patriotism to the party which we expect to become a part of we hoped, way down in our hearts, to see Mr. Bryan win the victory. As a presidential candidate we think Democracy has never had a braver, more conscientious leader; as a man returning again to the private walks of life, we think America has never had a nobler, more God-fearing citizen. A politician and a statesman beyond reproach; a man and a citizen honored and respected by his nation.

While we regret to acknowledge defeat, yet we hope that it is for the best interests of the nation at large. We feel that we have never had a president with more administrative experience which should bespeak of a better executive ability than we will have in our new president- elect, Mr. Taft. Under his leadership we sincerely trust that the nation will have no cause to fear or tremble. May his administration be one of peace, good will, and prosperity.

A Student Body Organization

We think there is one thing lacking at Wofford which, if she had, would be a great help to her. We have a good size body of students without any organization whatever. We think it would be a great benefit to the student body as a whole if we had what is known as "The Student-body Organization." Under this system the student body meets and elects officers—president, vice-president, and a secretary and treasurer. The officers are elected by the student body from any part or class of the college. It unites the students into a more compact body, makes them easier to approach and enables them to work together in a better way. As it is now we have to depend on the four class organizations, in a majority of cases, to attend to matters which concern the whole

student body and could be much better and easier attended to by it, in a joint meeting. A "Student-body Organization" takes no power, whatever, from any of the bodies of the college, but deals only with the affairs which concern every student. At present when a matter has to be presented to the students, on each occasion a temporary chairman has to be appointed before business can be entered into and no minutes, whatever, are kept of the proceedings gone through with or actions decided upon. When we think of the way these things are conducted now, we feel sure that a "Student-body Organization," with officers whose terms last for a year, would be a great help to us. It would enable us to do business in a businesslike way.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

On the 22nd of October there gathered in Columbus, Ohio, the largest body of students, college professors, laymen, and editors that ever assembled to take up the Bible and discuss its place in the individual life and its effect upon society in general. College men heretofore had gathered by the hundreds to discuss the great question of foreign missions and in summer conferences to bring up many important questions of student life, but this was the beginning of a great Bible study movement which is destined to sweep over the institutions of Amerca and we expect its force to be felt even across the water.

The objects of this conference can best be summed up in five sentences as the "Intercollegian" has it:

1. To assemble 1,200 representative undergraduates, alumni, professors, and Christian workers to confer regarding the promotion of intelligent and systematic Bible study among the students of North America.

2. To secure the invaluable assistance of professors and alumni in guiding and developing this Bible study movement.

3. To enlist more fully than ever the co-operation of the Church in winning students to a high Christian living by means of the study of the Bible.

4. To exhibit Bible study courses, reference books, and other literature which have been found useful in developing the habit of Bible study among college men.

5. To unite at the beginning of the college year, the leading students and professors of the United States and Canada in the comprehensive Bible study policy for 1908-09.

At this great conference was gathered 1,200 delegates representing the colleges of North America. What an imposing sight this must have been! Men from all parts of this great continent devising plans for the distribution of knowledge of this wonderful book among the college men of America so

that not only their lives may be stronger and more powerful but that they might carry out into the broad world the spirit and principles of the book of books.

The devotional committee have made a change in the time of holding the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting. Instead of Sunday afternoon the devotional meeting will be held at 7 o'clock Friday evening. The Wednesday night prayer meeting will be done away with and all our energy will be directed to the Friday evening service. The committee have arranged to get speakers from the student body and outsiders alternately each week. This service will last only forty-five minutes and all may come with the understanding that they will not be kept longer.

"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

Wofford's Alumni in Spartanburg County

We shall endeavor, this month, to give a list of our alumni in the city and county of Spartanburg from the first graduate in 1856, who, I may say, is an Orangeburg county man, to class of 1897. Most of these men are native Spartans, while some have adopted Spartanburg as their home since the close of their college work.

Chas. Petty, the only survivor of the class of '57, served as a captain in the civil war. He is now editor of the Carolina Spartan, a paper published in this city.

Rev. A. J. Stafford, '59, a superannuated member of the South Carolina Conference, is residing in the city.

J. B. Cleveland, '69, is a prominent and influential business man of Spartanburg. He is president of the C. & W. C. Railroad and was influential in bringing the Carolina, Clinchfield, and Ohio Railroad into the city.

D. A. DuPre, '69, is our professor of geology and physics.

E. L. Archer, '71, is a successful farmer living just beyond the city limits on the proposed route of the C. C. & O. Railroad.

J. A. Gamewell, '71, is our Latin professor. He is also president of the Wofford College Lyceum.

W. P. Irwin, '72, is a raiser of fancy stock in the city.

C. W. Zimmerman, '73, is a successful farmer and business man living at Glenn Springs.

R. K. Carson, '74, is a prominent lawyer of the city.

S. B. Ezell, '75, is an influential business man here.

S. M. Bagwell, '76, is a farmer living near Glendale.

J. F. Brown, '76, is a member of the firm of Fielder & Brown, wholesale grocers.

W. E. Burnett, '76, is president of the First National Bank.

He is president of the Alumni Association and a trustee of the college.

J. G. Clinkscales, '76, is our professor of mathematics and astronomy.

Warren DuPre, '78, is proprietor of a large book store in the city.

W. M. Jones, '78, is a lawyer and is president and treasurer of the Morgan Iron Works.

A. B. Calvert, '80, is president of the Bank of Spartanburg, and of Drayton Mills.

H. T. Hutto, '80, is a commercial traveler. His home is in the city.

T. B. Thackson, '80, resides near the city. At present, he is engaged in the Land and Industrial Department of the Southern Railway, at Washington.

Jas. Cofield, '82, is in the insurance business in the city.

S. A. Nettles, '82, is editor and publisher of the Southern Christian Advocate.

W. G. Blake, '83, is principal of Converse street graded school.

M. L. Carlisle, '83, is presiding elder of the Spartanburg district, South Carolina Conference.

J. A. Chapman, '83, is president of the Inman Cotton Mills. He resides in the city.

L. J. Blake, '84, is a practicing physician here.

J. J. Burnett, '84, is at present Master of Spartanburg county. He goes out of office January 1st.

A. G. Rembert, '84, is our professor of Greek.

H. B. Carlisle, '85, is a prominent lawyer of the city and represents this county in the State senate.

J. H. Carlisle, Jr., '85, is a real estate dealer of the city.

S. B. Jones, '87, is assistant cashier of the First National Bank.

J. L. Jefferies, '87, is a practicing physician.

J. A. Law, '87, is president of Central National Bank and of Saxon Mills.

J. C. Evins, '88, is secretary and treasurer of Clifton Mills.

J. J. Gentry, '88, is Probate Judge of the county.

A. M. Muckenfuss, '89, is president of the Spartanburg Broom Factory.

J. W. Nash, '90, is a prominent lawyer of the city.

J. L. Fleming, '91, is cashier of the Merchants and Farmers' Bank.

C. P. Hammond, '91, is in the furniture business.

G. Rouquie, '91, is secretary of Drayton Mills.

J. W. Daniel, '92, is a business man of the city.

C. B. Waller, '92, is our professor of chemistry and biology.

H. L. Bomar, '94, is a successful lawyer of the city.

P. H. Edwards, '94, is a practicing physician.

D. D. Wallace, '94, is our professor of history and economics.

A. M. Chreitzberg, '95, is cashier of the First National Bank.

A. M. DuPre, '95, is headmaster of the Fitting School.

H. J. Shoemaker, '95, resides in the city.

R. E. L. Smith, '95, is teaching at Pauline, near Glenn Springs.

C. H. Barber, '96, is a dealer in stocks and bonds.

A. M. Law, '96, is head of the firm of A. M. Law & Co., stocks, bonds, and insurance.

Gabriel Cannon, '96, is assistant cashier of the Merchants and Farmers' Bank.

We give below two items clipped from the Herald.

Clemson College, S. C.—Miss Minnie B. Wannamaker, for eight years stenographer and secretary to the president of the college, has been given a year's leave of absence, during which time she will pursue a course of study at Vanderbilt University. She will be remembered as one of the first coeds of Wofford College.

Waterloo, S. C., Sept. 19.—Tomorrow at noon at the bride's home, in Columbia, Miss Lois Lillian Powell and Prof. S. W. Pucket, of Waterloo, will be married in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives. The bride is an attractive figure in Columbia's social set and possesses many sweet charms

and graces. Prof. Pucket is principal of the Waterloo graded school and is a young educator of much promise. He is a Wofford man, class 1906, and is well known in the Spartan city. He has many friends in Spartanburg who will learn of his marriage with interest and pleasure. Prof. and Mrs. Pucket will be at home to their many friends at the residence of Mr. T. J. Anderson.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

The October number of The Erskinian is passably good. "Alma Mater" is old. Let us quit going into ecstacies over our "Dear old Alma Mater." Honest now—we don't mean half of it, do we? Why not frankly acknowledge that any recognized college is as good as another and no better? And let us realize that any of them will be satisfied if their alumni will do something in the world, whether they ever refer—allude we should have said—to the "classic halls of their dear old alma mater" or not. "The Children About the Street" is a touching little lyric, but the author has made, constructed, invented, adapted or discovered, and boldly used one of the most remarkable words on record. Everybody who has ever heard the word "skyey" hold up your hands! No response. The word is absolutely unique. It sounds like "skiddoo" and looks like the anterior end of a Russion proper name. "Nature's Mission" is a real poem. "Sybarius" is too modest —we would like to know his name. The issue contains one story: "Because of Her Father." It has an interesting plot, but is told in an uninteresting manner.

The Palmetto is a mixture of good and bad. The poems are exceptionally good. "Reverie; Lines to a Woodland Scene," is a beautiful picture, simply and naturally drawn. "A Villanelle of Mountain Laurel" is well written, but it would be more interesting to the average reader if he knew precisely what "villanelle" means. It is almost as unusual a word as "crepuscular," over which the exchange editor of the Palmetto made so merry—however, there may be "villanelles" all around Columbia. "A Mistake" is the best of the stories. Well, we are going to do it—slang is all right when used in the proper place anyhow—and we believe "A Musical Court-

ship" is a highly appropriate article on which to use slang. "There ain't nothing to it." "Between a Mule and a Sunshade" is a more or less uninteresting anecdote. It does not possess the first elements of a true short story.

The Exchange Department promises to be a veritable Waterloo for all the magazines that find their unlucky way to its table. The editor tries all of a sudden, as it were, to get gay, sarcastic, ironical, cutting, and several other interesting things of which forget the name. She has planted the guns of criticism on the heights of superior wisdom, and, on the slightest provocation, she rakes the columns of college journalism with a destructive fire of, Bosh! Trash! absurd! Nothing in it!!!!! Wh!!!!!—Br!

The first poem in The Winthrop College Journal is puerile —no that will not do—it is puellaile. "Who thought nothing of giving a four or a three." To students aspiring to an A. B. degree, my, my—unpardonable. It reminds one of Lord Byron's threat: "Prepare for rhyme, I'll publish, right or wrong." "Memories" is good. Among the stories, "The Picture Girl" is tiresome, but not quite as completely so as "A Misused Shroud." "A Downright Shame" served the purpose—it took up space. The debaters gave a good discussion considering their query. Will some one please tell us what two young ladies could possibly know about warships or the need of them. We pause for reply! We would wager that their conception of a warship resembles a canoe painted red, themselves in the stern and a young man with turned-up trousers and a blue hat band in the stern doing the rowing act.

We hope that the first issue of The Criterion is not representative. It is, on the whole, a decidedly uninteresting number. The one poem, "Dream Pictures," is far-fetched. It is difficult to decide which of the stories is the worst, but we give the first place to "The False Friend," with "As Usual" a close second. "The Stolen Manuscript" is a badly mixed,

improbable story uninterestingly told. The essays—or rather the essay—is really the best article in the number. The author has evidently made a close study of the Ballad.

The editors of the Carolinian have reason to congratulate themselves on the first issue of their periodical. Its contents are uniformly good. The poem entitled "The Sorcerers" is an exquisite production. Then the parody on "Hamlet" is uproariously funny. The stories are admirable. "Nell" is a bold, unusual story, and is exceedingly well told. "A Gentleman Detective" is interesting, but the author will have to work for a long while before he can produce a "Sherlock Holmes" or an "M. Dupin." The plot of "A Legend of the Catawba" is threadbare. Every community has its own "Lover's Leap," of which the story is the same as the Catawba Legend. The two essays of the number are worthy of mention. They were evidently carefully planned.

The Furman Echo evidently has a good staff this year. It is one among the best periodicals we have received. "The God of Chance" states very clearly and forcibly a great truth, "There is no such thing in the world as luck, but there is such a thing—thank God—as pluck." "The Realm of the Ideal" is rather hackneyed. All of us know by now that there are two forces in the world forever striving for the mastery. The author of "Woman—Mere Woman" rushes to the defense of the gentler sex. Kindly leave them alone—the fair creatures will always be found quite capable of taking care of themselves. "Her Name was Maud" is amusingly interesting. While it is not a true short story, it is an excellent anecdote, and the author is a good "story teller." "The Well-dressed Man" is a powder load, if you will pardon the expression. There is nothing in it. It is a fable that does not—we need a verb—let's see—we have it: It is a fable that does not fabe. The poetry of the issue is a variable quantity. "October and Death" is well written. "Something For You and For Me" closely resembles that tiddle-de-tiddle-de-tiddle-

de-dum bosh called poetry which we constantly see in current periodicals. Advice in the guise of poetry, unless treated by a master, is abominable. "Mother" is a beautiful tribute to the best friend any man can ever have in this world.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: The Newberry Stylus, The Red and White, Quachita Ripples, The Mercerian, Davidson College Magazine, Hampden Sidney Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era, The Lenorian, The University of Virginia Magazine, and The College Reflector.

CLIPPINGS

A Week's Experience

The year had gloomily begun
To Willie Weeks, a poor man's Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little Mon.

This cash said he won't pay my dues;
I've nothing here but ones and Tues.

A bright thought struck him and he said
The rich Miss Goldrocks I will Wed.

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No, Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die!"
His soul went where they say souls Fri.

They found his gloves and coat and hat,
And the coroner upon them Sat.

—Success.

Sarcasm of Fate

"What's the matter over there?"

"The sword-swallower is being choked by a fish-bone."—

Master—"I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead."

Patrick—"Faith' an' 'tis a sad day for us all, sir. The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."—Life.

Heartless

Mrs. Benham—"Mother tripped today and fell over that old flagstone."

Benham—"Three cheers for the old flag!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Terrors of English

If an S and an I, and an O and a U,
  With an X at the end spell Su,
And E and a Y and an E spell I,
  Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if, also, an S and an I and a G,
  And a H E D spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
  But go commit siouxeyesighed.

—Success.

There is room at the top—of a man's anatomy. Get busy! Study.—Ex.

Two capacious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident the young man proceeded to stroke his hair.

Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collor. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.—Ladies Home Journal.

An Accomplishment

"They tell me, Grimsley, that your daughter sings with great expression."

"Greatest expression you ever saw. Her own mother can't recognize her face when she is singing.—Home Herald.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

Society Elections

Elections for officers of the three societies for the second term were held Saturday night, October 31, with the following results:

Calhoun—Allen Rogers, president; Mason Crum, vice-president; T. C. Montgomery, first critic; L. K. Breeden, first censor; R. C. Huggins, second critic; R. A. Goolsby, second censor; W. F. Klugh, third critic; O. M. Bowman, recording secretary; R. A. Goolsby, chief marshal; J. H. Zimmerman, junior marshal; Ellerbee, H., sophomore marshal; W. S. Hydrick, freshman marshal; W. S. Ellerbee, corresponding secretary; Allen Rogers, oratorical speaker, in place of C. A. Easterling, resigned.

Carlisle—P. M. Murph, president; Fred E. Bearden, vice-president; R. B. Hicks, first critic; A. E. Tinsley, second critic; B. H. France, first censor; C. B. Dawsey, recording secretary; T. M. Dubose, third critic; M. M. Brooks, second censor; H. Hicks, corresponding secretary; H. C. Raysor, junior marshal, J. Wrightson, sophomore marshal; R. L. Cox, freshman marshal.

Preston—W. C. Curry, president; Grover Patton, vice-president; Tom Hill, first critic; J. H. Glenn, second critic; T. B. Penney, recording secretary; W. P. Meadors, second censor; W. G. Nichols, first censor; Charile Dupont, corresponding secretary.

Annual

The responsibility of getting out an annual this year has been transferred from the societies to the senior class. This was done in order to fix the management more clearly, and to interest the senior class more in the annual. Many of those who contracted for an annual last year did not take it before

college closed, and the business manager as a last resort sent them to various alumni, hoping to get something for them in that way. They did not respond, and the annual came out a little in debt. This year all such trouble will be avoided, and the annual will be gotten out strictly on a business basis.

Schubert Quartet

The first number of the lyceum for this year was the Schubert Quartet, of Boston. Each number of this famous quartet is a master violinist, and the numbers they rendered would satisfy the most critical taste. The Schuberts play strictly classical music, and for that reason some of the boys were not as attentive as they would have been had it been rag-time or vaudeville.

An unusually large audience was present, which means that many season tickets were sold, and that the people of Spartanburg appreciate Professor Gamewell's work in connection with the lyceum.

Glee Club.

Under the able direction of Professor Bressler the Glee Club is getting in some good practice these days. The club proposes to give an entertainment before the holidays, and an attractive programe is being prepared. About fifty tried out for the club this year, of whom the following have been chosen as permanent members: Second bass, Curry, Dibble, France, Meadors; baritone, Stephenson, Crum, Huff, Bressler; second tenor, Tom Hill, R. S. Hill, J. T. Monroe, Goolsby; first tenor, T. M. Hamer, A. W. Horton, A. L. Rogers, R. B. Hicks, Rankin.

C. C. & O. Railroad

In a few months the trains of the Carolina Clinchfield and Ohio Railroad will be thundering directly through the campus. They have purchased a right of way from the college

between the Southern Railway and the science hall, and the road will run directly through where Professor Rembert's house now stand. The work of grading has already begun and the work will be hurried to a finish. This road will mean much to the development of Spartanburg and, indirectly, Wofford.

A Little Story of a Teacher

(W. H. Page, in World's Work.)

If you were to go to the town of Spartanburg, S. C., and spend an evening in the house of any man who lives there, the conversation would be sure to turn on Dr. Carlisle; and, if you should happen to go to the home of anyone who has a direct personal interest in Wofford College, which is situated at one end of the town, the chances are that most of the talk of the evening would be about Dr. Carlisle. If you happened to be at the college at a commencement time, you would hear a reverent and affectionate allusion to Dr. Carlisle in every public address, and you might see every class that comes back to its reunion go to his house in a body to express their affectionate obligation to him.

And who is Dr. Carlisle? A man who went to the college as a teacher of "astronomy and moral science" in 1854, when it was founded, and who has been there ever since, a part of the time as teacher, a part of the time as president, and again as teacher. He still meets his classes once or twice a week even at his advanced age. Doubtless neither philosophers nor astronomers regard him as a great contributor to their departments of learning. Yet it is doubtful whether there be an astronomer or a philosopher at any institution or in any community in our whole land who has exerted so strong an influence upon the young men who have come in contact with him. They do not say that he taught them astronomy or that he taught them philosophy, but they do all bear testimony to his giving them in greater measure than any other man a right adjustment to life and a moral uplift—a kind of influence

that the oldest of his pupils, who are now themselves far on in middle life, remember with an affection that has grown since their youth; and, throughout the area of the college's influence, men and women say, "We must send our sons to Wofford College because Dr. Carlisle is there."

He is now an old gentleman, of great dignity of character and of speech, of wide if desultory reading, but not of the modern type of scholarship. He is not an orator, and yet, until a few years ago, he had the habit of delivering a public lecture once a year or oftener in the town; and anybody who did not go to hear him lost standing in the community by his absence. These lectures were lay sermons but everybody received them as a sort of half-inspired deliverances. He has never held a public office, except that he was a member of the Secession Convention in South Carolina and is the only surviving member but one, and he is said to have called this adventure a piece of boyish foolishness. He was never a preacher, but always only a teacher, and what he taught best was neither science nor literature, but character.

The story is told of a man in Texas, who met a visitor from Spartanburg. The first question he asked was, "Do you know Dr. Carlisle?" "Yes," said the other. "Are you going back to Spartanburg?" "Yes." "Well, I wish you would give Dr. Carlisle my most affectionate regards, remind him that I was dismissed from college for misconduct in spite of his effort to save me, tell him that I came to Texas and for several years I tried my best to go to the devil by various roads, but that I did not succeed, because before I got that far I always saw his finger pointed at me and heard his voice, and they restrained me. He may be glad to hear this."

Possibly the great business of teaching may get some hint from this simple story.

Random News

A track team has been started up, and a meet will be arranged for Thanksgiving. Professor Bressler is coaching the team, and F. W. Felkel, of the senior class and H. C. Raysor,

of the junior class are his assistants. Professor Bressles hopes to arrange for an inter-collegiate contest some time in the spring.

The senior class have intended for some time to place a large flag on the flag-pole on the campus, but it was found that the cord with which the flag is hoisted was down, and Felkel performed the daring feat of climbing a ladder to the top of the pole and putting a cord through the pulley. The pole is over eighty feet high, and it was thought that it would be necessary to build a scaffold to put the cord through, but happily this was not necessary. The flag will be raised just as soon as it comes from the manufacturer.

A number of Wofford students attended the State fair at Columbia this time. Among those who went were: Huggins, Stephenson, Stackhouse, Razor, Zemp, Brady, Ellerbe, and Edens.

Ringling Bros. Great Circus visited Spartanburg last month, and practically all the boys paid the show a visit while it was here. A tremendous crowd was in town, and every one was pleased with the show. And why not? For what is better than a good street parade and a circus performance?

The annual tennis contest is almost decided when this goes to press. The winners of this contest will represent Wofford in the State contest, which will be held soon. A great deal of interest is being taken in tennis this year.

Senator-elect E. D. Smith paid us a visit last month and made a short speech at chapel exercises. Senator Smith is a graduate of Wofford of the class of '89, and every Wofford man is proud of him and the work he is doing.

Chapel exercises have been changed somewhat this year. The college bought a large number of song books with responsive readings in the back of them, and all join in these

readings instead of a member of the faculty reading a chapter One of the faculty leads the exercises.

A Bryan campaign fund was launched among the boys about the middle of October. A hearty response was met with, and the boys all seemed glad to have some part in the national campaign. About twenty-five dollars was collected.

The chair of applied mathematics has been added to the college curriculum. Prof. Peebles has this department in charge and about a dozen boys are taking the course. Mechanical drawing is the course offered this year.

Mr. Ott, of the freshman class, has been in the hospital for some time with a case of typhoid fever. He is better now, and it is to be hoped he will soon be with us again.

J. C. Hardin went to Columbia last week to have an operation performed on his nose. The operation was very successful.

Sr. Lat-r to Sr. H-e: "Does the 'B. L.' on the Converse rings stand for the girls' initials?"

Sr. St-h-se, in Calhoun society: "Mr. President, I move we make the boys pay for their annuals." Fresh. San-rs: "I 'adopt' that motion, Mr. President."

Sr. Har-n to Sr. El-d: "I thought they didn't allow 'swifting' engines to run on Sunday."

Sr. El-d in Preston society: "Isn't this the night to elect the monthly 'or*a*ter?'"

Wanted

To know why Mc-n is called the "Kandy Kid."

To know if Sr. Fel-l has "signed up" any time lately.

To know who threw at those signs at Rock Cliff a few Sundays ago.

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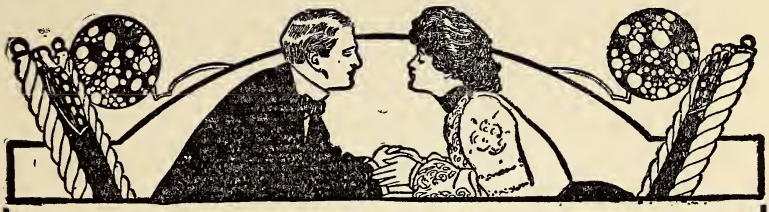

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1908

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WEST MAIN STREET

December 1908

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

W. C. Curry, Literary Editor
E. B. Hammond, Assistant Literary Editor

Christmas Ode

Great was the night when the wise men arose
  To face the star that led
To where the young Child, wrapped in swaddling clothes,
  Lay in an humble bed.

The glory of the Lord shone all around,
Shepherds fell on their faces to the ground,
  For they were sore afraid
  Until the angel said:
"Fear not, for 'tis good tidings that I bring
  To you and all the earth."
And then the heavenly host began to sing
  In celebration of His birth.

The three wise men of old,
  Led to Him by the star,
Presented Him with gold
  And frankincense and myrrh.
But now His boundless love,
  The star that ne'er grows dim,
Shines from the throne above
  To lead the world to Him,
No more its earthly treasures to impart;
He craves only the sinful, broken heart.

O let us sing of our great Saviour's worth!
Sing like the angels that proclaimed His birth,
  Sing o'er and o'er again
  The same grand, sweet refrain:
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
  Peace and good will toward men!" —H. F. Gault.

Chance the only Alternative

"April the 27th. Well, I'll declare that's a rather queer coincidence, if such a thing might be called a coincidence," exclaimed Margaret Lange, talking idly to herself. "Twenty-seven years old on the twenty-seventh day of the month. I wonder what you would call that any way? It's not exactly a coincidence, and yet there is a likeness or similarity, or something between the two 'twenty-sevenths.' Well, no matter what name you would give it, it doesn't descredit the fact that today is my twenty-seventh birthday and I am still Miss Margaret Lange. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that today I would still be unmarried? I am sure I never dreamed of such a terrible fate. Seventeen—why, when I was seventeen everybody had accepted it as a foregone conclusion that by the time I was twenty Jack Mowery and I would have long since been tucked away in a little cottage of our own, living the simple and happy life of a sedate old married couple. Yes, I suppose I, too, thought like all the rest then, but as do most of the elegantly planned air-castles and fanciful dreams of youth—ours vanished. Oh! but those were dear old days when Jack and I were a couple of kids. How silly we were! I remember how Jack and I used to go down by the old pond in the back of the old home, on moonlight nights and sit there and tell each other in slow, hushed whispers how perfectly adorable we each were and, then, Jack would catch my hand—all the while I would pretend that to hold my hand was something awful for him to do and yet I would have been furious with him if he hadn't persisted in doing so—yes, he would gently hold my hnad and swear by everything in sight that I was the grandest girl in the world and in fact a whole world to him. We both believed it then with all the sincerity of our youthful innocence of love. Then we both went away to school and time, the great eraser, wiped away all thought of our plans. Jack fell in love with Louise Durham and married her. Louise, poor child, was a dear girl and oh! it was so sad when she died and left Jack with those

two dear little children to be both father and mother to them —Jennette!—Oh, Jennettee!"

"Come here a second."

"Did you wish something with me, ma'am?"

"Yes; do you know anything about my little hand mirror."

"Yes, ma'am; here it is."

"Thank you—er—Jennette, I wish you would run down to the postoffice and see if any mail came in on thirty-eight for me. I am expecting a letter from mama today and I don't want to wait until the postman brings it around."

"All right, Miss Margaret, is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

Picking up the mirror and settling back on the little divan by her window Margaret gazed long and thoughtfully into her own eyes, the windows of her own soul, wondering if she herself, really knew what lay behind them. And, then, dropping the mirror on her lap, she again resumed her little talk almost unconscious of the fact that she as talking at all. And yet hers were the only ears to catch that little story of what her life was, had been, and what she hoped it to be.

"Yes," she went on, "everything and everybody has been good to me and the twenty-seven years of my life that are closing today have been happy years. But somehow my life, now, is not all that I could wish it. I'm a bit dissatisfied somehow. There seems to have recently been created an empty spot, a loop somewhere in the thread of my life. I don't know what makes me feel so either. My life, as I see it, has been far from empty. No one can say that I have lacked in the motives and deeds that go to make life worth while. Bob Burnett says that I have missed my calling in life. He says that I was born to make some man happy by my companionship. Bob's a clever man and at times brilliant and I guess perhaps he may be right. He, at least, seems to have no doubts whatever that I was created for any other purpose than to become his wife. Yes, I'll be true to my word, Bob, dear boy, you shall have your answer soon, but what that answer will be, the fates alone know—I don't. I wish I did.

Lester Wallace, you know wants his answer, too. Lester has been mighty kind to me and after all he may be the one I do really—. Come in."

"Here are two letters, Miss Margaret. One's from your mother, but the other is a new one on me. I didn't know you had a fellow over at Brunswick, too."

"Oh! indeed, Jennette, have I really a friend or 'fellow' as you say, whom you don't know about? I must confess that if such be true it is as new to me as to you."

"Shall I go now and fix the tea, Miss Margaret?"

"Yes, let's see, it's eleven now. You may bring the tea at twelve."

Having read the letter from her mother and feeling much brighter since there was such cheery news from home, Margaret picked up the other letter and having studied the address a moment to see if she could guess the writer she broke the seal and began reading—

"Brunswick, April 26, 1908.

"My Dear Margaret:

" 'Tis useless, no doubt, to suppose that this letter will be any other than a surprise to you. Meay years have passed since you have seen anything like a letter from me and in those years time has wrought many changes. Some have been merely the snapping of a link in the chain of events which go to make the history of our lives and have been remembered only for a day; others have been of greater moment and have struck the deeper chords of the emotions which will continue to resound until we have reached our other home where all sorrows are forgotten. As you know, Margaret, shadows have fallen to darken my pathway and the waves of eternity have beat against the frail craft of my life as though to sink it. At times I have almost been forced to believe that they had accomplished their wild purpose and that my life was only the fragments of a shattered craft adrift on the sea of time. But, then, there was a rekindling of a faint flicker of hope and it is that hope which drives my pen tonight. Perhaps it is a hope driven on only by fancy. If so it will only

make my lot in life harder to bear. Margaret, I want you. I want to ask you to be my wife. I have loved you from my boyhood and I feel that I could make you happy. You know my situation in life. You are aware that I am the father of two motherless children. Does my request beg too great a sacrifice of you? Trust me, as in days of old, to be, your true friend, "Jack Mowery."

Already facing the proposition of trying to choose between two men who weighed equally in the balances of her estimation and affections, this new proposal from the old friend of her youth was indeed a surprise to Margaret. While the warm appeal of Jack Mowery was still fresh in her mind she almost reached the point of decision in his favor. But she was no longer a child of dreams; she had loosed her hold upon the hand of wild, exotic fancy; no more could her imagination induce her footsteps to cross the threshold of youthful air-castles—she was a woman. Hers was a woman's mind. Her decision must be a woman's decision and not a girl's. Lester Wallace, Bob Burnett, and Jack Mowery had each asked her to become his wife. All were good men and far above the average. Each held out to her many things which were most conducive to a woman's happiness. She was fond of all three. She was wildly in love with none of them. She realized that she saw in each of them those high and noble qualities of manhood which command a woman's regard and master her affections. To be perfectly true and honest with herself and to give each man a square deal she had determined. To do so and at the same time to accept one of them was beyond her power. In no way could she force her mind to a decision. There was but one alternative. When a question presents itself to the human mind in which the advantages and disadvantages are so evenly matched that even the keenest sense of perception cannot detect a difference strong enough to sway it toward a decision there follows the natural consequence of submitting it to chance. Thus chance being the only alternative, Margaret Lange decided to accept it.

She went to her desk, drew out some note paper, and wrote three notes. The first:

"My dear friend:

"It is the common lot of woman that she can be a wife to only one man at one time. I am sorry, Sincerely yours,

"Margaret Lange."

To the second she wrote:

"Sometimes to have to give a refusal pains the giver as much, if not more, than it does the recipient. I sincerely wish that I could say 'Yes,' but there is another. Cordially yours,

"Margaret Lange."

The third note said:

"'Yes.' Come tomorrow. Devotedly,

"Margaret."

She folded each note carefully and laid them on one end of her desk. Then she addressed three envelopes, one to Mr. Bob Burnett, another to Mr. Jack Mowery, and another to Mr. Lester Wallace. She laid the three envelopes on the end of the desk opposite to the notes and called Jennette.

"Now, Jennette," she said, "I want you to pay special attention to my directions. There are three notes and here are three envelopes. I am going to leave the room and I want you to put a note in each envelope, regardless of which note goes in which envelope and post them at once. Do you understand?"

* * * * * * * * * *

The next evening at eight Margaret was standing before the grate when the door-bell rang. She heard Jennette open the door and say, "Come in." The next few seconds seemed like the years of eternity. C. A. E., '09.

Hearst and his Party

During the last one hundred years the politics of the country have undergone many changes. The founders of the government, strange as it may seem to us of the present day, expected that it would be carried on without party organization.

But as soon as Washington had passed off the stage two political parties sprang up. For many years, however, the people were satisfied with two political parties, one Democratic, the other aristocratic. In the last few decades this condition has been changed. Citizens no longer seem able to choose one of two parties to which they can pin their political faith and to whose tenets they can subscribe in full. There are many more issues before the voters than a hundred years ago, or even twenty-five years ago, and then, too, it seems that there is greater attention paid to shades of difference. The upshot of all this has been the springing up of a number of mushroom parties, each declaring that it has some new remedy for the political and social ailments that affect the body politic, and that it and it alone has a leader of sufficient ability, independence, and courage to carry out a program of reform.

Among these new parties there is none that has come so much into popular view as the Independence party. For the first time it has entered the arena of national politics. It has shown itself a party with which opponents must reckon in the future. Its speakers have gone up and down the country, pouring their broadsides into the old line parties, charging them with being the personal property of "malefactors of great wealth," whose platforms are catch-vote campaign literature and not programs to be followed, platforms made to get in on, not to stand on.

The Independence party did not elect its candidates. Victory it did not expect. But it did draw to itself thousands of voters, placed national and State tickets in a score of States, organized machines to carry on its fight in season and out of season, and be ready when the next campaign year rolls around to poll an enormous vote.

The Independence party is different in its origin from any party now or ever in the field of American politics. It began as the organization of one man with the ill-concealed intention of furthering his political interests. It was formed under the name of the Municipal Ownership League of New York City. Its career has been interesting though short in years. It

nominated its founder for mayor, almost elected him, nominated him for governor, compelled the Democratic leaders to endorse him, and again missed victory by a comparatively narrow margin. Two years later, refusing to ally itself with either of the old parties, it placed in the field a ticket which received a flattering vote.

The leader of this party, its spokesman, founder, advertiser, financier, the one who commands, if he does not himself supply, the brains, who, though making his debut in politics only four years ago, has been candidate for the two most responsible offices in the gift of the people of New York, who was the only dangerous rival of Parker in the Democratic convention of 1904, who might have had the presidential nomination of the Independence party in the late campaign, a man of boundless ambition, of great wealth which he spends lavishly in the furtherance of his own political fortunes; a man whom Mr. Brayn said four years ago to be "the man who is best beloved by the workingmen of all the candidates proposed," a man who is regarded by his adherents as an unselfish champion of the poor, ever ready to take up their fight against the rich who tread them down; a man who is intensely hated by his enemies, who has brought down upon his head the uncompromising hostility of the "respectability," a man the mention of whose name in certain circles would, like Kipling's Mrs. Hauksbee, make every man rise and call him—well—not blessed, to them a vulgar, self-seeking demagogue —William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. Hearst has had a wonderful, though perhaps not an enviable, career. Although only forty-five years of age, although extremely young politically, he has been the storm center of more political contests than any man in the United States with a very few exceptions. Inheriting a fortune he engaged in newspaper business in San Francisco about twenty years ago, introducing the style of journalism which has done so much to make a name for himself in the world of publicity. In 1895 he came to New York, bought the Journal, and pursued the same methods as in San Francisco. What

before had looked "yellow" now, in comparison with his papers, looked almost conservative. The circulation increased by leaps and bounds until today his eight papers have a combined circulation of two millions. He secured the best men to be had, paying unheard of salaries, and made a paper which would appeal not to the literary but to the classes that could only with difficulty spell out the news, decorated his pages with big headlines, threw in plenty of pictures and cartoons, denounced "the oppressors of the poor"—using, in short, every artifice known to newspaperdom to attract the attention of the mob.

His real advent into political life did not come until 1904, but as early as 1900 he had a well-defined political ambition. At the suggestion of Chairman Jones, he organized throughout the country the National Association of Democratic clubs with a membership of 3,000,000, of which he was elected president. Though formed for the ostensible purpose of furthering the cause of Democracy, this organization became in reality his personal property under his direct control. And it was partially through the influence of this organization that he was able to cut the figure that he did in the Democratic Convention in 1904.

In that year Mr. Hearst went to work in dead earnest. He was not willing to stand back and let hostile leaders dictate a candidate. Other men might be willing to announce their views and await developments. Not so with him. He waited for nothing to turn up. He set himself to work to get delegates—and he got them. He went after the nomination like a business man would go after the presidency of a big corporation. To him it was not a matter of sentiment. It was a matter of "business," with all the meaning that that term may have to one of the Hearst brand.

The old clubs were revived, not as Democratic but as Hearst clubs. His supporters appeared everywhere. Throughout the country, newspapers, for some reason or other, set themselves to work to enumerate his virtues. Their efforts were not in

vain. Fourteen State conventions were carried for him, and in seven others he received a split vote.

The party was in a dilemma. Here was a formidable organization within the party with which his opponents had to reckon. "Frankly," as an astute political observer remarked at the time, "the Democracy does not want Mr. Hearst, but it may be obliged to accept him." The conservative leaders had centered upon Parker, but they had not yet made his nomination certain. What if Hearst should secure one-third of the votes or if, by joining his forces with those of Bryan, they should be able to prevent a two-thirds vote which, under the antiquated rule of Democratic conventions is necessary for nomination? From this the convention was saved, but by a narrow margin. Hearst had to be handled gently. Great pains were taken not to antagonize him for it was their hope that he would prove valuable to the party in helping to land several close States, and notably New York, in the Parker column.

A year later Hearst appeared as an independent candidate for mayor of New York City, the candidate of the Municipal Ownership League. Under ordinary conditions he might have won, but in 1905 McClellan, the "regular" Democrat, and Ivins, the "regular" Republican, both announced themselves in favor of municipal ownership, thus taking the wind out of Hearst's sails. Out of half a million votes Hearst lacked less than three thousand of landing in office, and it has always been a question whether with a fair election he would not have done so. Persons bitterly opposed to Hearst have admitted fraud on the part of his opponents at the polls. The courts were open to him, but he did nothing. Instead he waited a long time and then contested the election, alleging a miscount. The boxes were opened in court and a recount was had. The margin was narrowed a few hundred votes and there the matter has since rested.

In 1906 Hearst was nominated by the Municipal Ownership League as candidate for governor of New York. Shortly afterward the Democratic convention convened at Buffalo.

The endorsement of Hearst had been suggested, and the conservative elements of the party were on hand to make a bitter fight. McClellan, Osborne, of Auburn, and Jerome protested, but the plans were laid, the coalition of the parties had been determined upon, hostile delegates were without show of justice unseated in favor of favorable ones, and the Democratic convention followed suit.

In all this infamous proceeding there was no warmer partisan of Hearst than Charles Francis Murphy, boss of Tammany, Charley Murphy on whom Hearst had waged through his papers such a relentless war, whom he had caricatured in stripes, whom he had declared to be the greatest criminal outside of prison walls, whom he had denounced as the prince of grafters, "as evil a specimen of a criminal boss as we have had since the days of Tweed," "as bold a buccaneer as ever sailed the political seas." But now their old animosities were laid aside. With a brighter prospect than ever before of political plunder they buried the hatchet and fought side by side against Hughes. Hearst was busily engaged in making love feasts for this champion of political indecency, and the air was filled with his bouquets to this leader whom a year before he had cartooned in convict's suit and denounced as the incarnation of unrighteousness.

There was never a brighter day in the history of New York than when this unholy alliance met with a crushing defeat at the polls. Every other candidate upon the Democratic ticket was elected save Hearst, who ran 60,000 votes behind Hughes. With this stinging rebuke of the people staring him in the face Hearst has since refrained from becoming a candidate for public office, though a year later he plotted with Parsons of the Republican machine, which combination is chiefly remembered by the manifestation of presidential sincerity that sent from the White House his "God bless you, my children" on this coalition of Republican boss and demogogic radical whom a year before had been denounced by Root, at his instruction, as the one who was morally guilty of the assassination of McKinley.

The subsequent activities of Hearst are still fresh in the popular mind—how a convention of the Independence party was called in Chicago to select its national ticket, how a delegate was almost mobbed for daring to suggest the name of Bryan as its candidate, how a corporation president was chosen the figurehead to lead the party in its appeal to labor while the editor of one of his papers became *ex officio* candidate for the vice-presidency, and how insignificant an appearance they made in comparison with Hearst who took upon himself the duty of conducting the campaign.

The conduct of the party, and especially the conduct of Hearst, has been such as to raise the question of whether the Independence party is a genuine political organization, sincerely believing that it has a policy the adoption of which will be for the best interests of the country, or merely anti-Democratic, bent upon destroying the organization which it has unsuccessfully tried to control. The activities of Hearst in the late campaign have not been such as to dispel such doubts. True, he went after traitors in both parties, but the principal Republican whom he attacked had already been discredited by his party while the Democrat to whom he devoted his chief attention was still flourishing in party councils. His efforts did not stop here. Not only did he uncover the misdeeds of prominent Democrats, but he also devoted himself to exhuming political corpses. The candidate of the Independence party denounces both parties, but it is evident that he pays his cursory respects—as he feels in duty bound to do—to the Republican party and then passes on to flay with the greatest gusto the Democratic party and its leaders. The efforts of this party have been devoted in chief to those States where it seemed that their attacks would be most detrimental to Democracy, namely, in their attempts to break the solid South and fighting the same party in the pivotal State of New York. As an instance of the attitude of Hearst to the two leading parties take as a fair example the issue of the American, of which John Temple Graves is editor, on the Sunday preceding the Tuesday of the election. This paper contains three

notable references to politics: a speech by Hearst in which he boasts of his sacrifices for the cause of organized labor, the purpose being to contrast his connection with labor with that of Bryan; a half-page cartoon of Bryan represented as a chameleon variegated with the colors of 1896, 1900, and 1908, under which there is in large black-face type a violent anti-Bryan editorial; and a page article written by no less a personage than Alfred Henry Lewis bearing in eighty-four point type the headline "Bryan's Infamy."

The purpose of such as this is unmistakable. When a third party might be an excellent thing in these times when even the most optimistic recognize the failings of the two elder parties, there is brought into existence one which seems to have no desire of serving the public welfare, but only the vindictive intention of blasting what it cannot direct.

But amid all the denunciation of Hearst as a man and as a politician, there is one thing for which the American people should thank him. He has rendered to them a service which, unenviable as it may be, is yet one which has opened the eyes of the people throughout the country to the prevalence of conditions such as no muckraker has before exploited. His dulled sense of honor has not prevented his association with thieves, but has rendered it possible that he should lay before the public absolute proof of corruption. I refer to the publication of the Standard Oil letters.

He has placed before the people unquestioned proof of misdeeds in high places. And it is not conceivable that they will prove so blind as to let things go so merrily on as they have in the past. Public servants who have been trusted in the highest positions have been weighed and found wanting. They have not rendered a satisfactory accounting of their deeds. Henceforth stricter watch will be kept upon public servants. And to prevent such treachery in future the public will demand that high public officials no longer try to serve two masters. They will demand that their servants in high positions as well as low regard public office as a public trust and not as a business asset.

For many years the public has been treated to denunciations of "malefactors of great wealth" who clog the wheels of justice and who corrupt the fountain-heads of government. Both parties possess a man eminent for his attempts to free the country from the "predatory classes," but it has been reserved for this political Ishmael to point out actual conditions. When the issues were set definitely before them, they hedged, their courage failed them, they became timid in their attacks on the "vested interests." They made attacks not with specific reference, but only in glowing generalities. With the leaders of both parties faltering Hearst came forward, careless as to what the result on the election might be, and showed what had never before been made known, how senators and representatives received bribes from gigantic corporations for their influence in the passage of friendly and obstruction to the passage of unfriendly legislation, and how they have gone so far as to attempt to gag the free press.

No one doubtless will maintain that Hearst made these revelations from purely altruistic motives. He was unquestionably influenced by a love of the limelight. He received that for which he sought, and the public learned a valuable lesson.

But while we owe to Hearst our gratitude for the important information which he has made known, we cannot forget the fact that he is by no means an ideal American. He wears a political coat of many colors. He has fought both parties, and on occasion has aligned himself with each against the other.

His career has not been a model of consistency, to say the least. He has pretended to aid the cause of justice, but his papers have used their utmost influence to defeat the purposes of Jerome in New York, and Heney and Spreckles in San Francisco, whom every one has agreed are among the foremost of America's soldiers of the common good. He is a time-server who is willing that he would use his influence for a worthy cause provided it is to his personal advantage to do so. In all he has shown himself an unscrupulous demogogue, a man with an insatiable appetite for vulgar notoriety.

He boldly proclaims that he has discovered a panacea that will cure all the ills of society, but as yet he has given no proof. His influence, doubtless, has been on the whole detrimental to American politics and morals. His has been a career of political quackery. He has shown himself, in the words of T. M. Osborne, "a modern instance of those degenerate Roman millionaires who bought their offices from the people with bread and circuses, a new and sinister figure in our political history."

M. R.

The Night Before Christmas

"Sorry," said the clerk, "but the house is full. You can stay down in the lobby, though, by the fire tonight, if you want to."

"Uh!" I groaned, "of all the tough luck I ever saw."

Here I was stranded in Belton, just thirty miles from home, and all on account of a foolish landslide up the road. Added to this it was Christmas eve. I had tried to get a turnout to drive through, but couldn't; and now all the rooms in the hotel were taken, and I would have to sit up all that night.

I went into supper feeling as I imagine a martyr would. But after eating heartily, as usual, I felt more at peace with the world and when I had drawn my chair up close to the crackling fire and perched my feet upon the mantel, I thought that instead of complaining, I should be thankful that I did not have to go anywhere this bitter night.

Soon some drummers began to draw their chairs up around the fire, trying to get as comfortable as possible for the night.

"Say, fellows," said one old man, after a few stale jokes had been swapped, "let's do the chancer stunt. Beginning at the youngest, let's each fellow tell a tale to help pass the time away. You, over there, beau," pointing at me, "you look pretty young, so you open."

Since I could not very well get out of it, I thought a minute and decided to tell a yarn I had heard my room-mate tell the night before I left when I was trying to study economics.

"Well," I said, after everybody had lit up, "Ye that have ears to hear let him hear, for here goes."

"Charlie Candler had suddenly returned home from Mercer. This sad fact hurt his father, Howard Candler, awfully, but Charlie pleaded that he was just sowing his wild oats; so the old man decided to give him a new start and send him to Brown's. On the morning Charlie left his father called him into his office.

" 'Now, son,' he said, 'I am sending you to Brown's. You remember how you hurt me when you disgraced the family name by getting expelled from Mercer. Now I am going to be perfectly frank with you; if you can't make a man of yourself and stay at Brown's, well, you needn't come home.'

" 'Yes, dad, I understand; I am going to be a man, I am going to stay there.'

"Charlie packed up his clothes and set out to Brown's fully determined 'to cut out' his wild ways and for sometime after he arrived he kept himself perfectly straight. Soon, however, the 'call of the wild' came to him. He fought it as long as he could but, finally, he and some other fellows got drunk one night and proceeded to do the campus up brown. Consequently, the next morning, after a short visit to the president, they were asked to 'pack up their trunks and highball.'

"Charlie didn't know what to do. His remorse on 'the morning after' was as great as it was genuine for he knew this second blow would nearly kill his father. Ever since Charlie could remember, his father had given him everything he wanted, yet there had never existed between them that close companionship which should exist between father and son when the mother is not living. Each respected the other, but there was no mutual understanding."

"Though dubious as to the result, Charlie sat down and wrote his father, explaining all and asking for forgiveness. The answer, 'Root hog or die,' which he received was characteristic of his father.

"Charlie now began to dissipate heavily, indulging in all kinds of wild excesses until he was reduced to a mere shadow

of his former self. But one night his good sense returned. What was this life he was living worth? What if he were to reform and make a man of himself? Wouldn't the old man be happy. He was only suspended from Brown's, and if he could raise enough money, he could return there that fall. So his thoughts ran on.

"He finally decided that he would return even though he would have to live a much more economical life than he had lived there the previous year. He knew that the money he could get for his extra clothes and other things which he did not need, together with what he could make that summer, would carry him through that year if he was careful. With this end in view, he worked hard all that summer and managed to save most of his salary.

"That fall found him back at Brown's though a changed man. He dropped all his former chums who were accustomed to do nothing but spend money. Instead of spending most of his time frolicing, as formerly, he began to pay close attention to his class room work and to take great interest in the literary society. Everybody noticed the change but said it was just a spurt of Charlie's and that he would soon fall back into his old habits. He had acquired the reputation the year before of being a 'quitter' and it still stuck to him.

"He gained a reputation as a speaker and when the time came to elect the speaker and alternate for the State oratorical contest, he was elected alternate. This was quite an honor, yet he insisted that his classroom work took up so much of his time that he couldn't serve. His friends finally persuaded him to keep it, for, as they said, it was ten to one that he wouldn't have to serve. But as luck would have it, about six weeks before the contest came off, the oratorical speaker was knocked off on account of back work; consequently, Charlie was forced to speak.

"He immediately began work on his speech, knowing that he had none too much time. The faculty of Brown's had taken an interest in him because he was now doing good work, and they helped him as much as was legitimate. About a

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week before the contest he had to say his speech before them and they were indeed surprised. Each one of them congratulated him, for it was really an excellent speech.

"Two days before Charlie left for Columbus, where the contest was annually held, he sat down and wrote his father a long letter explaining that he had reformed and that he was going to speak for Brown's at the contest of the fifteeneth. He ended his letter by asking his father to attend the contest if it were convenient for he was so anxious to see him.

"Charlie left for Columbus hoping against hope that his father would come. He met every train, but nothing did he see of his father. He decided he had been foolish to ask this favor after he had acted as he had. Yet still, down in his heart, he ardently hoped and half-way expected that his father would come. But the night of the contest came without Mr. Candler's arrival in Columbus.

"At eight-thirty as the orchestra began playing, the speakers marched out on the stage. The house was packed. Charlie scarcely heard the music he was so busy looking the audience over for the face of his father. All during the prayer and opening address, he continued his search, but failed to find the face he sought for. He gave up. Since his father had no interest in him he cared not whether he won or lot. If he could have gotten out of it, he would not have spoken, but propriety demanded that he speak.

"He was awakened from this reverie by nine loud 'rahs' being given for him. He looked down to the front seats on the left where the yell came from. There were the boys from his college, who had come down to back him up and cheer him on to victory. Here was something to work for. For their sake and the sake of his college he would do his best.

"He now heard the presiding officer say: 'The first speaker of the evening is Mr. Charlie Candler, of Raburn County, Ga. Subject, The South's Greatest Need.'

He arose with his characteristic promptness, addressed the chair and after one glance at his loyal college mates walked to the front of the stage. After a brief yet comprehensive

introduction he went straight into the heart of his speech. He used no flighty oratory nor superfluous words. All but the very essence of thought was polished away. But he spoke with an earnestness and sincerity that commanded the attention of all of his hearers. As he spoke the people leaned forward, eager to catch every word, knowing that a sentence dropped was a lost link in the chain of his thought. For about ten seconds after he finished you could have heard a pin fall, then the audience seemed to catch their breath and they simultaneously applauded him. On taking his seat he saw the Brown men waving their colors frantically. He knew he had done his best and he thought perhaps there was a chance of his winning.

"These thoughts, however, vanished as he heard the Mercer speaker. The house went wild over his speech which was on the Civil War, and he himself could but admire the speaker's ability. When the Mercer speaker finished, the orchestra played Dixie and the audience cheered repeatedly. Charlie knew he had lost, but somehow he didn't care. He had hoped that this occasion would bring his father around, but since it had failed, he lost all desire to win. So he settled into a more comfortable position and gave himself up to meditation.

"So deep in this reverie was he that he did not notice when the judges returned and announced their decision. The speaker next to him was shaking his hand vigorously when he came to himself and his own fellows were coming up on the stage, cheering wildly, 'Bully speech,' 'Knew you would win,' they yelled.

"With the best smile he could muster he received their congratulations, then, he went straight to his room, not caring to stay for the reception. Falling, face downward on the bed, he cried like a baby. Though he had won the greatest honor in a college man's reach, yet he was not happy. He longed for the friendship of his father. Oh! why had he not come? Surely he had not asked too much. And thus he sobbed himself to sleep."

I looked up. Everybody was sleeping peacefully, dream-

ing, I suppose, of the turkey dinner on the morrow. As I had always believed in the rule of the majority, I followed suit.

Tom Hill, '09.

Sonnet to Winter

When chilling winter's killing blasts have come,
When all the foliage from the oaks is gone,
When bleak and whistling winds blow night and morn,
And poor wayfarers feel their bodies numb;
When driven showers 'gainst the windows drum,
Or snow-white frosts out of the night are born
And rest themselves upon the ripened corn
Till driven by the sun back whence they come;
Within we're seated 'round a glowing hearth
While dancing fires drive off the wintry cold,
And here to celebrate the new year's birth,
Protected from the chilling winds so bold,
We sing the songs of merry Christmas mirth
While comes the new and slowly goes the old.

—M. R.

Power of Invention

We speak of the term invention often times, and when we so speak, we at once imagine of something new being brought into existence which was not known to man before.

God has endowed man with an intellect that is superior to the thinking power of any other animal. With this He gave him the power of formulating certain laws for the betterment of his land. One of these is the law of science which we can see applied around us today.

Man being superior to any other animal, it was natural for him to do more for the better development of his land and country in the scientific world of invention.

All men are not blessed with the same power of intellect. These are few in number. Some have been born great and

some have by power and perseverance achieved greatness. We often hear of certain men as being great and gifted in certain things. We mean that God has endowed them with more than a mere conception of things.

Man has been very wonderfully endowed in the study of science. The study of invention has increased very rapidly in the last century and it is only by the power of invention that our country has been brought from a low level to a high level which causes her to rank with the other nations of the world.

Man has given much thought and time to this great study, and step by step he studied this great subject. He has had many difficulties and disappointments, but by his efforts, he caused such a term as invention to be known to his fellow man.

Just think if we knew nothing of invention and were living in this world and were then carried to another world where there were all the modern improvements as we have them to-day, what a contrast there would be between the two. We would at once think that we were carried from a place of toil and hardship to a place where happiness was eternal.

People who do not stop for a moment to consider what a power invention is and what it has done for the progress of their country, have missed a great deal in this wonderful age. They need to be brought in a light which will enable them to appreciate and understand this great power. Until they are brought to a clearer understanding of the subject, they will not regard it as being as great a power as it really is, and will not be in as much sympathy with the invention as they should. Some men have given their whole lives to this great work and we do not want them to be classed with hewers of wood and drawers of water, but to a higher degree which they deserve. We should class them with our great writers to just as high a degree.

In fact, what progress would these great writers have made if it had not been for the power of invention? They have set the great wheels of time moving. Let's carry the writer back

to a former age when he had to write his book with hand. This was a very slow process indeed and when it was written, oftentimes it could not be read. As this work was so very slow and there not being much demand for the book when written, due to the little interest taken in reading, the writer was often compelled to resort to some other means of living. The consequence was, we had but few books to read.

But today we have all the books and other literature that we care to read. Our children go to school now whereas in former times there were but few schools. What caused this? There were no books to use as we have today. We are not even satisfied with a school education now, but we want a college education. What caused us to want a college education? We say that we have the books and it is perfectly natural for man to want to increase in wisdom. We have a splendid government now, one of the best in the world. What made this possible? We can answer all these questions by using the term invention. It was by the invention of the printing press that caused all these things to be a possibility.

In every phase of life we can see what a wonderful influence the power of invention has had upon the age. There is nothing so small and worthless, but that invention can help it to produce more material good. We look around us today and see things that look almost worthless, but having examined them we find that they possess useful treasures. We say that we do not understand this. Then we are told that some man has invented something that has caused these little things to be so valuable.

As we live in an age of progress the invention of everything is being improved on. The present age is not as our forefathers knew theirs. They were accustomed to a few simple inventions, but now these have been improved on and other inventions have been made since.

Our forefathers were accustomed to plowing their lands with a simple kind of plow, but today we see the steam-plow tilling the soil. This is a very large plow which runs by steam instead of horses. We also have a better cotton gin

than they had. We have one that is run by steam and the cotton is sucked up by suction, whereas our forefathers' cotton gin was operated by horses and the cotton was carried to the gin by hand.

When we speak of the great power of invention, it should not dull the heart of any young man, but it should make glad the heart of every person. Life is not a burden and dread as it might have been to our great ancestors, but we have life of hope and pleasure before us.

Indeed, we say that we live in an age of progress and we have a right to own this. We are no longer three or four undivided nations of people living in the universe. We are one nation. We do not consider oceans and mountains as unsurmountable barriers any longer, but we are one people in touch with every nation on the great globe.

We ask what caused such a wonderful reality as this? We can only give answer and say that it is a reality caused by the great mind that man has been endowed with which he made such a term as invention to exist. Invention in return caused such realities as the telephone, telegraph, and steamboat.

As has already been stated, invention of today is making rapid growth over former inventions. When we first heard of the telephone, we could hardly imagine the fact that a person could talk to his friend twenty miles away, but the power of invention has greatly improved on this. Today we can talk to our friend even though he be a thousand miles distant. Invention has even improved on the thousand mile telephone, and we can imagine our friend communicating without rail, foot, or telephone; we can speak to him by wireless telegraphy even though he be far out in the deep.

The paths and roads that our forefathers used to receive their mail and freight over are now occupied by great locomotives carrying the same kind of freight and mail. These great moving machines are making our land and country richer day by day. But we have another kind of machine: the air-ship, and in the course of time it is hoped that our passengers, freight, and mail will be hurled through the air.

Therefore, seeing that the power of invention has been a mother to us, helping us in every phase of life, then with respectful hands, let the world crown its mighty inventor with richest honors. L. A. Murray.

The Gate

As the full summer moon rose, long shadows of the distant mountains had crawled across the wide plain, and had left the marble of Villa de Vici showing white in the moonlight. Still the shadows of trees and vines were upon the wide porch. But a few beams, straggling through the leaves, fell upon mother and daughter sitting on the steps. Silence was broken only by a quiver of the leaves as though a spirit had passed through them. She was not beautiful, this daughter, but her white face, with dark curls hanging around, had a strange attractiveness about it. Her dark, brown eyes were made deeper by the shadows and the passion of her reverie.

"Mother!"

"Lenoretta!"

"Did Beethoven love her still, even after she had married Kranz?"

"Yes, he was a man of deep passions, and her desertion of him only made him love her the more. Haven't you felt the disappointment in some of his music?"

"Often, and have wondered why it affeets me so strangely to play it. His sorrows seem very real to me, mother; my soul seems to suffer with his."

"You still have his greatest expression of sorrow to read yet, Lenoretta. Did I never tell you? No, it was impossible until you were eighteen. When my grandmother, (Lenoretta was her name too), married Kranz, she left Beethoven heartbroken. He could not but give the world some of his sorrow, but he gave the great depths of it only to my grandmother. I know not when they were composed, but, after his death, a little casket was found containing only five pieces of music; and on the outside was marked:

" 'Lenoretta—faithless.'

"Oh! mother, did you ever see that music? Where is it now?" eagerly laying her trembling hand on that of her mother.

"Yes, child; I have played it myself once—when I was eighteen. But it is too sad to be heard more than once."

"Say, where is it now?"

"She left it to my mother, and she to me. No one else has heard it," continued the mother, not heeding the eager question.

"And have you it now?"

"Yes," awakening from her reverie.

"May I see it now, and play it, since I'm eighteen, too?"

"If you love Beethoven you will suffer, my child! There you catch a vision of a great, suffering soul laid bare," answered the mother sadly, looking into the pleading brown eyes. "If only we had his last piece, it wouldn't be so bad perhaps—but it is lost—forever!"

"What piece, mother?"

" 'The Gate.' The night before he died, it's said, he wrote that piece, and put it under his pillow. Just before his last breath came, he smiled and whispered, 'Her soul shall follow me through the gate.' The music is gone—nobody knows where—the servant must have burned it."

"But what could his last words mean?"

"I don't know. He was a strange, great soul."

"But may I see the other pieces now, mother?"

"Are you willing to suffer with him?"

"Yes."

"Then come into the music-room."

A soft, red light shone from the chandelier; just bright enough to lift the shadows from many paintings on the walls of the large music-room. All the great composers were there, looking from the canvas with interest—curiosity, perhaps—upon mother and daughter opening the wonderful casket of music. The life-size portrait of Beethoven, hanging near the door opposite a grand piano, seemed to take on an expression

of gladness, as the soft, red light revelaed the package of time-yellowed manuscript now lying by the casket on the center-table.

"Did he make these notes himself, mother?" asked Lenoretta, in an awed whisper, revently taking up piece after piece of the manuscripts.

"The marks of his own hand! Now play to your heart's content," answered the mother from the doorway.

"But won't you stay and hear me play them?"

"No, my little girl, once is enough for me," and she had gone into the darkness.

Lenoretta stood long in reverent contemplation of these secret works of her much-loved master. Her thin, pale face was flushed, and the dark-eyes sparkled almost wildly in wonder and awe. Taking up the first piece, she crossed over to the piano, and struck the opening chords. Then mother, the room with its paintings, and soft, red light were all forgotten. She was living with Beethoven in springtime and youth. She heard with him the babblings of the brooks, the songs of birds; saw with him the beauties of the sunset and the wonders of the morning; felt with him the spirit of youth—the joy of living.

"Then his life was not all sorrow," she smiled, taking up one piece after another.

She felt again with him the awakening of a mighty passion—felt the quivers of delight—the little, sweet pains—the low call of love. A tender light came into her eyes as she heard now, after a hundred years, the call of a great, strong soul unsatisfied through the years.

"Oh, that he might have loved me so! She must have been heartless and cruel!" she murmured passionately.

Then, one by one, the little notes of dsiappointment began to creep in. The music rose loud and harsh in his first passion of anger—disappointment—almost frenzied in its final despair. Her face grew pale as death, as she too felt his anger and despair. Almost wildly now her fingers ran over the keys, seemingly impelled by an irresistible force. She could

not stop now if she would! Her face became drawn, and the tragedy of the music shone in her eyes. Then came the end! With a storm of frenzied chords, she dropped her hands into her lap, exhausted by the stress of emotion.

"And they said he smiled! How could he?" she whispered.

Suddenly she jumped up, rushed over to the casket, and began wildly turning over the pieces of music.

"No! Surely he didn't die this way! There must be another piece." But only the five pieces were there.

"Oh! If only the other piece hadn't been lost!" continuing to search. Suddenly, while her trembling fingers pressed the top of the casket, a secret spring cast open a secret lid, and—out dropped a piece of yellow paper, folded and sealed! Eagerly she seized it, and opening it found "The Gate." She had almost fainted with joy and surprise, but controlling herself, she repeated the last words of Beethoven: "Her soul shall follow me through the gate," and sought the piano again. Here was his last message!

There, not a trace of sorrow could she find. Instead, she heard the last heart-beats of the idealist, happy and hopeful, saw his pure, loving, sensitive soul laid bare as though to meet its God; heard once again the call of love—strong, irresistible, sublime— in its immortality.

"Oh! how I could have loved him!" she said, as she finished, and leaned over on the key-board. "How I do love him."

"Then come, my Lenoretta!" said a gentle voice behind her.

Turning quickly, she saw Beethoven himself, standing by the door, in all the grandeur of young manhood, with a happy smile on his face. A passionate—pure—lovelight shone in his eyes, which seemed to draw her to him. He held out his arms to her and repeated, "Then come, my real Lenoretta, my ideal."

She did not feel surprised: only a great, inexpressible joy filled her soul, and an intense desire to go.

"But, are you there?" she asked, hesitating in awe.

"Yes, glad that you have come at last," he answered, still smiling, and she noticed that not a trace of sorrow was left

on his face. She crossed the room and placed her hand in his. It was warm—living—and drew her into his strong arms. She heard him whisper, "I love you! Why have you waited so long?"

"How long have you waited?" she asked, wonderingly.

"A hundred years!"

"But I don't understand," tremblingly.

"Her soul shall follow me through 'The Gate,' he said, smiling into her upturned face. "Don't you know?"

"And have I followed?" she asked, an ecstacy of delight and wonder coming into her face.

"Yes," he answered.

The soft, red light grew softer, larger—until only a rosy cloud filled the room and the whole world, whence came the distant strains of exquisite music.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, "Come see the home I've made for you."

As the summer sun rose, the shadows of the distant mountains had crawled across the wide plain, and had left the marble of Villa de Vici bright in the sunlight. A few beams falling through the music-room window rested tenderly upon the form of Lenoretta bowed upon the piano. "The Gate" was open before her still; but the hand that lay in her lap was cold!

W. C. Curry, Jr., '09.

Oh! What is Life?

Oh! what is life—this surging blood,
  That now flows in my veins?
Oh! what is death—that still, numb state,
  That makes all care in vain.

I feel a motion in my breast,
  A calm, a silent motion;
A flash of light sweeps to my eyes,
  As broad as all the ocean.

The depths of love are all my own,
  A flood of light my portion;
A God of love, all things divine,
  I see in silent motion.

I dream, I dream, I dream alone,
  All in a flood of light;
Yet when I rise to clasp my dream,
  It spreads its wings in flight.

I am a creature of a dream;
  That far off height I see;
Moves upward, upward, as I move:
  Will it e'er wait for me?

—H. L. Creech, '09.

A Loafer

I was a loafer once; for loafing is a characteristic of American people, especially Southerners. It had long been a wish of mine to go beneath the earth, though I had no other purpose in this desire than merely for loafing.

I saw an advertisement in a news paper sometime in the past for someone to take a trip in the recently invented aeroplane, to see whether or not it might be patented. I answered the advertisement and was accepted for the trip with the machine. I had the car well loaded with provisions, as I expected to take my long desired ride.

As a means of getting away from the earth, I sailed hundreds and hundreds of yards up into space, then guided the machine in an almost parallel line with the earth, until the world was not between me and the space below. Then I descended for several days until I was below the level of the earth.

Then when my food was about half exhausted, I decided to reverse the machine; but, lo and behold, it would not ascend. I immediately became very much frightened and tried

in every way I knew to reverse the aeroplane, but all my efforts were of no avail; so there I was helpless.

Then, looking over my left shoulder I could scarcely see the old world in the distance. It seemed to be only a foggy mist about the size of a balloon suspended in the open space above. "Will I ever see home again," I said half aloud and trembling. And then I heard these sad and solemn words: "Never more."

Finally, though, when the last of my food had been consumed about a day, I spied another planet and managed to stop the aeroplane on land without injuring the machine or myself. This planet was without forest as far as I could see and no grass was there. The sand, which was about five or six inches deep, was very warm; though the heat from the sun was pleasant. All around me flames of fire would instantaneously gush forth from the ground. And oh, how afraid I was that I might be burned seriously at any moment! After I had walked about three or four miles during the morning of the day that I landed, I returned to the aeroplane without having found anybody's house. I did, however, find a spring of water, but it tasted like sulphur.

During a greater part of the afternoon, I worked on the aeroplane, but all my work seemed to be futile, for it would not move yet.

The sun was about an hour high when I stopped work on the machine; and suddenly I noticed two telescopes, which were very large and near by; though for some reason, they had escaped me up to this time.

I had started towards the telescopes when I noticed somebody coming in the near distance. I changed my course immediately and started towards him; then it occurred to me I had better wait in some hiding place until I saw what the body was. So I hid behind a large stone nearby.

This person went to where the two telescopes were, looked through each, and then departed in the direction from which he had come.

This person was about fifteen feet tall, and very large and

muscular. His face was large and bony. His complexion was very dark. And his eyes were streams of fire which gushed forth with tremendous force something like a flame from a blast lamp.

All this time I had remained quiet and did not think it wise to go and speak to the gentleman; for I thought I knew who he was, though I had never seen him before. I knew he was the ruler of Hades. I knew his home must be somewhere near; so I went to one of the telescopes and looked through it in the direction that the ruler went. And, sure enough, I saw, in what seemed the near distance, a large gate with "Hell" written above it, and massive walls from which monster flames leaped.

By this time, though, darkness was coming on, and I began wondering how a small piece of food and a sip of water would taste. I knew it was useless to look for food and refreshing water near Hades. I was in Purgatory.

Then I thought it was bad enough to go to Hades, but I thought Hell plus starvation terrible. That was what loafing had added to my well being.

Then it occurred to me I might kill myself so that I could rest for a little while without pain. But then I knew I had left Wofford College, and when the folks at home found I was not there, they would be worried; and if I could afford to worry them, I could suffer a little while longer.

After much of such futile conjecture, I finally lay down upon the ground to sleep; for it was already late in the night. And as I lay there, oh, how I wished I might die! Though amidst this mental and physical agony, I slept.

During my sleep I dreamed I heard a voice calling me by name. And when I answered I heard these words: "What are you doing here?"

"I was going to college at Wofford and I got in the habit of loafing and it had terminated in this," I said.

Then I heard: "Why do you not kill yourself?"

I said, "I have caused the folks at home to suffer, and I wanted to be sure I was suffering enough for my misdeeds."

Then again I heard the voice: "Tomorrow go to your aeroplane, push in bolt number five, and your machine will be ready for sailing. The earth will pass here tomorrow. The women, the suffragists, I mean, have attached an aeroplane to the earth and are going to try and carry it to Hell; but as they are about a mile from the earth they will go in Hades too far ahead, and their machine and they will be burned; and the earth then will recede into its old orbit, being drawn there by the natural forces. You be ready and get on when it comes back along.

The next morning I did as I dreamed I was told. And sure enough, the aeroplane worked. Then I remembered I had been cautioned about how to manage that bolt before I left home.

Then I went and looked through one of the telescopes, and I saw in the distance something coming as described to me in my dream.

When the earth came very close, I could see the waters in some of the oceans and seas sloshing; and afterwards I could see the women in the aeroplane. About this time I became very much frightened, for I thought sure the earth would strike me while passing, but it did not.

I could not help but remark now that the devil had started with Eve and it looked as if he were going to end with the women. "Women," I said half aloud, "You have been wanting to vote, as you thought it essential to the well being of your countries. And under the influence of your great minds you are carrying your homes to Hades. I hope you will be satisfied when you land this old world in Hell."

By this time I noticed the earth running very close the gate of Hell, and Wofford College, being the nearest place on the earth to Hades, was very badly injured. But all of us students know Wofford College has been the nearest place to Hell in this world during these last three years. Then the earth receded and as I was up in the air by this time, I got on at my home when it came by.

The people at home were glad to see me. It was the twen-

ty-fifth day of December, 1908. The folks thought I had been at college all this time, and would not believe me when I told them where I had actually been. But from the way I ate and the way I looked they knew something was the matter.

In the future I intend being mindful of the direction I loaf in; that is, if I ever attempt any loafing again.

R. E. Smith, Jr., '08.

A Woman's Way

A very curious thing happened in the Johnson family. Brother Will and Brother John were after the same girl. Both of these boys were rare old cusses, loved by every man and negro in their community and the whole town in general. Alice Williams, the pretty daughter of the congressman, was the girl they both loved, both courted, and both proposed to.

It was a hard proposition for Alice. She tried to think of some way she could answer their proposals, for she liked one just about as well as she did the other. But she was a woman and didn't know her own mind. And when both proposed, she at once told them to ask "papa." Both of them saw "papa;" both of them asked "papa" for his daughter, and "papa" gave both of them the same answer. He told them he was perfectly willing for either one to have his daughter; but one thing was sure, both could not have her. He would leave it to Alice to decide which one she would accept.

Both of the boys were of the very highest type. But Will, though he was not lazy, was generally late, especially when he went to call on Alice.

Now it so happened that both boys made an engagement with Alice for the same night and the same hour, and Alice in her woman's way, concluded that the first one there that night was the one she would take, provided the other came later than five minutes after the time set.

Neither of the boys said a thing to each other about their engagement, but began getting ready. As they had separate rooms, neither knew the other was going out.

John, as usual, was the first one dressed, and at five minutes before the time set he was ringing papa's door bell. When Alice ushered him into the parlor, he noticed how beautiful she looked, of course, and she seemed more beautiful to him that night than ever before.

John was young and he immediately brought up the old question. But strange to say she told him to wait just six minutes, then she would give him her answer.

Four minutes passed and still Will did not show up. John very naturally wondered why Alice wanted him to wait six minutes. If she could give him an answer in that short length of time, why not give it now?

Five and three-quarter minutes had passed, but still no Will. Then when the six minutes were gone, John asked for her answer. She told him very frankly she had always loved both of the boys, and that when both of them made an engagement with her that night, she decided she would settle the question by taking the first one that came provided the other came more than five minutes late, and since five minutes had passed, and Will had not shown up, she expressed her willingness to become John's wife. Then John reached for her and the usual engagement scene was enacted.

When John went home he told his brother that she had accepted him. Will said nothing. But the curious thing about the whole matter was that the next week Alice ran away and married Will. D. D. Sanders, '12.

What Makes the Nation

As we look over the history of our great commonwealth and study her steady rise from the time she was settled by a party of courageous and adventurous men down to the present date, it makes us ask the question: What has brought America up to her pre-eminent position among the nations? Why has she such noble traditions and untold fame? From what source does she receive such power as she now has? Let us search then for the secret of America's greatness.

When a small band of emigrants settled in Jamestown, Va., in 1607, this country was but a vast forest inhabited only by ferocious savages. But through the bravery of these adventurers the "Redman" was steadily suppressed, and now, after years of struggle and bloodshed, they have only a limited portion of territory in which they are allowed to enjoy the blessings of life. O, the heroism of the first party to arrive in this country! O, the bold determination with which they were so completely filled! Ready to give up home and even life itself that their descendants might live in peace and not be suppressed by the rulers of what is now our mother country! And so one party after another found their way across the pathless, reckless sea to a land that would in only a few centuries stand higher than any other nation on the globe.

Greater difficulties than we can imagine stood in the way of these heroic (and we can but call them heroic) people. Forests were to be cleared, the savages overcome, homes built, grain planted; and so numerous were the duties and tasks which they had to perform that if one would attempt to enumerate them, he would find it quite an arduous employment. But they set to work like men and slowly but surely from their tedious work, from their strenuous life, from their fixedness of purpose and from their tenacity, they began one of the greatest nations ever to be known by man. Day and night they toiled and struggled. One minute they were busy at their work, the next they were engaged in a fierce and bloody battle with the uncivilized, inhuman savages. But with all their difficulties and perplexities they did not lose hope; but only grew stronger in courage and boldness.

And so, reading on through the pages of history, we come finally to the period of the twentieth century. Years have now gone by. Our soil has been stained with the blood of many a hero, who perhaps, knew not that he was giving his life for the advancement of a great civilization. Many a home has been saddened because a brother, son, father, or husband was slain on the field of battle; but this was necessary to make a

nation, specially one that would stand through the centuries as the leader of the world.

America now reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and her total area has increased from only a few square miles to three and one-half millions. And so an increase of population is noted when we compare her mere handful of people that once constituted the nation to her ninety millions of today; or, in other words, America has twice the population of Great Britain. Is this not a wonderful growth? Yes, we acknowledge this fact; but Amerca has not yet reached the zenith of the ambition of her citizens. Other nations, when they behold the greatness of this country, when they catch a glimpse of her power, when they realize the freedom granted by her both in religious and political affairs, cannot help but envy her the prominent position she now holds.

Noting therefore, her superior condition as compared with other countries, our friends across the sea cannot help but ask: "What is the secret of America's success? What has produced such a nation where once only a great forest was known to be?" And what answer can we give to those who may thus question us? What answer that will suffice when every phase of American life and industry has been carefully looked into?

We live in a great age and we can but realize this fact when we see on all sides the great inventions that have been made, inventions which help to make a nation wealthier and greater. Just a few years back America had no great ships to ride upon the bosom of the deep blue sea; she had no powerful forts to protect her country from the marauding forces of an enemy; no standing army and navy were at the command of the president; but now hundreds of heavily armed and destruction-working vessels sail upon the mighty oceans and raise high the banner that will always demand respect and reverence from other nations. Thousands of soldiers are at this instant ready to go to the front if the one word, "Go," is ordered by the commander-in-chief. Along our coasts stand mighty strongholds that block the way of any enemy who may attempt to enter this country for the purpose of

working destruction. We could not get along without these forces; but do they make the nation? No, is the answer we give. It is true they lend a mighty helping hand, but the real nation is not made of her army and navy.

The great industries of our land are more numerous than one may think for and in them are invested millions of dollars. They are scattered all over this country, north, east, south, and west. Many a man depends upon the success of these industries for his daily living, and starvation is kept from many a home because through them the laborer can find occupation. But with all the wealth and labor put into these industrial pursuits, do they make the nation? I think not. They, too, have their part to play, but when we search into the heart of the matter we find that the *industries do not make the nation.*

And so it is with the commercial affairs of America. Numbers of ships are sent across the ocean every day laden with the produce of our various industries. They plough the seas more frequently and rapidly than they once did. Mighty trains speed across this country on a net-work of rails, carrying freight and passengers to any portion of the land where they may wish to go. And yet the same question can be asked concerning the commercial affairs: Do they make the nation? And again the negative answer is given. They help to enrich but *they alone do not make the nation.*

Great statesmen and men of prominence have held the offices of trust and honor given in this free land. Their influence is undoubtedly great and can be keenly felt throughout the government. They make the laws by which the people are ruled, but yet with all their oratory, with all their power, with all their influence, *they do not make the nation.*

And so we could go over every phase of American life and labor and just barely touch on the real maker of the nation. But we have already had enough of searching. Let us now find a conclusion that will answer our question. Who is the man that toils from sunrise till sunset? Who is the man that our great standard-bearers depend upon when election day

happens to draw nigh? Is he not the private citizen? Yes, and he it is who makes this nation, with all her grandeur, greatness, and power. The private citizen is the one who has carried America thus far in the pathway of fame and prominence, and he it is who must continue to carry her if she is expected to rise still higher.

The private citizen is needed in every phase of American life and labor; and were it not for this being, the nation could advance no further, but would literally fall to ruin. The American citizen is a man of courage, determination and power. These qualities he inherits from his ancestors, and with them he can stand against the difficulties that confront him. And with implicit faith and trust in Him who alone can guide us aright, we need never falter, but enter into greater responsibilities with unfaltering heroism. Fellow Prestons, America is calling you and me today; so let us, as we represent the private citizen of the greatest nation on the globe, be so true to her that it may ever be said, "She shines with untainted honor." William V. Dibble, '11.

A Parody

Half a page, half a page,
Half a page onward;
In this forgotten lore
I never studied more
To make a ten before,
Even when I had one hundred.

Teacher to right of me,
Comrades to left of me,
Zeros in front of me,
I read and blundered.
In that old Latin book,
To which I then betook,
I did naught else but look,
As my mind wandered.

Papers to right of me,
Papers to left of me,
Papers in front of me,
Were severed and sundered.
How boys could shift, and tell,
And "ride" so boldly well,
Until they heard the bell,
Was something I wondered.

But those old days we know
Will come no never more;
When Cœsar and his lore
Are hated by the hundred.
For boys have learned to read
Without using a steed,
The one who used to lead
The Romans by the hundred.

Earl L. Keaton.

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Crawford A. Easterling, Editor-in-Chief

Spartanburg's Example

About noon one day some few weeks ago the news spread over the campus that there was a large mob gathering around the court house and jail-yard in the city, determined to lynch a negro who had that morning committed a brutal assault upon the person of a young white lady at one of the cotton mills in the suburbs of the city. Of course any kind of report carrying with it anything akin to excitement will arouse a college boy's interest as quick as a flash, and so did this one. Many of the boys never having seen a crime committed by mob violence, were of course very anxious to witness this one, and a great many of them went down to watch the movements and actions of the mob.

Several attempts were made to storm the jail and seize the prisoner, but each time the response was a volley of shots fired

by the militia, which was determined to guard the prisoner against criminal attack and uphold the arm of the law. The angry mob hung around the jail for twelve or fifiteen hours, but the grim determination of the officials in meeting and repulsing its attacks soon convinced the men that to storm the jail would mean death to many of them, and by midnight the largest part of the mob had dispersed. To an onlooker it was indeed an interesting sight. He was convinced that the mind of a mob is almost no mind at all; that the greater and nobler instincts so characteristic of the human mind in its normal state are entirely lacking there, and that man in a mass ceases to be a human being and becomes an element.

Since that time the trial has been held, the prisoner sentenced and committed to his punishment. Spartanburg has passed through a trying hour, and the cause of justice and law has prevailed. The officials who stood by their posts and did their duty have indeed proven themselves worthy representatives of a community of law-loving people. The example has been highly complimented throughout the country, and it has kept a blot from the fair name of both the city and State. This was indeed a great lesson. It showed that the purpose of a mob could be thwarted and that law and justice were its masters. It was a strong demonstration of the fact that the people of South Carolina are tired of seeing criminals snatched from the hands of the law, robbed of the right of a trial, given no opportunity to prove their innocence, but rushed on by the blood-thirsty hands of brutal force to meet their death. Such proceedings are never justifiable, and we can't speak too highly of Spartanburg's example. Deeds like that make us proud to call ourselves South Carolinians.

Contributions

Very often in soliciting material for our journal we find that personal requests will in many cases induce men to contribute who would otherwise never do so. And in making these requests of men who have never taken any active part in editing their college periodical we almost invariably meet

with an answer of "I can't write," "I never did try to do such," etc. Those are very natural answers, and don't come in the form of surprise packages at all. But most of the men who fall back on that old, flabby, no-sided, childish word "can't" as an excuse will generally admit that they have never tried. "Can't" is one word that if it and its significance had been omitted from the English language we would be a much more fortunate people. It's absurd for a man to let the idea of can't do a thing creep into him before he has even tried. There is a lot of truth in that little "air" we hear sung on the street sometimes, "How can we tell till we try?" That would be a pretty good motto for a lot of us to hang up in our rooms. Bob Blake never knew he could write his name in the mud of Dudley field as a football hero until he tried. Of course it means work to write for your journal, but you don't mind work. You are not looking for a cinch. You know "the man who looks for a soft place in this world generally finds it—just under his hat."

Don't be afraid to have your work brought before the public for fear somebody will criticise it. You don't mind that, for if a thing isn't criticised by somebody it's not worth reading. Bear this in mind—the object and purpose of the Wofford College Journal is to represent Wofford. Just how near we come to doing that, or how far we miss it, we can't say. The standard we expect you to come up to in your contributions for The Journal is one which shall be representative of Wofford's best. We don't pretend and don't expect our magazine to be a finished literary product. We don't expect it to meet the same requirements and to be measured by the same standard as a university magazine. All we ask is that you make your contributions representative of the best that Wofford can do, and we will be glad to say, "Enough."

The Story Contest

In our efforts to secure several desirable stories for the Christmas issue of The Journal the staff decided to offer a $3.50 Stetson hat to the man handing in the best story for this

issue. A good many highly creditable stories were submitted and it was indeed gratifying to the staff to find that we have among us men capable of such worthy productions, and we feel confident that with such supporters The Journal will not lack in short stories. We are publishing in this issue several of the best stories entered in this contest. We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers and to the contestants in the race that the author of that clever, unique and interesting story entitled "The Gate" will be the wearer of the Stetson hat.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

Honor System

The honor system as a method of conducting examinations has been discussed to a great extent of late in college circles. What is this plan that the leading institutions of learning all over our land are considering so earnestly? It is simply leaving the examination with the students and trusting to their honor that it will be done fairly. Is not this a condition which every college community should earnestly seek? Yes it is, and the time has come when it should be a disgrace to any body of students for a professor to have to sit and watch them; for a member of the faculty to have to keep his eyes constantly upon them as if they were a crowd of convicts trying to violate all laws of honor by using unfair means in their work.

The college man should not have to be treated as a schoolboy any longer. Little tricks of dishonesty should no more be taken as jokes but looked at in a different light. The time for childish things has passed, and when a college man takes something off his classmates' paper, it should no longer be looked upon as a schoolboy trick deserving punishment by his teacher, but as an act of gross dishonesty committed by a man who should have higher ideas of honor than when a mere lad.

We often call this unfairness on examination by various names, such as "skinning," "riding" and "cribbing." This is the trouble. We try to hide a lie under the guise of a fanciful pet name and make a joke of it. The time has come when college men should look at these things more seriously. The man who will cheat on an examination and then sign a pledge that his work is honest will do the same in a business transaction. The principle is the same—a lie in the classroom sprngs from the same source as a lie told on the street. There is surely something radically wrong with the man who will lie to his professor. He undoubtedly lacks that high sense of

honor which should be a jewel prized above all by every intelligent college man. It is a sad day for a student when he sells his honor for a pass mark on an examination! The devil has undoubtedly gotten the best of the bargain. Fellow students, let us remember that there is something better than a "pass" on examinations!

The question is how may this system of honor be established in a college. It is a settled fact the faculty cannot do it. This is one thing beyond their power, and the knowledge of it should make the students feel that they are responsible to a great degree for the standard of honor which is set.

The only way is to create among the boys a healthy sentiment against this underhand work, and let every man realize what the thing really means. Let every one feel that cheating is not to be grinned at as a joks but frowned on as a lie. And when a man has no more respect for the honor of his class, not considering his own, than to stoop to such methods he should be declared unworthy of the association of his class and required to leave college. This looks hard, it seems at first too severe, but when a man handles so carelessly the reputation of his class, and maybe brings disgrace to his classmates, he should be condemned. Honor and truth are sacred and should be dealt with severely.

This is the honor system, and until college men realize what cheating on examination is, until they are willing to expel a man rather than allow him to stain the name of his class or institution, until this kind of sentiment prevails, never will the honor system be established.

A mass meeting of the student body was called a few days ago for the purpose of making up a purse to send to Mr. Claude L. Smith for a Christmas present. Mr. Smith is a young Wofford man who graduated several years ago and is now a missionary in Brazil. A voluntary collection was taken, and the boys subscribed something over thirty dollars. Claud Smith is doing a great work in South America, shut off from home, friends, and kindred; he is laboring among the heathen,

and doubtless it will be a source of inspiration to him and will make his heart glad when he finds that the boys at old Wofford have not forgotten him, far off in another continent. When the list is submitted to the faculty we expect it to reach the fifty dollar mark. We are all glad to have had the opportunity of contributing something, and feel sure that it will be most highly appreciated, not for the amount so much, but knowing that his alma mater had not forgotten her son in a foreign land.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

This month we give the occupation of the alumni in Spartanburg county who have graduated since 1896. Then we turn our attention to Orangeburg county, which has the honor of having furnished the first graduate of Wofford, and which probably ranks second in the number of graduates furnished by any county. "Orangeburg county" here refers to the county before Calhoun county was formed.

Wofford's Alumni in Spartanburg County—Continued

CLASS OF 1897.

Rev. R. S. Truesdale is pastor of Central church, and is very popular with the students.

CLASS OF 1898.

R. A. Hannon is a prominent young lawyer in the city.

Gabriel Cannon is assistant cashier of the Merchants and Farmers Bank.

Dr. O. W. Leonard is a prominent physician in the city.

Dr. J. P. McCreary has an extensive dental practice in the city.

Marvin Bennett is instructor in Latin and German in the Fitting School.

J. R. Walker, occupation unknown.

I. C. Blackwood is a lawyer in the city.

CLASS OF 1899.

J. P. Gray is in business with his father at Woodruff.

H. V. Stribling has a position in the city.

W. T. Magness is president of the Southern Trust Company of this city.

CLASS OF 1900.

Prof. H. T. Shockley has founded the Hastoc High School in the city, and with an able corps of assistants is preparing boys for Wofford and other colleges.

C. B. Burnette, of Cross Anchor, graduated with this class. Occupation unknown.

CLASS OF 1901.

Miss Puella Littlejohn was assistant editor of the Southern Christian Advocate until her marriage to Mr. S. E. True last spring.

H. M. Brown is in business at Cowpens.

CLASS OF 1902.

J. S. Calhoun is a member of the insurance firm of Calhoun & Co.

S. T. Lanham is a member of the law firm of McCravey & Lanham. Mr. Lanham was elected Master of Spartanburg County in the fall.

B. H. Brown is a prominent young lawyer in the city. He was recently elected a member of the House.

W. H. Chapman and H. B. Chapman, of Whitney, were members of this class.

Miss Carrie Nabors, who recently married, was a member of this class. She was very successful as a teacher.

B. A. Bennett is assistant cashier of the Bank of Greers, at Greers, S. C.

CLASS OF 1903.

F. C. Rogers is the efficient bookkeeper of the First National Bank.

L. M. Cantrell is a young lawyer of the city and a member of the House of Representatives from this county.

G. W. Grier has a responsible position with the Prudential Insurance Company in the city.

J. F. and T. F. Golightly are staying on the farm with their father in the upper part of the county.

Miss Ruth Evans was a member of this class.

CLASS OF 1904.

W. D. Burnett is a member of the brokerage firm of W. D. Burnett & Co.

O. L. and O. M. Chapman, of Whitney, were members of this class. Occupation unknown.

L. E. Cannon is a city mail carrier.

S. F. Cannon has a responsible position with A. M. Law & Co.

N. T. Clark, Inman. Occupation unknown.

A. C. Daniel is principal of the Inman Graded School.

CLASS OF 1905.

J. W. Boyd is a promising young lawyer of the city. He is a member of the firm of Carson & Boyd.

V. Cleveland is in the cotton mill business.

M. A. Connolly has settled down at Woodruff, where he is practicing dentistry.

R. C. Oliver is in the city at present.

H. C. Robertson is at Johns Hopkins University.

L. P. Walker, Jr., is a member of the brokerage firm of L. P. Walker, Jr., & Co.

C. P. Wofford is a promising young lawyer of the city.

CLASS OF 1906.

J. D. Garlington has a position with the G. O. Tenney Contracting Company.

W. C. Moore is teaching.

W. C. Stallworth is head bookkeeper in the office of the Union Cotton Mills.

CLASS OF 1907.

C. L. Carver is farming at Fairforest.

W. W. Carson has gone to Fayette, Mo., to accept a position as professor in Central College.

M. C. Foster has left the city to accept the position of principal of the Murchison Graded Schools, Bennettsville, S. C.

I. B. Magness is traveling representative of the Spartanburg Realty Company.

H. L. Powell is preaching on the Campobello Circuit.

P. K. Switzer is a member of the Junior class of the Charleston Medical College.

Alumni of Orangburg

Samuel Dibble, '56, is the only member of this class, and is the first graduate of Wofford College. He is a successful business man and served in Congress a number of years.

T. T. Barton, '58, is farming about five miles out from Orangeburg.

J. E. Wannamaker, '72, is a farmer at St. Matthews. He is a trustee of Clemson College.

W. W. Wannamaker, '73, is a very successful farmer at St. Matthews.

C. G. Dantzler, '75, is a circuit judge from Orangeburg.

W. L. Glaze, Sr., '76, is a member of the Orangeburg bar and chairman of the board of trustees of the city schools.

D. O. Herbert, '78, is a prominent lawyer in Orangeburg.

T. M. Raysor, '78, is a leading lawyer in Orangeburg and is an ex-senator.

I. W. Bowman, '79, is a prominent lawyer.

B. H. Moss, '79, is a prominent lawyer in Orangeburg. He is also a member of the board of trustees of Wofford College and president of the Edisto Savings Bank.

B. F. Kellar, '89, is farming.

A. H. Moss, '92, is a lawyer.

J. M. Moss, '92, is residing in the county.

H. W. Fair, '92, occupation unknown.

W. H. Wannamaker, '95, is professor of German in Trinity College, North Carolina.

F. E. Dibble, '95, is a Methodist preacher.

O. D. Wannamaker, '96, taught in China for several years. He is now teaching in a college for women up North.

D. J. Hydrick, '96, is a prominent physician in Orangeburg.

E. L. Culler, '97, is teaching. He is an ex-member of the Legislature.

J. P. Inabinet, '97, is farming.

M. P. Salley, '97, occupation unknown.

L. L. Dantzler, '98, has been elected to fill the chair of modern languages at the Citadel. He is in Germany at present pursuing a university course.

W. R. Crum, '99, is a cotton broker in Savannah, Ga.

J. C. Fairey, '00, is in business in Orangeburg.

F. W. Fairey, '01, has a position in a bank at Kingstree.

D. D. Wannamaker, '01, is farming at St. Matthews.

Miss M. B. Wannamaker, '01, is at her home in St. Matthews.

E. M. Salley, '01, is practicing medicine in North Carolina.

J. S. Fair, '01, occupation unknown.

W. Z. Dantzler, '02, is preaching in Florida.

D. S. Murph, '02, was recently elected superintendent of education of Calhoun county.

T. C. Moss, '03, is farming near Cameron.

D. H. Marchant, '03, is manager of the Marchant Music Company, in Orangeburg.

J. C. Redmon, '03, is studying medicine in Richmond, Va.

L. Q. Crum, '03, is principal of a school in Columbia.

W. M. Fair, '04, is cashier of Elloree Bank.

J. G. Stabler, '05, is practicing law at St. Matthews.

W. L. Glaze, Jr., '05, has a position in the Peoples Bank.

P. E. Dukes, '07, has entered into partnership with his father in the mercantile business at Branchville.

T. E. Dukes, '07, is teaching.

S. W. Taylor, '07, is teaching.

A Correction

In last month's issue we stated that Mr. P. H. Edwards was a practicing physician in the city. We wish to correct this. It is Mr. J. E. Edwards that is a practicing physician in the city.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

The *Converse Concept* is one of the very best magazines that has come to us this month. (Excuse us one moment, kind reader, while we pull off our coat. Our office, which we use as a general living room and also utilize as a study—in fact we may say that we use our office for any little odds and ends of service which happens to turn up—is, owing to the presence of a very active fire in the grate, uncomfortably warm.) Now, then. It was the *Converse Concept* of which we were speaking when we were interrupted. We raise our trenchant pen about three inches and seven-eights of another above the page and lower it again in order to remark that the poems of *The Concept* for November are really excellent. "The Legend of the Hyacinth" shows a breadth of imagination very rare in college periodicals. "A Parody" is truly Byronic in its fierceness. And we may remark that the language is fitting for the theme—for a Sophomore is as far from a cap and gown as Greece from freedom when Lord Byron wrote his martial poem, and the most unkindest cut of all is—there is no Bozzaris, nor hope of one. The other poems, of which there are several, are good; but for lack of space we cannot pass our criticism upon them. We pass now to the stories. They are not so good as the poems. "The Scheme That Failed" has the wrong title—it should be "The 'Theme' That Failed." We know just one adjective that exactly describes this story (so-called), and we are not sure that it is good queen's English; but we venture to use it—it, that is "The Scheme That Failed," is tacky! There! Do you know what tacky means? "A Tale of Ye Olden Tymes" is the best story in the number. We notice an entire lack of essays, for which we are duly thankful Essays in college magazines are always, very nearly always at least, extracts from the classroom.

The Furman Echo comes to us dressed out in a new cover. In the center is a graceful building with the word "Library" written over the door. We take it that this building does not represent any particular place where they keep books; it simply denotes library in the abstract, or from a zoological standpoint, the *genus* library. The color of the building is a beautiful yellow, of the orange variety, and from its marble steps one walks down a white gravel walk, bordered on either side by patches of very green grass, to a flight of steps in color like unto the building. These last mentioned steps form the base of two yellow, upright, rectangular, parallelopipeds, joined together at the top by a broad yellow board with a green patch in its center. In this green patch the words, "The Furman Echo" are printed in large white letters. Through the gate thus formed one sees the above mentioned library in perspective. From a cover viewpoint *The Echo* is a howling success. We turn with confidence to the contents. The poems are good, leaving out, of course, "Autumn Days." We detest "fall" poems. The stories are excellent. "The Count of Monte Carlo" and "Sir Hardshell" are worthy of special mention.

The November number of *The Palmetto* is a decided improvement upon the October issue. All the stories are interesting—that is all except "Not in the Bargain." The poems are tolerable, but just barely so. The one essay is a close, appreciative study of the character of "Macbeth." Hats off, gentlemen, we come to what the editors of *The Palmetto* call "Sketches." We like a sketch, we can stand two sketches, but we draw the line at allotting a regular amount of space in any magazine to a certain kind of writing and dubbing it "Sketches"—just plain, old-fashioned sketches, no frills or trimmings of any kind, just pure, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide sketches. If you want a sketch, seek *The Palmetto* at once; the editors furnish all kinds, satisfaction guaranteed. They make a specialty of sketches—money back if you are not satisfied.

We regret exceedingly that *The Wofford College Journal*

failed to satisfy the microscopical eye of the exchange editor of *The Palmetto*. The information that "The Call of the Blood" had been better left out came just a little late; *The Journal* had already gone to press. Any information relative to the contents of *The Journal* must be in before the 3d of each month if it is to be considered by the staff. We agree with the *connoisseur* in criticism now on the staff of *The Palmetto* that some of the stories in Wofford's journal for October are not very robust. They are "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of 'thought'"—no, they are not either! They are "sicklied o'er" with something, to be sure, but it is not "thought." Here it is: They are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of bosh." It will be noticed that we use the favorite word, *bosh,* of one of our contemporaries, but we do not mean to imitate.

Two poems, two stories, one essay, and the affirmative side of a debate form the grand sum total of the contents of the literary department of *The Limestone Sar.* This one thing the poems do: they rhyme beautifully. The thought may get pale around the gills and vanish; the meter may possibly, like the Irishman's self-made house, get a little out of plumb; but the rhyme goes blithely on. It never fails. To say that the stories are uninteresting is putting it mildly. The one essay, "Origin of the Political Parties in the United States to the Downfall of Federalism" (this title, we may incidentally observe, is one of the most remarkable in regard to length we have ever seen), smacks strongly of the classroom. Now for the debate. We saluate three, thine august argument. Thou art always an ever-present help in time of need. When material is scarce, the staff of a college journal turn to thee, and thou dost never fail them. Yea, our thanks shall go to thee continually, day and night; for thou dost fill up space for us. Thy questions and thy answers, they comfort us; without thee would our pages be blank.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:

Pine and Thistles, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Criterion, Quachita Ripples, Davidson College Magazine, The Lenoirian, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Clemson College Chronicle, The Wesleyan, The Georgian, The Erskinian, The High School Student, The Emory and Henry Era, Emory Phoenix, The Mercerian.

CLIPPINGS

A maid, a man, an open fan,
  A seat upon the stair;
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss,
  And forty years of care.

—Ex.

"Generally speaking, women are—"
"Yes, they are."
"Are what?"
"Generally speaking."—Ex.

"Oh, that my soul possessed a harp,
  That it might play its wild desire!"
"Take me," said he, but she replied,
  "I asked a harp and not a liar."

Professor D. (awakening)—Is there anybody in this room?
Burglar—No, sir.
Professor D.—Oh, I thought there was. (Falls asleep again.)—Ex.

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,
  The maiden's eyes grew bright;
"Your teeth are like the stars, he said,
  "They all come out at night."

—Ex.

The Carpenter's Serenade

A lath! I quite a door you, dear;
  I've hallways loved your laughter.
Oh, window you intend to grant
  The wish my hopes are rafter?

When first I sawyer smile 'twas plane
  I wood re-joice to marry;
Oh, let us to the joiner's hie,
  No longer shingle tarry!

And now that I have axed you, dear,
  Plumb, square, and on the level;
(I've always wanted 2-by-4)
  Don't spile hope's happy revel.

The cornice is waving, Peggy, dear,
  The gables all are ringing;
Why let me pine?—for, oh, you know
  I'm sawdust when I'm singing.

—Ex.

Caller—Is the professor of applied physics in?

Servant—No, sir; at present he is occupying the chair of applied lather.—Ex.

He—Do you remember the night I proposed to you

She—Yes, dear.

He—We sat for an hour, and you never opened your mouth.

She—Yes, I remember dear.

He—Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life.—Ex.

When his dear Anna said she'd be
  His bride, he felt elated;
He couldn't help it, for you see,
  He was then Anna-mated.

—Ex.

The Eternal Query

Adam awoke and saw Eve.

"Here I am, dear," the first woman remarked sweetly. "Have you been waiting long?"—Ex.

Break, break, break! on thy cold gray stones, O sea!
For I'd like you to know
How it seems to be so
Broke, dead broke, as me.

—Ex.

"The plural then of 'wife' is what?"
The teacher asked. Said Bess,
A most precocious little tot,
"It's bigamy, I guess."

—Ex.

Small Boy—I want some medicine to reduce flesh.
Drug Clerk—Anti-fat?
Small Boy—No, uncle.

An aristocratic rooster of Custer,
With feathers of luminous luster,
Remarked, "It is just,
Man returns to his dust,
While I evolute to a duster."

—Ex.

Young Isaacs—Fadder, eer marriage a failure?

The Elder Isaac—Vell, my boy, eef you marry a real, real rich girl, marriage ees almost as good as a failure.—Ex.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

Society Elections

The election of society officers came a little ahead of time, owing to the fact that examinations were nearly at hand and that the societies would be adjourned until after the Christmas holidays. The following were elected as officers for the third term:

Calhoun—President, F. M. Crum; vice-president, L. K. Breeden; first critic, F. C. Huff; first censor, E. P. Stephenson; second critic, W. E. Rogers; recording secretary, J. G. Galbraith; second censor, J. G. Thornton; corresponding secretary, W. P. Thompson; third critic, G. A. Heinitsh.

Preston—President, Tom Hill; vice-president, D. P. McCain; first critic, Marion Dargan, Jr.; second critic, W. G. Nichols; first censor, J. M. Steadman; second censor, C. O. All; corresponding secretary, D. M. Turbeville; recording secretary, G. A. Beech; third censor, C. E. DuPont.

Carlisle—President, F. E. Bearden; vice-president, B. H. France; first critic, J. Chester Brogden; second critic, M. Richardson; first censor, R. B. Hicks; second censor, N. D. Hutto; corresponding secretary, R. Shores; recording secretary, E. B. Roberts; third critic, John Wannamaker.

Emory-Wofford Debate

This debate will be held at Wofford this year, sometime about the first of May. At a recent meeting of the societies Bearden and Hicks, from the Carlisle; Folger and Glenn, from the Preston; and Black and Huff, from the Calhoun, were elected to speak on the preliminary contest, which comes off January 23, to decide two speakers to represent Wofford on the regular debate. The query to be debated is: "Resolved, That the Government of England is More Democratic Than

That of the United States." Affirmative, Glenn, Hicks, Huff; negative, Folger, Bearden, Black.

Professor Spencer to be Married

The following invitation speaks for itself:

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Bailey Waller
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their sister
Lois Hill
and
Mr. Matthew Lyle Spencer
on Tuesday, the twenty-second of December
from half after five until half after six o'clock
Four hundred and sixty-four North Church Street
Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Professor Spencer is to be congratulated on his great good fortune of having won so refined and estimable a lady. Miss Hill is originally from Anderson, but has made her home with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Waller, for the last year or so. She is a young lady of many accomplishments, and during her stay in Spartanburg has made a host of friends.

This is the second year of Professor Spencer's work at Wofford as assistant English professor, and in that short time he has made a high reputation for himself. He is quite a young man, and yet he has accomplished a vast deal of work as a student at college and the University of Chicago, and in a trip to the old world.

All the students and their friends wish them well.

Dormitory

Rev. R. A. Child, financial agent of Wofford College, is now at work raising funds for the purpose of erecting a dormitory on Wofford campus. The work has been under way for some time and considerable progress has been made. The dormitory is to cost about $50,000.

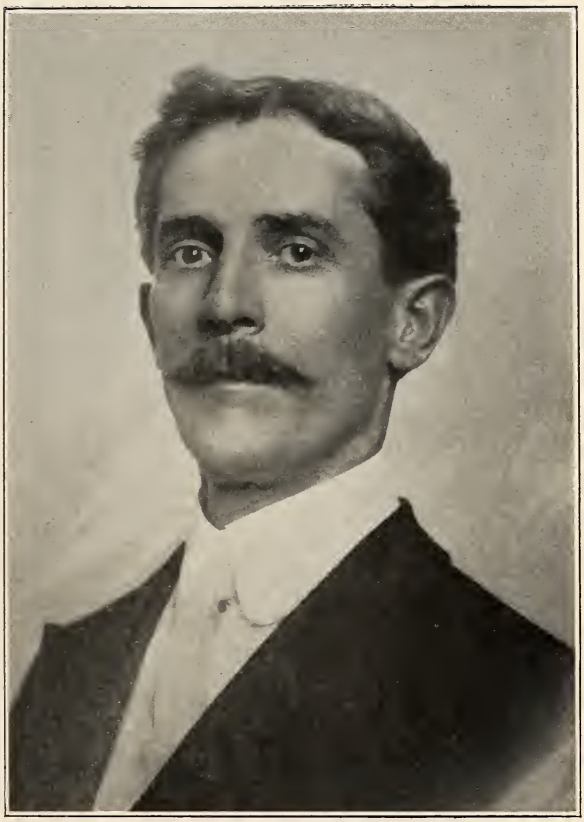
At the annual meeting of the trustees of Wofford last June, the need of a well equipped dormitory was pointed out to the trustees and it was decided to raise the sum of $50,000 for this purpose. The work was begun at once, though just how much money has been raised for the dormitory is not known.—Spartanburg Journal.

Dr. Cook to Leave

The news that Dr. Cooke is going to leave Wofford comes with genuine sorrow to the students and people of Spartanburg, and especially to those who have come in touch with him as friend and teacher. Dr. Cooke was born and reared in Virginia and comes of that Old Dominion stock which has furnished so many great men and done so much to make this great country what it is.

Dr. Cooke has occupied the chair of modern languages and psychology at Wofford for the past fourteen years. He graduated from the University of Virginia in 1895, and the next year he began his work at Wofford. The year 1899-1900 was spent by him in pursuing his studies in the universities of Germany. In 1901 his alma mater, in recognition of his ability and work, conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon him. He has made several tours to the old world and the closeness of his attention to its art, its scenery, its history, and its men and movements has contributed much to making him a man of keen insight and far-sightedness. Among the books he has written are: "Nature Sense in the German Lyric," "Life and Work," and "With the Tourist Tide."

Dr. Cooke goes to Throop Polytechnic Institute as head of the department of European languages and literature. This institute called Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, of Newberry College, to its presidency last summer. Throop Polytechnic Institute is one of the best institutions of learning west of the Mississippi river. It has an attendance of seven hundred students and faculty of forty. On the board of trustees are some of the leading financiers of the West as well as some of the leading



DR. A. B. COOKE

educators. Five members of the board are millionaires. Three millions of dollars are being spent in improvements, and when completed Throop Institute will be ahead of all like institutions in the world. The city of Pasadena, Cal., where Throop Institute is located, is the second city in wealth per capita in the United States.

Dr. Cooke is especially fitted for this position, which includes the teaching of German, French, Spanish, and Latin, and there will be several professors under him in this department.

The loss of Dr. Cooke is a serious one to Wofford. One of the finest assets of this college is her professors, and his leaving just at this time is a distinct loss.

Peronally, Dr. Cooke is a man of genial disposition, broad culture, and keen insight. To know him means to love him, and no one can be associated with him in any capacity without feeling his nobler impulses of life quickened and renewed.

Dr. and Mrs. Cooke go to their new home about January the first and all the students wish them well in their new field.

Whitney Bros.

What is universally considered to be the finest attraction in the lyceum course thus far was the Whitney Bros. Quartet. Though the weather was threatening, the auditorium was crowded, and for two hours the Whitney Bros. held their closest attention.

This quartet possesses the quality of blending perfectly, and in their manner of singing the different moods of song are finely brought out. The selections given ranged from classical to popular music, and every number was encored time and again.

Edwin Whitney gave as his reading a dramatization of "The Man of the Hour," and in impersonating the various characters he displayed great skill and art. His reading is in

the class of that of Leland Powers, and he was generously applauded.

When the Whitneys were here last year they made many friends for themselves, and their number was increased this time. They will always find the latch-string hanging out for them at Wofford. Prof. Gamewell is to be congratulated and thanked for getting such a fine entertainment.

On Thanksgiving morning at 10:30 o'clock a large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed the football game played between the Senior-Freshman and the Junior-Soph. teams. The interest of the game was much heightened by the earnest spirit of the players, which was rewarded by the close attention and cheers of the crowd. By hard and cooperative playing the Senior-Fresh. beat the Junior-Sophs. by a score of 10 to 5.

The fair play was a decided feature of the game. It was clean football playing from start to finish. Both teams are to be commended for their honest efforts.

Johnson's forty-yard run was the feature. For the Junior-Sophs., Wannamaker and Wrightson were among the star players. For the Senior-Fresh., Nicholls, Glenn, Breeden, and Montgomery.

Senior-Fresh.—Breeden, r. e.; Rogers, r. t.; Woodley, r. g.; Whittaker, c.; Haynes, l. g.; Finch, l. g.; DuBose, l. t.; Montgomery, l. e.; Mullins (Capt.), q.; Glenn, L., r. h. b.; Nicholls, l. h. b.; Easterling, f. b.

Junior-Sophs.—Wrightson, s.; Craig, r. f.; Pettigrew, r. g; Davidson, c.; Plyler, S., l. g.; Alexander, l. t.; Keaton, L., l. t.; Wannamaker, l. e.; Monroe, H. (Capt.), q.; Johnson, r. h. b.; Keaton, L., l. h. b.; Alexander, l. h. b.; Roberts, f. b.

Referee—Mr. Charlie Wofford.

Umpire—Prof. Peebles.

Timekeeper—Mr. Henry Bouchier.

Head Linesman—Prof. Tom Hamer.

Time of Halves—Fifteen minutes each.

CAMPUS NOTES

Have you seen anybody going down street twirling a walking-cane and looking as if he owned the whole town? Well, he's a Senior! That august class decided in secret conclave that it needed some mark to differentiate it from the other classes and proceeded to adopt a motion to get walking-canes. Reminds us of our youthful days when we would draw a picture of a horse and write under it, "This is a horse." So if you see anyone with a cane you may safely say, "That is a Senior!"

Quite a number of boys went to Conference, which was held at Laurens this year. A number of students have fathers in Conference, and almost all the rest are Methodists, so they took much interest in the proceedings. Among those who went were: Raysor, Horger, Elkins, Mahaffey, Nicholls, Huff, and Latham.

It is a pleasure to know that "Bob" Truesdale, the friend of every college student, was sent back to Spartanburg again as pastor of Central. He has a way of making friends with every fellow, and by his lovable and sympathetic nature he has won the love and respect of Wofford students such as not other pastor has done in years.

The Christmas examinations are on, and the boys are hard at work "cramming" for them. The examinations rise up like ghosts three times a year to remind the students to do their work well at all times.

The Seniors have their rings, though it is ahead of usual time. The rings are very beautiful in design and finish. In the center is a likeness of the college, and on one side are the letters "B. A." and on the other the figures "09." The ring is the standard ring adopted by the class of '07 and was bought from Spigel Bros.

Thanksgiving was observed by the college as a holiday. The weather was ideal, and many boys went home for the day, while the rest attended the football game, ate the usual turkey dinner, and spent the rest of the day in various ways.

Bishop Hamilton, of the Northern Methodist Church, who came to Spartanburg to preside over the South Carolina African Methodist Conference, paid us a visit and made a short address at the chapel. He made a fine impression on the students.

W. S. Ellerbe, of the Sophomore class, has been compelled to quit college on account of sickness. "Bill" was to be captain of the ball team for '08-'09, and is a genial, good-hearted fellow, and we hate to see him leave us.

L. O. Nichols, who did not return to college the first of the session, has resumed his studies again.

Both Sides

(CONVERSE VERSION.)

"She was a student at Converse,
While he was a Wofford man;
And during the seashore season
They gathered a cheek of tan,
Which caused unlimited wonder.
Knockers cried, 'What a disgrace.'
For each of the pair was sunburned
On opposite sides of the face."

—Converse Concept.

(WOFFORD VERSION.)

She was a Converse lassie,
While he was a Wofford lad;
And during the seashore season
Each had "gotten it bad,"

And when this pair was together
  Knockers cried, "Look at the paint—
Look at the place on his lips where it is
  And the place on her cheek where it ain't."

Nut., '10.

How I Made the Big Globe

I have been asked by the editor of the Journal to write an account of how I made the big globe which has for the past eighteen months stood in various stages of completion in my recitation room. Although I have been so busy for the past six months that I have hardly touched the task, yet I will take time to write a few words about it. I conceived the idea of making a large globe in the following way: I found myself constantly needing maps of various countries for use in my classes. I first considered preparing a Mercator's projection; but I found that to make the various countries large enough to be well visible the chart would have to be sixteen feet square. There is no way in which such a chart can be exhibited in an ordinary room without taking everything else out. Again, the cardinal and insuperable objection to a chart is that after all the world is not flat. I conceived the idea of making a globe that would exhibit the countries of the world in their true relative situations and areas, and large enough to be plainly seen from the remotest confines of a large class room. Calculation revealed the fact that a globe about five feet in diameter would do this on about the same scale as a chart of sixteen feet square.

The globe as it now stands is five feet, one and a quarter inches in diameter. It weighs about a hundred and seventy-five pounds, or possibly more. It is firmly built, and unless subjected to some unusual injury ought to last for a great many years. As it is too large to get through the door, I constructed it so that it can be divided without injury—by a skilful and careful operator.

I had a lumber mill to cut for me forty-four quadrants on

a radius of thirty inches. I calculated by the formulas of spherical trigonometry what length the various arcs of great circles at frequent intervals between the poles and the equator would be, and having reduced these results in degrees to inches, I cut the arcs down to the required lengths and nailed them firmly in place between the two complete great circles which I crossed at right angles as the basis of the structure. Thus every structural arc is the arc of a great circle and presents the greatest possible resistance to external pressure. Having this skeleton of two complete great circles, crossed by thirty-two arcs of great circles, I took strips of heart pine one inch wide and about 3-16 of an inch thick and bent them from pole to pole across the arcs, to which they were then nailed. The short distance between the arcs caused the very elastic strips to assume a perfectly circular form. They were an inch apart at the equator and converged to junction near the poles.

At this point the globe was most interesting to me, as its entire structure, including internal braces and supports to which I have not alluded, was apparent, and it was with a sense of regret that I proceeded to cover the structure that does the real work with mere paper and glue that in future would attract all the attention without deserving it. I secured from New York a roll of about a hundred pounds of extremely heavy, coarse wrapping paper, almost as thick as light pasteboard. From this I cut lunes (i. e., two spherical triangles abutting at the base, at which point they were 2.51 inches broad) to run from pole to pole, a distance of about eight feet. The lunes were five degrees at the base, and therefore seventy-two of them exactly covered the globe. I put four or five thicknesses of these over the surface, running the different layers from different polar points so that all tendency to form a series of flat surfaces would be eliminated. I then nailed these thicknesses firmly to the arcs forming the wooden basis of the globe, using long tacks at intervals of about an inch and a half. I should state that the layers had been glued together with furniture glue. Other layers were added until the number, including the fine drawing paper which formed

the last, reached eleven. This was bound by the twenty-odd pounds of glue used into one firm shell about a quarter of an inch thick.

I may remark that the cutting of the lunes was a task the difficulty of which one who has not tried it will hardly imagine. In the first place the mathematical calculations must be correct. The mere cutting of the almost one thousand lunes true to the metal pattern which I plotted was a laborious undertaking. The calculations were to the hundredth of an inch, but the execution not closer than a fiftieth, and often not that. The pattern itself, however, was cut to knife edge accuracy. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Ligon, a skilled sheet iron worker in town, for showing me a formula of applied spherical trigonometry that greatly aided in the accurate plotting of the pattern.

The edges of the lunes form the lines of longitude, the latitude was drawn by fixing the globe firmly and revolving it against a pen. I should say that the method of mounting the globe is a swinging device which can be adjusted to any angle, but which stands ordinarily so as to incline the axis of the globe at an angle of 23 1-2 degrees. As the globe swings from the ceiling by small wire ropes, no part of it is obscured from view, and it can be swung around on the pin in the ceiling by slight pressure of the hand. The axis is a stout rod of cold rolled steel which runs through metal caps which incidentally bind the main arcs firmly together at the poles.

It only remains to explain the method by which the maps have been placed upon the surface. The authority used is the Century Dictionary Atlas, except that the government atlas of the Philippines was used for these islands, and I obtained information on one doubtful point from the India office in London. The area covered by the country in question was plotted with the same number of degrees of latitude and longitude as appear on the map of that country in the Century Dictionary Atlas. These occur every half degree for small countries or important large ones. By a system of tracing common among draftsmen the map can thus be copied with

great accuracy. The lettering so far has been done by Mr. J. Boyce Mahaffey, who has done two or three continents, and Mr. J. Wesley Crum, who did South America. The maps are almost complete, and when they are it will only remain to color them with beautiful diamond dyes, which will assure a beauty and distinctness at a distance which are rarely equalled in bought globes or maps. Some idea of the dimensions of the maps may be gathered from the statement that that of Africa measures thirty-nine inches from north to south. A wall map of Asia on the dimensions of mine would be about five feet square; one of British India two feet, including its border. The habit unconsciously formed by the constant use of the globe of judging of the relative sizes and situations of different countries is one of the most valuable uses of the globe. These advantages are entirely lost in using separate maps of various dimensions. The fact that the five inches marked all over the surface of this globe by ten degrees of latitude equal seven hundred miles almost exactly makes the estimate of distances and areas comparatively easy. The five degree distances are also marked all over the globe.

The largest globe manufactured for sale is one-half the diameter, and therefore one-eighth the area, of this one. If the manufacturer should manufacture one of the size of mine and sell it at the proportionate price that he does his smaller one, it would cost about $3,000. When I had completed the framing of mine, I estimated that it would be worth $250; when the coarse covering was half on, I put it at $750; and when I saw it white and spotless as a great ball of snow, I began to quote it at $1,500. Some of my friends were inclined to laugh at the way the figures rose; but this should occasion no surprise, as it is one of the commonest things in the world for real estate to increase in value, particularly around a progressive place like Spartanburg.

D. D. Wallace.

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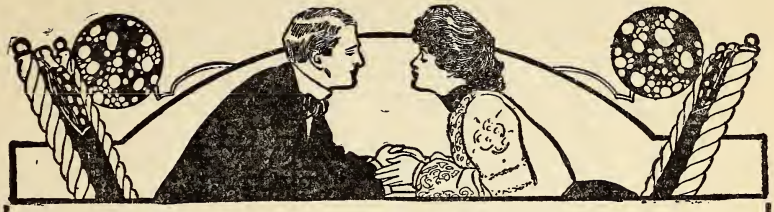

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My Soul

To my bed 'mongst the rushes, near the shores of the seas,
Where the storm never hushes, where the wild waves rage;
Where I thought not of glory, nor the end Fate decrees;
Where I dreamed not the story man has made in his age;
Came my Soul, calling loudly, from the storm on the seas.

"Thou'rt a Man!" came she calling, to my bed in the slime—
"Thine to climb, sometimes falling; thine to love; thine to hate."
So the heed left I feeding; to my state rose sublime.
"Now for fame! Others bleeding? Curse the world, so I'm great!"
But my Soul left her calling, and was still for a time.

But the years brought me sorrow; pierced, the reed; bruised, the stone;
Yet I hoped, on each morrow, for the voice from the storm.
Thus I toiled, loving duty, tho' 'twere hard, tho' alone;
Till at last, perfect beauty in her face in her form,
"Thou'rt a Man," said she smiling, "Seek new worlds, this outgrown."

—W. C. Curry, Jr.

A Broken Promise

Dr. Thomas was lounging in a large Morris chair before the fire in his study, smoking. Of course there was no light in the room, except that dim fanciful one made by the flickering flames in the grate; for he wanted to be alone with his thoughts. Light is company.

With the help of his imagination he could make out the form of a picture on the mantle. It was that of a young girl, scarcely eighteen, dressed in her graduating gown, with a large bunch of American beauties he had sent her in her arms. Her face peeped out from behind the roses as though she was their fairy queen.

To him that picture represented not only the loveliest face and form he had ever seen but all his best hopes and dreams.

As he sat there looking at the picture his thoughts wandered back to their childhood. They had been born in the same town, in houses that only an alley separated. Mabel just two years after himself. They had played together, gone to school together, and in fact had lived as brother and sister until he had gon eoff to school. Then it was he had realized that he loved her, not as a sister, but as a man loves only one woman. Two years later she, too, had gone to college. She graduated the same year he got his M. D., just a few weeks later. He had gone to see her graduate, and that night, the night before the picture had been taken, she had made him the happiest of men by promising to become his wife.

A bell sounded for the third time in the next room. Brown looked up from his reverie with an impatient gesture and muttered, "Damn that telephone!" Nevertheless he got up and answered it. It was an excited servant wanting him to come quickly to 1025 Cherry street, saying his master was dying.

Brown recognized the voice as belonging to a man who had once worked for him. He answered he would come at once, rang off, and telephoned for a cab.

He came back into the study for his medicine case and put on his great coat; for it was cold and raining outside. He paused for a moment and gazed wistfully at the picture on

the mantle, then picking up his case left the room with a sigh.

Giving the cabman the number he snuggled up in his great coat and resumed his reflections. The day after Mabel's graduation both families, hers and his, had gone to the seashore to spend the summer. He began to run over the incidents of the first day at the beach—the swim in the surf, the boat-ride, the dinner, the ball, at which Mabel danced with the stranger, and all the minor incidents—when the cab stopped. He was at 1025 Cherry street.

As he had no idea how long he would be in the house he dismissed the cab, and started up the walk. He did not recognize the house until he had got almost to the steps; then he remembered having seen and wondered who lived in it before. It was a large stone house, set far back in a garden of gnarled trees. He had never seen any one except the baker and butcher boys enter it.

Before he could ring the bell the servant who had telephoned, opened the door and almost jerked him inside. He seemed frightened and led the way timidly on tiptoe to a room on the second floor in the rear wing.

The room was brightly lighted, as was all of the house, though the doctor had never seen a light in it before. The servant had evidently gotten lonesome. On a bed in one corner of the room lay a pale, shriveled-up man. He tried to raise up on his elbow as the doctor approached but the effort was too much for him. Brown laid his hand on the sick man's forehead, felt his pulse, and going to the table, started to open his medicine chest, but the sick man called feebly to him to stop.

"Say, none of that; it isn't any use. I know I am going. Come here!"

Brown went to the bed and, obeying the man's motion sat on its side.

"You're a gentleman? an honest man?"

Without waiting for the doctor to answer this strange question, he went on. "John, tells me you are; anyway, I will

have to tell you who and what I am. My name is Rawdon. I'm a millionaire."

Brown started at the name and his fists clenched, but the sick man did not notice it.

"Almost ten years ago I saw a pretty face and married it—ran away and married it. As a man usually does when he marries a face I grew tired of it. We had been married only a few months when we went to New York for a day or two. There I left it in a hotel and have never seen it since, though I have spent thousands trying to find her, and have heard from her only once. That was about six months after I had left her and long before I began to want to see her again; and that letter told me I had a son. Even that, added to the appeals of the mother, did not soften my heart; for I was having a good time then. I traveled all over the globe seeking pleasure, but soon disease laid hold on my body and kept me going from one health resort to another. I began to pity myself and was soon filled with remorse for what I had done. That pretty face, filled with pain and sorrow, with the face of a little boy by its side began to haunt me and I tried to find them, but have not succeeded.

"Death is about to overtake me. My fortune has been well invested, and in spite of my extravagant living I still have about a million dollars. I want my wife and son if they are still living, to have this money. My will has already been made out and it states fully how the money is to be divided. If they are both dead," here he shuddered, "it states what shall be done with the money. Mr. Thomas is my executor, but I want some one, who will do it through sympathy, to hunt for my boy. Will you do it? Oh! you must find him!"

The dying man stopped, utterly exhausted.

All the time the man had been speaking the doctor's lips had been twitching, and his fists tightly clenched, but Rawdon had been too intent on what he was saying, and now was too exhausted to notice the doctor's nervousness.

Brown seemed to be fighting with himself for a few mo-

ments then muttering, "For her sake," took Rawdon's hand and answered, "Yes, I'll find him."

Rawdon thanked him and begged for paper and pen. They gave them to him and he wrote a note to his executor telling him to give Doctor Brown whatever amount of money he should ask for to use in hunting for his son. He signed this, then lay quiet for several minutes. Directly, raising himself by a mighty effort, he caught the doctor's head and pulling it close to his own, whispered, "If you find her alive tell her I was sorry," and fell back. In a few minutes he was gone.

The doctor walked over to the fireplace and stood for a long time gazing at the glowing coals.

What was he thinking of? Of the story he had just heard? Or did he see a face peeping out at him from a bunch of American beauties? Who can tell.

The servant touched him on the shoulder and asked if he wanted him to call a cab. The doctor looked up and rubbed his hand across his forehead several times before he answered, and then his answer was a surprise to the servant. "No; get my coat. I will walk."

In a few moments he stepped out into the night. It was fearfully cold; the rain was still falling but was freezing as it fell. Something was wrong with the lights and the streets were darker than usual.

For about five minutes the doctor did not seem to notice the slippery street or the cold; then suddenly he seemed to rouse. Muttering something about being such a "damn fool," he pulled his coat collar about his ears and began to hurry homeward.

As he was passing through the business portion of the town he felt something tugging at his sleeve and looking around, saw a boy running by his side.

"Is you a doctor?" the boy asked.

"Sure, son; what can I do for you?" The doctor was his old jovial self in a moment.

"Please, sir; come with me; mamma is so sick. Oh! please hurry, sir."

"Lead the way then," answered the doctor as he took hold of the boy's hand.

The boy led him swiftly through side streets and alleys until the doctor was completely lost. He only knew, from the general shape and the dilapidated appearance of the buildings, that he was in a tenement section of the town. He began to wonder whether he had done right in following the boy; for he might be led into a gang of robbers. Instinctively he felt for his watch. But he was not the kind to turn back; and then, too, he did not know the way. He stopped under the next light and looked at his watch. It was half past two o'clock.

When the doctor stopped, the boy thought he was fixing to turn back and began to beg him to go on, saying it was not much further.

In a few minutes the boy turned in at a dilapidated flat and led the way up flight after flight of rickety stairs. At the tenth floor, as well as Brown could count, they went off down the hall and turned into a dimly lighted cold room.

At first Brown could see nothing but a candle flickering on an old bureau at one side of the room; then, attracted by groans, he saw a figure huddled up on a bundle of rags in the far corner.

Taking the candle he stepped over to where the figure lay. It was a woman, haggard and worn and talking deliriously. Brown caught up her hand and gazing at the pinched, pain-distracted features, as one in a trance listened to her mumbling. The woman eyed him vacantly.

"So you've come back at last, Tom Rawdon; but it's too late now. Yes, laugh at me, I'm dying, starving to death; and there's your boy over there starving, too."

She had half risen to point at the boy; and as she finished, fell back sobbing. Brown jerked open his case and poured some liquid between the fever-parched lips. It seemed to do some good; for the sobbing ceased and the anguished distortion of the face gave way to a peaceful smile.

The eyes which had been closed opened and wandered

around the room. They rested, lovingly, sorrowfully on the boy for a minute, then wandered to the doctor's face. There was a sudden transformation, the face lit up with joy. She raised her arms to the doctor and tried to speak, but with that effort her life passed away.

The doctor caught her in his arms and knelt gazing into her face; but in its place he saw a pretty face, young and framed with American beauties, and could hear those lips murmuring a promise that had been broken.

Whom the Gods Love

"Whom the gods love dies young,"
  A Grecian adage ran;
Their shining prize they wrung,
  Nor cared they aught for man,
Save him, who, filled with life
  And hope and youthful zeal,
Was best endowed earth's strife
  To overcome and weal
    To gain.

"Whom the gods love dies young."
  Had he no part to take?
No service here among
  His fellows? for whose sake
To toil he was so fit—
  No strife for him to win
Of war? of peace? of wit?
  Mus the cease ere begin
    To live?

"Whom the gods love dies young."
  Yea, toil he did, but now
Replete with bliss is sung
  By bards of laurelled brow;
For tasks complete in youth
  And strife soon overcome,
By gods beloved, in sooth,
  And welcomed to their home
    Above.

—B., '10.

"Class of '09 in Battle Against the Latins"

Financially we were the richest army that ever faced a foe, having two "Nichols" and a "Penny," and in the commissary department we had two "Crums," one "Dominick," one "Robbin," and a "Herring." In the first skirmish we lost one "Nichol" and our only "Penny" and nearly half of the food supply, for our "Robbin" flew the coop. Of course this was discouraging, but we gallantly drew our three "Cannons" on the summit of "Tom Hill" and commenced firing. Our "Major" commanded the forces well from a nearby fence, until he slipped off, tearing his pants on a "Pickett" and had no one to "Padgett." Great "Scott," we had a time. One "Cannon" popped a cap and the other bursted, but the remaining one was of a recent "Patton" and proved equal to the occasion. We saw trouble was "Breeden." Down across the "Glenn," up in a "Simmons" tree was Augustus the Great, commander of the Latins. Presently he came down and began to "Curry" his ponies, preparing to make a charge.

"Although we had a good "Walker," still we were not prepared to meet any Cavalry. The "Slaughter" on our side was so great that we attempted to "Steel" away in the silence of the night.

We began to look for our boys of "Gray" and found "Rivers Huggin" the top of a telegraph pole. Our "Major" "Spake" to him to come down, but he began to get "Huff-y" and it took several "Knox" to bring him. On our retreat we passed through several "Parks" and found our "Fairey."

Our advice to those in battle against the Latins is: don't "Dibble" around but keep at it until you "Lander." When not in battle in order to make life's walk easy, buy your drinks from "Hopkins," use genuine "Rogers" knives and forks, buy your books direct from "France," with genuine "Murioka" binding.

J. C. Hardin, '09.

The Last of the House of Douglas

It was almost noon in August, 18—, when I alighted from a car on the Great Scotch Railway in the heart of the Highlands where the railroad bends to the west in passing around Dornoch Firth which pierces far into the land. The day was extremely sultry even in that northern latitude, and it was not until late in the afternoon, when the sun was already setting behind Ben-More, that I arrived, hot and weary from an afternoon's struggling up the mountain-sides, at the house of my old friend, Hamilton Douglas.

The structure was of the type built in the rude days when one constructed his house for fortress as well as residence. It had now fallen into a state of disrepair which, together with the ill-kept appearance of the adjacent land, caused me to wonder what had become of the old Douglas pride that in Scotland had passed into a proverb.

In answer to my repeated hammerings the door opened and before me stood the prematurely old figure of my friend who, after a seemingly somewhat forced welcome, conducted me into his somber castle.

"You seem to be enjoying good health," I said to begin the conversation though the reverse was very apparent.

"I'm nae very weel," he replied with a decided Scotch accent, "I'm still in thae body."

"I looked for you in Edinburgh. When did you come to this God-forsaken country?"

"God-forsaken, eh, man?" he repeated sadly, "It's thae place as ails me. There's nane so awfu' a place in a' auld Scotland. I wearied o' Edinburgh an' cam' here to me father's home. Puir Jamie Douglas built thae castle lang syne when he cam' frae thae Lowlands after thae battle o' Flodden. This hill the Gaelics o' thae Highlands ca'd Ben Jay, thae mountain o' God, as a kirk ance stood upon thae top o't, but puir Jamie had nae respect for 't an' tore it doon. They ca'd doon thae curse o' God on him an' he died befoor he finished thae castle. Nae Douglas who hae been here hae lived to be more 'n fifty

years o' age an' many o' 'em hae met unnatural deaths."

"You are not going to die yet, are you?" I asked.

"It's nae thae unnatural death," he continued, ignoring my forced pleasantry, "but God'll hae nae mercy upon thae puir house o' Douglas. I'm nae superstitious, but it's fearsome to hear 'em say unnatural death awaits me, thae last o' thae line o' Douglas. They tell o' signs and talkin' fishes as tell men o' my murder. It's naething o' superstition."

He was interrupted by the arrival of a servant who brought the supper and silently withdrew. With scarcely a word we finished the meal. After drinking a large glass of wine—with the air of one who drinks not from love of wine, but to escape from himself—he condescended to ask me about myself. As I narrated to him my past, he sat staring with a pre-occupied gaze in front of him, frequently turning to the table for wine which he took in copious draughts.

"And what have you been doing?" I asked as I closed my recital.

He started when I spoke and turned toward me. At once I saw that he was another man who sat before me. The simple, frightened, superstitious Scot was gone, and in his place was one who seemed all but an educated native Englishman. His Scotch accent had all but left him. He had as completely discarded his other self as though it had been a garment.

"What have I been doing?" he repeated, "Everything and nothing. I am a victim of misfortune. I have tried many things, but I have failed in all. I long ago gave up trying to be a physician. I next tried a professorship of psychology at Edinburgh University, but I gave that up, too, and came here. I can now pursue my old studies unmolested. But let me show you my subject," he broke off and dived into an adjoining room, returning leading a man. "See," he exclaimed triumphantly, "Here is my Subject. Look."

He led the man to the fire, and withdrew the cloth that covered his face. The Subject jumped back groaning and threw his hands to his ears. Then Douglas whistled loudly, and the man buried his face in his hands.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" he asked, turning to me.

"Yes," I admitted. "What's the matter with him?"

"I have been experimenting on him. I found him several months ago with his head crushed and brought him here to treat him. I was at that time interested in studying the brain and so instead of healing his wounds I made him a subject for experiment. I put the exposed part of his brain under a powerful microscope and began interweaving the nerve-fibres running to that organ, and soon I had them grafted one to the other."

"Will they stay that way for all time?" I asked.

His face clouded. "They will unless—unless an accident happens. In case of a jar the nerve-fibres will re-unite. To prevent this I keep him fastened always to his bed. There he is secure from an accident. I sometimes fear something might occur and he might become himself again. And then I might suffer at his hands. But nothing like that will occur, of course. Anyway, do you understand his conduct? No one in the world has ever yet accomplished what I have. Well, it's this. The nerve-fibres running from his eyes, which should discharge into the occipital lobes, are grafted upon the nerve-fibres from the ears. The currents then pass to the upper temporal lobes, causing him to receive a sensation of sound instead of light. The stimulus being strong, he feels pain."

My long days journey and the scientific discourse, of which I understood little, caused me to feel drowsy, but I tried to listen between nods. Turning to me and noticing my condition, instantly the whole course of his thought was changed.

"You're sleepy. Let's retire."

I arose and accompanied him first going by the room where he kept his Subject whom he placed perilously near the edge of the bed, fastening him in with a single strap. We ascended to our rooms and a few moments later I heard evidence of my host's deep slumber.

How long I had slept when I was awakened in the night by what sounded like a falling body, I do not know. I lay for

some moments trying to make out the noise. Everything seemed strangely silent. As I lay there I remember distinctly hearing the beating of waves on the rocky Scotch shore six miles to the west.

Almost on the point of falling asleep, I became aware of some one moving about in the adjoining room, but supposing it to be the lord of the castle, was dozing again when a light shone in my face. Through the doorway I saw a candle borne by a man. In one hand he carried the candle, in the other an iron bar. The man was not Douglas. He was the Subject. The sound that I had heard was that of his falling from his insecure position. The nerve fibres had re-united.

Douglas too had been aroused and now sat up in his bed staring at the figure before him. The light of the candle fell on his pale face, now distorted with terror. He opened his lips as if to speak, but Heaven only knows what his words were for before a murmur came from his lips the Subject had advanced and before Douglas rose from his sitting posture was stretched upon the bed by a severe blow from the bar. The candle was tossed upon the bed. Wielding his weapon in both hands he dealt crushing blows to the now unconscious form of the scientist.

In fear I slipped noiselessly from my room and tipped quickly down the stairs. At the door I paused to look back. The candle had set fire to the bed whereon lay the body of Douglas. The flames, like the tails of serpents, were gliding along the walls of the chamber.

The Subject gazed with a loog of triumph at his victim and burst into a loud, hoarse laugh.

"Death for both," he cried leaping upon the body of the dead man.

I could stand the sight no longer and closing the door behind me I silently and swiftly fled leaving the flames to bury in the ruins of the castle the unfortunate peasant and the last of the house of Douglas.

R.

Winter Scene

The leafless trees are bending low
Beneath their weight of ice and snow.
I'm glad to see it come again,
And from the cloudy window pane
I watch the sparrow as it comes
To feast upon the scattered crumbs.

On yonder hill-side white with snow,
His cheeks aflame with ruddy glow,
The boy, with shawl bound round his head,
Is gaily playing with his sled,
And through the stillness I can hear
His wild voice ringing out loud and clear.

The clouds grow thin, they move about,
And as they move the sun peeps out;
The barren trees begin to sift
The melting snow, and as they lift
Their drooping limbs the ice they throw
Is shattered on the earth below.

The roof is black where the melting snow
Hath made a path. The eaves below
Are tagged with icicles that drip
With gleaming water-drops that tip
Their glacial points and gently fall
In pools where shakes the mirrored wall.

—H. F. Gault.

The Savagery of Civilization

It is often with a sense of pride that we boast of our twentieth century civilization. And justly so to some extent, because our nation has risen rapidly until she stands foremost among the nations of the earth; a people under an excellent form of government; a people who dote on their respect for the law which they themselves as a body of citizens have

formed. We often look back with an eye of pity upon the savage who inhabited this country only a few centuries ago and lived under the law that might is right. We think of them as they suddenly appear in a mob sounding their wild war-whoop to the horror of the white settler. These wild men with faces painted and tomahawk in hand, led only by the barbaric desire to stamp out the white man.

Do we not turn to Russia, that land of insurrection, and have a deep feeling of sympathy for those people whose form of government is too weak to enforce law and order? That country which is passing through such a great crisis, where the terror of the mob is expected at any moment and where lawlessness and disorder is prevalent throughout the land. Do we not turn away congratulating ourselves on living in the land of the Free where law is might and all such lawlessness is forgotten in the past? Where it is conceeded that all men are created free and equal, and entitled to certain inalienable rights—where "every man is king but no one dares to wear a crown?"

Yes, we do live in a great country and have many things to be proud of. We recognize the voice of the common people and provide means of giving justice to the poorest outcast. But there is one practice becoming more prevalent as the years go by which should make every true citizen who has the thrill of patriotism in him, blush with shame. We refer to that barbaric practice of lynching.

A terrible crime is committed in a community. Immediately several men conceive the idea that the only thing to do is to get a gun, take the law in their own hands and wreak vengeance on the criminal. Down the street they go firing the minds of their fellows with the wild cries, "Lynch him!' "Burn him!" There are many weak enough to be drawn in this wild current by just a little excitement. The crowd increases, all personality is ignored. The "I" and all that it means to the individual normally is swallowed up in the irresponsible "we" and the angry mob moves on without any sense of justice or right.

This is the savagery still lurking in our civilization. When men throw off all restraint and give their passions full sway. This is when civilized men go to extremes of barbarism which is hardly believable. Year after year in our Southland, especially, are flaring accounts of such incidents given in the newspapers. And yet, many stand aside indifferently and never raise a dissenting voice.

When men admit the right of a mob to punish a criminal, they concede failure of government by law. If a crowd of enraged men with passions at white heat have a right to take a prisoner and execute him in any way, then there is no need of a law. But if a just law is provided the only way is to stand by that law to the death.

The mob is a peculiarly constructed mass of humanity, psychologically. It has been said that a mob is a sail in which the miracle of evil develops very rapidly, and where the microbe of good always dies, not finding there the conditions necessary to its life. There is something about a crowd that causes a man to throw aside all responsibility and moral obligation. Often in its blindness innocent blood is shed, and acts done by the crowd would never be committed by the individual.

Just as, in Virginia, a mob of determined men who had taken the law in their hands were pursuing a negro criminal. The negro by chance overtook a white man on the railroad and was walking along beside him. The mob presuming that the white man was assisting the negro in some way caught and lynched them both. Here an innocent man, who, not only had no connection with the crime, but was totally ignorant of anything of the kind was cruelly lynched by the beastly crowd.

Are there any traces of savagery in these men? It is hardly believable that the people of our nation could stand by and allow such acts of heathenism to stain the fair name of any State in the Union.

In the recent Springfield riot, the automobile of a prominent restaurant proprietor was used to convey two negroes to jail

accused of assault upon a white woman. A mob was immediately formed which wrecked the restaurant and burned the automobile. Negro quarters were attacked by enraged white men and the occupants shot down as they ran from their houses, and after setting fire to what remained the firemen were not allowed to extinguish the flames.

Many more incidents could be given such as the night-riders of Western Georgia who held secret meetings in their lodge-rooms and in the dead of night burned twenty negro churches and school-houses in a radius of ten miles. Another, of the burning of a negro in Lansing, Texas, where the daily paper gave such a flaring account of the proceedings and seemed to take a peculiar delight in describing the agony of the miserable wretch and how the woman who was assaulted, with her friends drove to the scene in a carriage and were given a place of vantage where they could easily see the negro burn. And, how after the flames had died down, many of the spectators rushed up to snatch away any little remains of the charred body as souvenirs. Is this not harrowing? Are these American people doing these things? We can hardly believe it, but it is true.

By numerous accounts in the newspapers we see that there are still traces of savagery still lurking in our people, and that the fabric of our civilization is being undermined. These acts of violence are increasing. Even in our own South Carolina we are ashamed to think of the number of lynchings each year. The question is certainly a grave one. Shall this lawlessness continue, or shall we, like the soldiers of the common good, rise in defiance and protect the fair name of our State? Shall we, a Christian country sending missionaries to foreign lands to teach the heathen and the savage, allow such degrading practices to continue in our midst? For the sake of the future of our nation and for generations yet unborn, let us as intelligent, patriotic men throw our influence on the side against such criminality! Let the home, the school, and the pulpit be loud in their condemnation of such. Let those who are indifferent and have stood so long with their hands folded

behind their backs, rise to a sense of duty and stand up for what they know to be right. And may the stream of college men and women be imbued with such high ideals of justice and law that it will counteract in some degree this undermining current of savagery. F. Mason Crum, '09.

Against the Law

"Get right out there or I'll run the last one of you in. 'Gainst the law to go swimmin' in there."

The policeman stood on the bank and glared at the wharf-rats in the stream below who were having the double pleasure of a stolen swim.

"Won't do it. Jump in yourself or we'll throw you in and duck you," called Skeeter, the leader of the gang.

"Wait a minute," and the policeman was gone. The boys, accustomed to policemen's bluffs, continued their swim.

A few minutes later he appeared with three other officers and bade the swimmers, not in tones of tenderness, to get into the waiting patrol wagon or "be shot full of air holes."

Ordinarily a policeman's threats mean little to a wharf-rat, but now, with menacing revolvers looking at them, they sulkily obeyed. They were tumbled dripping into the wagon and driven away to the station.

The officer watched them disappear around a corner.

"Good piece of work. Get a drink for it," and he passed up the alley to the saloon.

The boys, wet and angry, were driven on up the street.

* * * * * * * * * *

Summer dad passed and winter was at hand. The snow had already begun to fall and the wind was blowing cold from the north when Skeeter emerged from the saloon and walked unsteadily down the alley. He spied his old acquaintance and enemy, the policeman, standing on the bank of the river.

"Hee! Hee! Must be goin' take a swim." He stopped suddenly as if he had caught an idea by the tail.

"Tonight 'll be a good time to duck 'im."

He stepped into the shadows and glided slowly and noiselessly along toward the river.

The policeman, with his hands in his pockets and his coat collar turned up close around his neck and ears to keep out the snow, stood looking dreamily out over the river. The lights across could hardly be seen through the falling snow which the wind drove stinging against his face. The icy wind penetrated his thick blue coat, sending chills chasing one another up and down his back. He pulled his over-coat closer around him.

"A cold night tonight," he said with a shiver.

In the shadows Skeeter crept slowly and noiselessly on.

The officer, forgetful of all else, was watching the boats out in the river. The sailors were drawing in sail and preparing for the night. He leaned forward trying to make out the boat, placing his hands upon the railing along the bank.

Skeeter stood behind. He stooped and caught the legs of the policeman in his arms in football fashion. He jerked them upward and forward. The bluecoat's arms served as pivots. Skeeter gave him a shove and he tumbled like lead into the dark water below.

He rose to the surface and attempted to cry out, but the sound of his voice ended in a gurgle as he went down again.

"Hee! Hee! What you doin' in there? Get out. 'Gainst the law to go swimmin' there. Get out, I say," called Skeeter in derision, peering over the edge into the water.

The policeman rose to the surface a second and a third time, only to disappear beneath the surface.

"Hee! Hee!" chuckled Skeeter. "Get a drink on the strength o' that."

He passed on up the alley to the saloon.

The frigid body of the policeman drifted down in the icy water.

R.

Thomas Paine—His Life and Work

In discussing the life of Thomas Paine we are confronted with a task of no little difficulty, but the purpose of this article will be to give as far as possible a fair and impartial account of the man and his work. He has been praised and honored by some, while others have heaped abuse and criticism upon him, and even abhorred him as a revolutionist. He lived at a time when public men were at no time safe from the bitterest attacks of rancor and malice, and not one has been slandered more than he.

Thomas Paine, a philosopher and political writer and agitator, was born in England in 1737. He was of Quaker parentage, born in moderate circumstances and therefore denied the privileges of a college education. Having finished his common school course at the age of thirteen, he was put to his father's trade of stay-making. He went to London in 1756, soon to fail in business, but the trip was not in vain, for there he met Dr. Franklin. Franklin's judgment of men was shrewd and he soon recognized in Paine a man of scientific taste and ability.

Paine was made excise man in 1762, but was soon discharged because he had testified fraudulently to things which he had not done. He was soon restored, but again discharged in 1774. Up to this time he had been a jack-of-all-trades, and having failed as stay-maker, teacher, preacher, shop-keeper, and exciseman, he sought a new home in America. He brought a letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin, which was the means of his being engaged as editor for eighteen months of the *American Monthly Museum.* His manners were free and easy; friends, like enemies, he made with little effort, and his tact, unequaled by anyone, he fell heartily into the spirit of the times. He allied himself with the patriot cause, and while events were calling for leaders he was coming to his own conclusion. In 1776, he published the famous pamphlet *Common Sense* in which he argued that "Government is a necessary evil and there is no warrant or reason for the distinction of man as king or subject."

It was a political tract which served its purpose. It was eloquent, but the power of it lay in his simple reasoning, that Americans must do battle for their rights. It had a remarkable influence in winning advocates for the patriot cause; the sale of the book was rapid, one hundred and twenty thousand being sold the first month.

Paine's intimacy with Jefferson dates from his publication of *Common Sense.* There is little to show that his words were used by Jefferson in framing the *Declaration of Independence,* but his influence unquestionably appears in the preliminary draft denouncing slavery. His next publication of importance was a series of sixteen pamphlets published between 1776 and 1782. They were widely read and at that time commanded a great influence. Washington ordered that they should be read to his men every afternoon. When they were downcast, discouraged, and hopeless they listened to the words of this man as he said, "These are the times which try men's souls; the summer soldiers and sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shriek from the service of his country; but he that stands now deserves the thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet, we have the consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph."

In 1780, he headed a subscription for the benefit of the army, which became the foundation of the bank of North America. The war was over, New York in token of her regard for his services to the patriot cause presented him with an estate and five hundred pounds. He lived happy now, devoting his time and talents to the study of science, more especially to that of bridge-building. In order to obtain the opinion of the best French engineers in regard to his bridge he sailed for France in the spring of 1787.

During the first three years abroad he followed with intense interest the political thought and action of England and France. The revolution, as Burke saw it, was a revolt against persons, but to Paine it was an uprising based on an eternal principle. He was lionized by the party of Burke and Fox,

but his publication of the *Rights of Men,* in reply to Burke's *Reflections Upon the Revolution in France in* 1791 *and* 1792, soon brought him into odium. Notwithstanding the kind treatment of Burke and their friendly relations, Paine accused him of prejudice and blind partisanship. A copy of the *Rights of Man* was sent to Jefferson, at that time secretary of State. He read it with pleasure and in forwarding the copy to the printer as directed, he enclosed a private note expressing his satisfaction. The printer published this note in the preface of the book as a recommendation to it. Here was a book assailing the English constitution, dedicated to the president, and introduced by the secretary of state. Americans were indignant, but the mischief was done, and as a result was to cause a vast deal of party strife and Paine's failure to receive an appointment in the cabinet of the United States, which position he had previously been recommended to by Jefferson, Madison, and Randolph. Paine waited for a reply from Burke, but it never came. He was prosecuted by the English government for his attack on the constitution and sentenced to serve a term for outlawry. But to play the martyr was not repugnant to him, as he was forcing the government to cross the pathway of liberty.

Having been released, Paine returned to France where the national assembly conferred the title of citizen on him. He was elected deputy to the French convention, but his party soon fell and he was cast into prison. He made an appeal to the American minister, Morris, but Morris regarded Paine as an impudent and dangerous man whose imprisonment was a blessing to society. The next American minister, James Monroe, succeeded in having him released, but this was much against the will of Washington. Because of the position which Washington took, Paine published a letter against him which today remains a monument of grief and shame. He accuses Washington of malice and treachery, belittles his success, abases his actions, and of being in intrigue with the English people.

In 1794, having been released from prison, he was again

unanimously restored to his position in the convention. Paine's books were making him a powerful force in France and his persecution made him beloved by the people. He advocated measures of reform and demanded a new constitution based on the rights of the people and enforced by their representatives. He argued for the life of the king against Roberpierre, who said, "The death penalty of the king was not a question of ethics or even politics, but a political necessity." Humane as appeared to be his motives, the part which Paine played in this episode was dubious. For as a member of the French government he was at the same time in secret communication with William Pitt.

As Paine grew older he became very careless and corrupt in his manners and morals. His services were gratefully remembered by all of the countries in which he played so conspicuous a part as a revolutionist, but his *Age of Reason* had cost him the esteem and confidence of all religious communities. As a writer Paine was forceful and original, but his attack against the Bible was ignorant and unscholarly. It was these attacks which made him more famous, or infamous we might say, than anything else. He was a Deist; nature was his Bible; science its interpreter; and he at all times stood for a natural religion. He claimed that the Bible was an invention of priestcraft and if examined by science the whole fabric would be disintegrated. He respected Christ as a man; denied the rêvelation of the Scriptures; and held Christianity responsible for all crimes committed in its name. He treated the miracles with contempt, and was always blind to the moral grandeur of the prophets and the true spirit of the gospels.

In conclusion, what can we say of Paine as a man? What did he accomplish? Let us not be too harsh in our criticism of him. Wherever there was a revolution, we are sure to find him. Franklin once said, "Where there is liberty there is my country," but we notice quite a difference in the words of Paine, "Where liberty is not there is mine." It mattered not to Paine where he was; he was fighting the power of oppression, let that be in England, France, or America. We must

admit, though, that he was no statesman, he had no training whatever and was totally incapable of seeing a great question in but one light. His observation of men and action was keen; his mind was logical and scientific, and with all of these there was joined an abundant sympathy for the people. But in the time of necessity there availed him but little.

Paine possessed many noble virtues; his love for humanity, his hatred to cruelty, war, slavery, oppression and injustice of any sort. Let us not forget that he was one of the builders of our nation, fighting at all times for those rights and principles which he believed to be right. All that he did, he did not do wisely, but he did it bravely. And though he was not an attractive person, as we look at him in society, yet he was among the real and greatest revolutionists of the world.

He returned to America in 1803 to spend his last days in sadness and grief amidst his disappointments and failures. He sought to renew his friendship with Jefferson, but in vain. He was now reviled by his enemies and denounced most bitterly by those friends who had tried to remain faithful to him. His troubles grew and multiplied; he was abused by the press; and refused permission to vote for Jefferson as president, a great injustice to receive in the country he had done so much to make. Finally he died in New York June 8, 1809, and was buried in New Rochelle. His body was removed to England in 1819, and in 1839 a monument was erected to him in New Rochelle.

J. K. Davis, '10.

Uncle Will's Love Story

"So you are really thinking seriously of getting married, Wentworth. Aren't you rather young to take such a step?"

"Yes, Uncle Will, I'm young now, but we are going to wait two or three years yet. I believe I'm the happiest fellow in the world. You know, Uncle Will, I have often mondered why a good looking, clever chap like you has always been so indifferent to the fair sex. I can't understand it myself. Have you ever thought about getting married?"

"Yes, Wentworth, when I was your age I was just as much in love as you are. I was just as happy and full of hope."

"Why in the deuce did you change so?"

"It's a long tale and not altogether the happiest story you ever heard. Not many people know about my old love affair. Somehow I have always kept it to myself."

"Why can't you tell me, Uncle Will, you know I'll sympathize with you. A man in love sympathizes with anybody that is, has been, or ever will be in the same fix."

"When I finished college, our grandfather was very proud of me. I was his oldest son. He gave me a trip abroad. I was to travel all over Europe and visit those places that young men generally do on such trips. When I reached Paris I was charmed. I couldn't pull myself away from the life and gaiety. I knew the consul and his family and through them I had gotten into the best society. Finally I made up my mind to leave. The night before I intended to leave the next morning, there was a big ball at the American embassy. I came very near declining my invitation as my baggage was all packed for my deuarture. Like all the functions given by the Americans in Paris, it was one of the most elaborate of the season. All society Paris was there. I went with the consul and his family. There was also in our party a young fellow who was introduced as M. Charbonelle, a special friend of the consul. I liked the young fellow immensely from the time I met him. He was tall and athletic, with very genial manners.

"The first part of the evening positively dragged, although I had never seen such a gorgeous display. I realized for the first time that I was really tired of Paris. I was just thinking how much I would enjoy getting home again when I saw Charbonelle approaching me with one of the most striking looking women I had seen that evening. She was tall for a woman, with very light hair and the clearest blue eyes I have ever looked into. She carried herself like a queen. It was evident that they were approaching me, so I met the couple.

"'Monsieur Carrington, Madamoiselle Avis Vincent.'

"I shall never forget my sensation when I kissed her hand. My whole soul seemed to be awakened. I muttered some words about the success of the occasion.

" 'Yet monsieur hasn't enjoyed himself; I have been noticing you all the evening.'

"The idea of her having noticed me!

" 'Well, madamoiselle, honor me with a dance,' I managed to say.

" 'Certaintly, monsieur; delighted.'

"Wentworth, I have never seen or danced with a woman who could dance like her. For the rest of the evening I monopolized her, and she seemed as willing as I was.

"At last, when the ball was breaking up, I realized that for the first time in my life I was madly in love. I asked her if I might call.

" 'But monsieur is leaving for America tomorrow, is he not?'

" 'No, I have changed my plans; I believe I'll spend another month in the city.'

"She gave me her address, and I obtained permission to call.

"As soon next morning as I possibly could I went to hunt up madamoiselle's address. I found the place in a respectable but anywhere but fashionable quarter of the city. I soon learned that my friend's apartments were on the third floor. I was asked in by a very aristocratic looking woman, to whom I came very near introducing myself, for I was sure that she was Madam Vincent. However, before I could do so, she informed me that I was expected, and that 'my lady' would be down immediately.

"In her morning dress of pale lilac madamoiselle was more beautiful than she had been the evening before. I spent the entire morning with her.

"When I got back to my hotel I found Charbonelle waiting for me.

" 'Ah, Carrington, paying respects so soon! I'm not surprised, old man, for you made no secret of your admiration when you met her last night. Mlle. Vincent is certainly a

handsome, attractive woman. She has all Paris at her feet on the few occasions that she goes out.'

" 'Few occasions! I thought she was one of the society women,' I remarked.

" 'No, she goes out very seldom. She lives all alone, you know, with her maid, Janette. Her parents are dead, and she has no near relatives.'

" 'Strange indeed. Yes, I saw her maid this morning.'

"Charbonelle spent the rest of the day with me. In fact, after this we became the best of friends. He was especially interested in my love affair, and lover-like, I always told him everything.

"One night about three weeks after I had met Avis I told her how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife. I never shall forget her answer.

" 'Will (it was the first time she had called me by my first name), God alone knows how much I love you. You could never love me as I love you. I am a woman that worships when she loves. I loved you the first time I ever met you. But I can never marry you. You must leave Paris and forget me. Don't ask why. I never intend to marry. That is the only reason I can give you for my refusal.'

"I was delighted. To know that she loved me, even if she had refused to be my wife, satisfied for the present. I felt that she would soon give in to my appeals if I had her love. Somehow she was very sad and nervous when I left her that night. When I got home I told Charbonelle what had passed.

" 'Well, old man, you are lucky to have such a woman love you. Of course, she will give in on the marrying question. Just a little time, you know. Mlle. Vincent is a mysterious woman. By the way, that reminds me. I read such a curious article today on The Mysterious Woman. Among other interesting things, the article went on to say that in the case of a mysterious woman, nine times out of ten the problem could be solved by examining her wardrobe. It struck me as very strange. Think of examining the wardrobe of some of these Paris women! I surely do wish you luck, old man.'

"One afternoon not long after this conversation I went to

see Avis. Janette told me that 'my lady' was out, but that she expected her return at any minute. As I went into the sitting-room I noticed through the open door between the sitting-room and bordoir that one side of Avis' wardrobe was open. I could see rows of evening gowns, and somehow my former conversation with Charbonelle about women's clothes flashed through my mind. Unconsciously I went into the room and took a look at the dresses in the side of the wardrobe that was ajar. Then I opened the other side, and much to my astonishment, this side seemed to contain her fancy ball costumes. One costume particularly impressed me. It was a young Russian peasant's costume. 'Strange that my lady should have a man's costume here,' I muttered to myself, 'but I suppose I'm so much in love that I'm jealous even of a man's suit.'

"I went back into the sitting-room and waited for some time. At last I was compelled to leave to keep an engagement with Charbonelli at the cafe.

"He was waiting for me, and inquired why I was late. I told him that I had been waiting for Avis, and that while waiting, recalling our conversation about women's dresses in connection with their characters, I had examined her wardrobe. I told him the circumstances, and finally about the man's costume arousing my jealousy.

" 'Well, you certainly have got it bad, Carrington. But I agree with you that a Russian peasant's costume is a rather peculiar masquerade dress.'

"After we had lunched, Charbonelle pleaded another engagement and left me. I spent the afternoon writing a letter to my father—the first one I had written since I met Avis. Just about dark I came down into the hotel lobby. I noticed that there was more than usual excitement, and I wondered what was the matter. It seemed that the cause of the excitement was in the *Evening Gazette*. I purchased a paper. On the front page, in large letters, my eyes fell on headlines that almost stopped my heart beating. How they have been burned into my soul!

" 'Mlle. Avis Vincent, the beautiful society queen of Paris,

is a Russian countess who murdered Count Ivanoskwi in St. Petersburg two years ago. Accidentally discovered by M. Charbonelle through her lover, a young American.'

"Then the paper related in a most thrilling manner the facts of the case.

"It seemed, Wentworth, that two years before while Count Ivanoskwi on a special holiday occasion was riding through St. Petersburg, a bomb had been thrown into his carriage. The Count was killed and since the bomb came from the midst of the crowd who were nearly all anarchists, it was impossible to find out who threw it. The Russian detectives tried in vain to catch the guilty one. The whole case was a mystery. Generally, when such a deed was committed the guilty anarchist seemed proud of himself and did not attempt to escape punishment. The case attracted the attention of a Mr. Hunt, a very eminent detective of Scotland Yards. The gentleman went to St. Petersburg to privately investigate the mystery.

"Shortly after Count Ivanoskwi's death, Baroness Schwiski and her daughter, both of whom had fallen into disfavor at court left St. Pëtersburg to take up their residence somewhere else in Europe, and nobody knew where they were. Mr. Hunt became very much interested in the countess and her daughter's disappearance and thought he would try to trace them. With some difficulty he traced them to Paris, where, much to his surprise, he found them living under assumed names, and the mother acting the part of her daughter's maid. His suspicions were very much aroused. Why should they change their names and live under such peculiar circumstances? He did not know exactly what to think, nevertheless he decided to remain in Paris a while as Monsieur Charbonelle and become acquainted with the daughter. His subsequent meeting with me was entirely accidental as was my introduction to Mlle. Vincent. However, when he saw how infatuated I became with her and how confidential I was with him, he decided it would be a good plan to act through me. According to the detective's account, when I told him about what I had found in Mlle. Vincent's wardrobe he was as sur-

prised as I was. He firmly believed that she and her mother were connected with Count Ivanoskwi's death but he thought they had acted through some others. Perhaps they had hired an anarchist to do the deed. The unexpected information made him form a bold plan. He went to Madamoiselle, accused her of the crime and then told her about her disguise. This was a dangerous plan but he risked it the same afternoon we had our conversation in the cafe.

"Avis, taken by surprise, broke down and told all. She said the thought of what she had done worried her so that, in spite of the fact that no one would have suspected her if she had remained in St. Petersburg, she had to leave Russia. She and her mother imagined that living as they did in Paris, both would be entirely free from suspicion. She said she had killed the count because it was through him that they had undeservedly fallen into disfavor at court. She had no brother to avenge the wrong, so she took it upon herself, disguised in peasant's clothes. She had kept the clothes, never suspecting that any one would see them.

"I shall not dwell on the shock that all this gave me. You can well imagine what my feelings were to find out that the only woman I ever loved was a murderess and that my friend had used me for his own ends. I spent six months traveling in Europe trying to collect myself. I never read any more of the sensational accounts about her. Fortunately my name was never mentioned. I was always the Paris Lover. I still cherish Avis's memory. I always recall her as she appeared the night I met her—the queenly beautiful woman. I am thankful I never saw her after her confession. I'm sure she loved me and I'm also sure that she wanted me to remember her as she was when I first saw and loved her."

"Well, Uncle Will, I never knew you had such a secret. It just shows we never know the history of people's past lives. That story of yours would make a pretty plot for a novel. If I ever become a writer I am going to work it up. I don't blame you now for never marrying. If I should lose Margaret, I know—but, of course, there can be nothing like that. I'm not in Paris and besides I know all about her. We have been brought up together."

Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association

OFFICERS.—E. R. Spence, President, Erskine College; M. L. Kester, Vice-President, Newberry College; L. T. Rhoades, Recording Secretary, Furman University; Robt. E. Gonzales, Corresponding Secretary, University of South Carolina; T. H. Rainsford, Treasurer, South Carolina Military Academy; James H. Glenn, Sealed Marks, Wofford College.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—G. W. Keitt, Clemson College; Tom Hill, Wofford College; J. R. Quisenberry, Furman University; H. B. Hare, Newberry College; M. R. Plaxico, Erskine College; J. F. Muldrow, South Carolina Military Academy; J. S. Gregor, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; John I. Cosgrove, Charleston College; Halcott B. Thomas, University of South Carolina.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECT.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

The Association is composed of the following college membership: Erskine College, Newberry College, Furman University, South Carolina Military Academy, University of South Carolina, Wofford College, Charleston College, Clemson College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and such other institution as shall be admitted by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, alter-

nating annually in the order of colleges as named.

SEC. 2. All officers of the Association and the Executive Committee shall be elected by the Convention after being nominated by a Committee consisting of one member from each college, appointed by the President, and the nominee receiving the most votes shall be declared elected.

SEC. 3. The President of the Association, on his retirement from office, and exprisemen shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

SEC. 4. The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

SEC. 5. If any office in the Association shall become vacant the Literary Societies of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have the power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

SEC. 2. The Vice-President shall be the active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and shall cast the deciding vote in case of a tie. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. Ia shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee on or before February 20th.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented, and shall keep and file th eproceedings of the annual Convention, and copies of all orations delivered in the annual contest, with the name and grade of the orator.

He shall also notify each college of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership. He shall also send a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of Committee on Decision, Section A, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

SEC. 5. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall notify all the colleges, at least forty days before the contest, of all fees due, receive and receipt for the same.

SEC. 6. The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from Committee, Section A; shall not open them except in the presence of Committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two committees.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each college, shall be elected by the Convention, as provided in Article IV, Section 2, and shall assemble in meeting at call of the Vice-President.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association The committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

SEC. 3. The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall appoint each year at its meeting a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the Palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

SECTION 1. Six Persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of Section A of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of Committee, Section A, shall be selected from

South Carolina. No member of the Committee on Decision, Section B, shall have had during three years previous to the contest any connection, either directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution.

SEC. 2. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and he shall make known his selection at the meeting of the Executive Committee. This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following point: *Originality, Though* and *Rherotic,* giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared with the first.

SEC. 3. Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at its annual meetings, as provided for in Article V, Section 2. This committee section shall grade on *delivery.* All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred, as in Section A.

SEC. 4. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President at least twenty-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

SEC. 5. The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the Committee, Section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors or the orations nor the institution represented shall be known by any member of Committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to furnish each member of

Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

SEC. 6. At the close of the contest the Secretary of Sealed Marks and the Committee, Section B, shall retire and make a final average. At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

SEC. 7. The orator whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire, and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The Chairman of Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association no oration shall contain more than two thousand words, and it shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an under-graduate at the time of his selection and at time of contest. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary three typewritten copies of his

oration at least thirty days previous to the contest, and one copy to the Recording Secretary.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

SECTION 1. Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of twenty dollars ($20), and all traveling expenses, etc., of the representatives of the convention and the speakers shall be borne by the Association. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

SEC. 2. Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association there shall be awarded two prizes; as first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

SECTION 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee and the officers of the Association.

SEC. 2. The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All officers of the Association and committeemen present shall attend the meetings of the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offenders to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote on any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to

pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

SECTION 1. The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee. Each contestant's place, name and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

SEC. 2. A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals, or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

SEC. 3. The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Iter-State Oratorical Association, and his necessary traveling expenses shall be paid by the Association.

ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issue of their magazines the constitution of the Association, together with a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XVI.—AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages not provided for by this constitution shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVII.—AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.

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Crawford A. Easterling, Editor-in-Chief

To Seniors

Four years ago when the men of the present Senior class first made their entrance into the life of Wofford the year nineteen hundred and nine seemed to them as far distant and as vague and as indefinite a dreamed-of time, lying enshrouded in the dim mists of the future, as the total eclipse of the sun in the twentieth century seemed imperceptible in measure of years to the ancients who listened to the discourses of Socrates. As we dreamed of "'09" then time seemed to move almost as slow as did the train that took us home for our first Christmas holidays. But now, as we stand almost on the verge of the threshhold over which we shall soon pass from the grand old days of college to make our debut into the circles of real life beyond we find ourselves pausing to say, "Oh! how like a kaleidoscope is time!"

The air castles we built yesterday, Seniors, formed on their bases of mighty resolutions, towered high among the clouds, and our purposes then were like bands of steel. Have our castles fallen? Were their foundations weak? Seniors, the time has come for purpose to be converted into action; for resolutions to be moulded into realities. Shall we ask—Will the Hamlet of yesterday be the Henry the Fourth of tomorrow?

"Unity" has ever been out motto. We have in our ranks today almost exactly half of the number who began the march with us—a record which very few classes have held. And as the time draws near for that union of fellowship which has ever been so characteristic of our number to be forever broken, may each of us take that which has ever been our watchword, and making it the motto of our lives, may they be marked for their unity of purpose.

Lastly, Seniors, as we turn ourselves for the last dash on the home-stretch, has every one a purpose to take with him over into the life of future years? If not, find it now. Let us every one be ready when the time shall come to enter life with a determined purpose in mind to be accomplished. Of course the air-castles and dreams with which we entered college life belong to other days now, and for many of us our intentions have changed, but still the future has much in store for us. Where and how to find it, we must let the hand of chance guide us, but with every opportunity heeded and no effort spared, may there be no moaning at the bar when we put out to *see*.

Graciousness in a College Man

There is no trait more to be admired in anybody than graciousness. It is a virtue, and one of the major virtues. And in no one is it more becoming than in the college man. It constitutes the gentleman. There are many men who are faithful, honest, able, and who yet fail to secure the results of these admirable traits because they are not gentlemen.

Graciousness is the one condition out of which the individual graces grow and blossom. It is the appreciation of the

other man at his full worth, and even at more than his full worth. It is putting the other man in place of one's self—not only the Golden Rule, but even more; not only loving one's neighbor as oneself, but a little more; and it is treating him with an honesty and a favoritism higher than you would demand of yourself for yourself. The trait is well embodied in the phrase, "After you, sir."

Graciousness is as far from fawning as the east is from the west. The latter is born of the desire to secure certain favors from a superior. It is essentially base and mean. The former is founded upon the genuine belief that the person to whom one is gracious has a right to receive a favor. To show how far apart the two are, we might say that fawning is asking favors. Madame de Maintinon, the favorite of Louis XIV's court, said that she ascribed her popularity to two things: first, she never took a liberty; second, she never asked a favor, although she was ever ready to grant one herself.

Every event in a career is joined to every other. Each event is significant, and sometimes exceedingly so. A single event may prove whether one is a gentleman. Often we college students are apt to forget this fact and think that success or failure in our condition determines success or failure throughout life. The price paid for present success is often very dear. One should learn the lesson of waiting. A famous college professor once said: "It is much to learn to labor; it is also much to learn to wait; it is more and most to learn both to labor and to wait."

Graciousness does not neglect to pay respect to those to whom respect is due. It is our duty to respect our professors profoundly and to conduct ourselves as though we really do respect them. Our professors are our benefactors, and expression of thanks to a benefactor is the part of a gentleman. Silence is certainly not golden in this case. Respect is also due our parents, who are sending us to college. We never realize what an opportunity they are giving us until we get out in life. The college man can never love and respect his parents too much. With all his heart, he can never love them as much as they love him.

Graciousness will lead the college man into the priceless mood and habit which is known as good fellowship. To call a fellow a "good fellow" is the highest compliment that can be paid him.

Mr. Mark Hanna was asked to make a speech at a college anniversary. Mr. Hanna inquired: "Why do you want me to come to a college meeting? I am no scholar."

"For three reasons," was the reply, "First, because you are a member of the United States Senate from Ohio, and therefore can represent the general government; second, because you were formerly a student in this college; and third, because you are a good fellow."

"That third I like," said Mr. Hanna.

Very naturally, one may ask what do you consider a good fellow. It is much more easy to tell what he is not. He is not a prig or snob or dude. He is not always a genius by any means, or the best dressed boy in college. He is not ashamed to speak or walk with any of his fellow students. He has a smile and a cheerful word for every fellow when you see him, even if it is raining. The good fellow puts himself in your place and understands and feels with you. He smiles in your laughter and is sorrowful in your tears. In short, after a talk of half an hour, this fellow isn't hard to recognize.

Then sense of companionship in college is at once the root out of which grows a large sense of humanity. The men who do most for men are first and foremost simply *human.* The man whom humanity admire is human. Life is measured by the variety and intensity of its relationships. Our lives must be varied and intense, vital and variable. We ought to let all that interests humanity interest us, and we should believe that things on the whole tend toward goodness. Let us trust, with Tennyson,

"That somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

Editorialetts

The machinery of college life has again begun to hum over the campus after a rest of ten days, during which time the students made the wheels of pleasure hum a fast two-step all over our State. The accompaniment to the latter was no doubt best rendered by the jingle of "papa's coin." But it is with a prayer of thankfulness that we return to our labors and find that the hand of providence has guided us through all the rounds of gaiety and pleasure without misfortune or serious accident.

—

We would like to ask some of the newspaper reporters who persist in printing fictitious stories about college students to kindly take a scrubbing brush and a cake of sapolio and rub the impression from their over-inventive minds that college students care to figure in tales that create sensations. Several stories have appeared lately of a very exaggerated and over-drawn nature with a tendency toward reflection on the character and conduct of student bodies. Our opinion of a reporter who, rather than exert himself to procure material to fill his space, will deliberately manufacture tales of such a nature, is that he has his "head-light" turned toward the slaughter-pens of Kentucky, and unless he does some needed repair work on his "brakes," for him there's going to be a case of "slip, slide, break-bones."

—

The shock of earth-quake waves is often felt many miles away from the place of occurrence and at times very forcibly. I wonder, though, if it were possible for the recent earthquake in Italy to effect the readings of the electric light metres in Spartanburg. The examples of illustrious fathers are seldom followed but at present it seems as if we will have to be aided in untying the knots in our text-books by the light of "light-wood knots."

On account of the Christmas holidays our Journal is unusually late in coming from the press this month but we hope to be able to get it out by the twelfth of the month from now on. And we want to ask all our contributors to try and get their work in by the twenty-eighth of the preceding month. Let everybody be ready for the February issue.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

Slanderous

Tuesday evening, December 22, was as you will recall, a damp, unpleasant evening. Most of the boys were in their rooms studying for next day's examinations, or packing their valises so as to be able to catch an early train for home next day; some of them might have been seen down street buying Christmas presents for their friends; some drifted into the opera house to vie wthe performance of a stock company; others were spending their last evening in town before the holidyas with their girl friends; and still others, as is their wont, were loafing about the depot watching the incoming and outgoing tides of humanity and to see whatever might turn up.

The latter may have intended to give Prof. Spencer and his bride a happy send-off, with showers of rice adn the like, as they left on the 8 o'clock train for the South on their bridal trip.

What more surprising then, than to see in the next morning's paper, on the front page, with a broad head-line, the following article on the affair:

BRIDAL PARTY GIVES BOYS THE "SLIP."

An exciting ride in a big touring automobile over rough country, after a drenching rain and through troughs of deep mud which at times proved almost impassible, saved from abduction yesterday evening Professor M. L. Spencer, instructor in English at Wofford College, who was married at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon to Miss Lois Hill, of this city.

Before reaching the waiting automobile, which had been drawn up, under guard, secretly at the rear of the residence, friends of the couple had an exciting scuffle with Wofford students and other friends who quickly assembled and attempted to prevent Prof. and Mrs. Spencer from entering the

car. Ladies used their umbrellas with telling effect, while men forgot the mud and their dress suits and entered heartily into the fray.

As soon as the couple and a friend had entered the car, it was whirled away amid a shower of mud from the revolving wheels, and was out of sight before the other car, drawn up in front of the house, and intended for use on the trip to the depot at 8 o'clock, could be brought around for the chase.

THE PLOT.

Students of Wofford were said to be the chief backers of the abduction prank, and these had prepared to do their work thoroughly and to prevent Professor Spencer from taking a wedding tour at the hour planned. It seems that a plot had been formed to abduct the groom as the bridal party drove to the union station to take the Columbia and Asheville train south at 8:10 o'clock. The bridal party was to leave the house at 7:45, and those concerned in the plot had automobiles in waiting to overtake the bridal party and forcibly take the groom to unknown parts until too late to catch the train. The friends of the groom learned of this plot and formed a counter plot to defeat the intentions of those intending to interfere with the couple's plans. On eof the fastest and best automobiles in town was secured and placed at the corner of Magnolia and Cleveland streets back of the residence of Dr. Waller. At 7:30, a trusted friend was secured who broke the padlocks and opened the tall back gate, another put out the lights in the back of the house, the signal was given at 7:30 sharp and the couple quickly started out of the back door and gate which had been opened for them and was carried to the waiting automobile and hurried away at high speed.

The assembled crowd quickly caught on the ruse and loath to give up the anticipated fun, ran out the front and around the house to try to catch the escaping couple, but every precaution had been taken and they met a guard at the side walk which held them back until the "chug," "chug," of the automobile around the block told them the big car was safely speeding away. The crowd thinking the party had gone to the depot hurried there, but not finding them they concluded

they had gone to the Junction to board the train and when the train rolled in they swarmed over it in search of the bridal couple. Failing to find them a number ot on expecting to intercept them where they might meet the train at East Spartanburg or White Stone, but this had been prepared for and a man was on each platform to see that the couple got safely aboard. When the train stopped at East Spartanburg, Prof. and Mrs. Spencer got on the baggage car and rode there until after the train started and then went to the Pullman. Their friends returned to the city in the automobile they had used, while the crowd who had followed was lef to get back to the city as best they could.

The above article unfortunately got into the Associated Press and was published in nearly every paper in the State. It does the students of Wofford a gross injustice, as such a schoolboy prank never entered their minds, and we feel that in justice to them it should be denied. The piece quoted was looked upon as a sort of joke by everyone, and, as we thought, a half-humorous and playful story, used more to fill up space than anything else; but when it was taken up by other papers, it began to take a serious turn, and such a charge is utterly false as far as Wofford students are concerned.

Chair of Modern Languages

Wofford is very fortunate indeed in securing Dr. Caldwell to succeed Dr. Cooke as professor of modern languages. Dr. Caldwell is a graduate of a college in Ohio, and received his A. M. and Ph. D. degrees from Harvard. He taught for some years at Tuft's College in New England, and then traveled and studied in Europe for a number of years. Later he was elected instructor at Harvard, which position he has occupied for four years. Dr. Caldwell comes to us with the highest recommendations, and his only reason for leaving Harvard is because he wants to come South and get a position where there is some better chance of promotion. He will take up his new duties February 1st.

Meantime Dr. Snyder and Prof. Rembert are teaching French and German, and Prof. Spencer has taken charge of the Psychology class.

Play Ball

That's just what Wofford will have to do if she hopes to win the games Manager Breeden has scheduled for this season. Here is what we have to go up against this year:

March 21—Riverside Military Academy, at Spartanburg.
April 6—Clinton, at Spartanburg.
April 9—Erskine, at Spartanburg.
March 31—Riverside Military Academy, at Spartanburg.
April 22—Clemson, at Spartanburg.
April 23—University of South Carolina, at Spartanburg.
May 2—Wofford, at Furman.
May 4—Wofford, at Clemson.
May 5—Wofford, at Erskine.
May 6—Wofford, at Clinton.
May 7—Wofford, at Newberry.

These are some of the games that have been arranged, and there may be some changes and some additional games added to the above schedule.

We play Furman, Clemson, and the University of South Carolina here during the May Festival and every one of these games ought to be well attended, as the rivalry between Wofford and these colleges is keen, and they are usually pretty evenly matched. There has been some talk of the Spartanburg League team having a series of games scheduled here for the May Festival, and if they do it will hurt our attendance, in all likelihood, though, the Spartanburg team will play somewhere else. If they use our park again they could not afford to conflict with us, but they may play out at the fair grounds this year.

Of last year's team we have back again: Ellerbe, captain and short-stop; Raysor, center-field; Walker, left-field; and Black, first-base. These stand a good chance of holding their old positions, but no telling what sort of material may de-

velop, and no man is certain until the team has been picked. Ellerbe had to drop out of college awhile on account of sickness, but he is back again, and if he will maintain his reputation of last year, he will be second to none in the State. Raysor and Walker are well able to take care of their positions, and no fear need be felt for the out-field. Black played his first season last year and was a bit given to errors, but he will be better with a year's experience back of him.

Then as to the pitching staff, Bull and Wannamaker showed up well in the class games last fall. Hydrick as catcher, Goolsby at second, and Felkel on third, might make good. Of course all of this is mere guesswork, as the season is too far in advance for anything definite. The Fitting School and Freshman class ought to give us several good men.

Prof. Bressler, as coach, will develop a snappy team if there is any baseball material in college. He is himself a ball player of some reputation, and judging from his managing capacity as shown in the Glee Club, he will not go at it in a half-handed manner. As the situation appears now, there is no reason why we shouldn't have a winning team this year, and if every fellow will get to work it will be done.

With the Musicians

Among the prospective engagements of the Glee Club might be mentioned Greer, Spartanburg, Limestone, Rock Hill, Greenwood, Chicora College, Columbia College, and a number of other places. Now, don't you wish you had made Glee Club this year? The club is getting in some hard practice these days, and hopes to give its first entertainment about the last of January. The programme is exceptionally good this year. Some selections are difficult for amateurs, as "Anchored," but the club has mastered it; others have a reminiscent, thoughtful, strain about them as, "Tenting on the Old Campground;" still others have the humorous touch in the ascendency as shown in some of the medleys.

The quartet, consisting of Hamer, Hicks, Bressler, and Curry, is going to give you a good surprise when you hear it.

"Poor Little Lamb," "Way Down South," and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," are examples of their selections.

Ask Mace Crum to sing "Come, Let Us Went" for you, and you simply must hear the rest of the programme. The business manager, France, has had a picture of the club put on post cards, and the postoffice department may have to put on extra help to handle the outgoing mail, as every member of the club is sending them to everybody he knows. Altogether the variety and wide range of the selections will be sure to please an average audience.

New Library

Work on the new library will begin at once, and the contract calls for its completion by the first of June. Hertzog and Co. have the contract for building it. Only the main room of the library will be built at present, which will consist of a reading room and one or two offices. In the basement will be placed stacks for holding books, and the arrangement and equipment will be modern throughout. It will be built upon an elevation of about three feet, and will cost about $25,000 when completed. This does not include books, but only the building and furnishings. The library now has over 15,00 volumes, and when they are put in their new home, it will be a source of pride to Wofford.

?—!—?—!—?

O, Converse maid with all your charms,
Your dimpled hands and rounded arms;
Whence came your form and face so fair?
And where'd you get that shock of hair?

Whence those lips and cheeks so red,
As if with some vile stuff o'erspread?
Now answer, please, my pretty maid,
What part in these has nature played?

—H., '10.

CAMPUS NOTES

Dr. and Mrs. Cooke left just before the holidays for their new home at Pasedena, Cal. They are very much missed by their friends in Spartanburg, and Wofford students wish them great success and happiness in their new home.

Prof. and Mrs. Spencer now occupy the cottage that Dr. Cooke vacated, and are at home to their friends. We are glad to welcome them to their home among us, and wish for them a long life, filled with much happiness.

Most of the boys are back at work with renewed energy after having spent the holidays at home. Yet there are always some that, for various reasons, do not come back. Most of those that drop out are members of the Sophomore of Freshman classes, and the sifting process goes on thus throughout the four years of a college course.

Hicks happened upon an odd experience the other day. He met train No. 38 at the depot and went in to see a girl friend who was passing through. When the train pulled out he started to get off and found that the door had been locked! No. 38 only stops at county seat, so he had to go to Gaffney before he could get off. And what if he had been "busted?"

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

The Trinity Archive is one of the most evenly balanced periodicals we have received this month. "The Making Good of Peter" is a good story interestingly told. It has an excellent plot which is naturally developed. "Hans Before the Gate of Heaven" is an interesting translation from the German of Helene Boechel. The translation *we suppose* is faithful—we confess just here that we know about as much German as a large adult hedgehog. The poem entitled "Country Life" strikes our fancy. We believe with the author that

> "God made sumthin' 'bout the country
> Thet jest beats the grandest town."

"Only A Tramp" is pathetic. It was only a tramp's life which was ground out beneath the wheels of the train, but he was a man made in the image of his God. "The Work of Daniel Coit Gilman" is a faithful account of the accomplishment of that great educator. "The Famous Saturday Club" is another essay which is well worth the reading.

The December issue of *The Criterion* is an excellent number. The easy, natural style of "The Flirt" is restful. "Two Christmases" has a good plot, but it is not well worked out. There is not that inevitable sequence of detail which makes or mars a story. "Just a Story; Not Worth a Name" is best described by the latter half of the title. The one essay is good. The poem entitled "Mother's Secret," is unique. "Evening" is also good. The metre fits the theme. "The Singer" interprets poetically a fundamental truth. The worth of any one to the world is measured by his sincerity. The only test to which Thomas Carlisle subjects any man was the question: "Is he sincere?"

We are convicted by the exchange editor of *The Criterion*

of the terrible crimes of saying "Essays is" and using a period where polite usage required an interrogation point! We would fain make what excuse we may for the "essays is." The sentence in which it occurred, if we remember correctly, ran this way: "The essays—or rather the essay—is," etc. We thought, honestly we did, that a verb always agreed with its nearest subject. We have not even this semblance of an excuse for the period; but we will make what atonement we can at this late hour—???????—these interrogation points were selected with great care from an especially nice lot just received. We take pleasure in presenting them to the exchange editor of *The Criterion.*

The sight of a "Mixed Metaphor" must be decidedly unpleasant to one so critically observant as the exchange editor of *The Criterion.* Now this same exchange editor calls us "a tripod which seems to have lost two of its legs and to be dancing about on only one—and that one limber." We submit that a tripod, being only a three-legged stool, cannot dance when *all* its legs are in good condition, while to see one which has lost two of them "tripping the light fantastic toe" on the remaining one would be a sight not to be believed. We hasten on to the metaphorical grand climax. Here we are a "red-hot, rapid-firing turret," throwing all kinds of projectiles. We humbly suggest that a "turret" is not a gun, but a place on a ship where guns are kept. But even if it is a new engine of destruction, we make bold to enquire what kind of powder or other explosive is used to load a "red-hot" one. The exchange editor's metaphors are so thoroughly mingled that the change they have undergone is almost a chemical one—instead of being *mixed* metaphors, they are almost metaphorical *compounds.*

The University of Virginia Magazine is the best exchange we have received. Who would dare to say less than this? Is it not the literary exponent of a real, live university; and as such must it not be more mature than its collegiate sisters? Yea, verily, we acknowledge that it is

the boss dog of the boneyard, the high cock-o-lorum of the walk, the majestical, high muck-de-muck of the festival—when the lordly sun shines, let moon and star hide themselves. Now do not get excited. We are perfectly aware that the last sentences are not good English, and will not pass current as such, but they will serve to "point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The first poem in the issue is a delightful little gem entitled, "The Brothers o' Men." It consists of just three stanzas in which the brethren mentioned in the title are having a miserable time—"No matter what you believe." The next poem is, "The Sons of Cain," from the general tenor of which we infer that the sons, while they cannot complain of the length of their pedigree, yet are not particularly proud of it on their father's side. Two prim, extremely correct "Vignettes in Ebony" complete the poetry. The first story is "Cypri's Bowl." The author makes a superhuman effort to imitate Henry James or some other of those writers of mysterious books. He succeeds pretty well, too; for his mystery is certainly mysterious. The only thing we learned for certain was that Cypri's "Bowl" was not a gravy bowl. "The Black Panther" is the *tale* not the *tail* of a very ugly tempered beast. We turn now to the essays. "The Felicity of Milton's Last Years" is an account, as the title shows, of the last years of John Milton, a poet of some note who lived during a considerable part of the seventeenth century. His "Felicity" was only broken by the cruelty of his daughters, the suppressio nof his political ideas, and his total blindness. For lack of space we leave unnoticed the remaining essays.

The oracle has spoken. A prophet has raised his voice and cried aloud in the wilderness of college journalism. Let us all pay diligent heed unto him, that he may profit us. By which we mean to say that the august exchange editor of *The University of Virginia Magazine* has given his views on the difference between college periodicals and those issued by universities. In the outset Mr. Exchange Editor makes the humble statement that his views may or may not be of benefit to his readers. What a remarkable concession, coming from

such an awe-inspiring source! The first point of difference, stripped of all superfluous trimmings, is that university magazines are vastly more mature than those of colleges. He explains this fact not by declaring that university men are older than college men, but—if he explains it all—by simply saying that the work of a university man is more mature because he is a university man—it is a kind of *ex officio* matureness; you see the idea? The second difference lies in the choice and treatment of plots. Mr. Exchange Editor seems to think that a college man allows his plot to master him, while a university man masters his plot, spanking it into obedience if it rebels. The third point is a difference in essays. Here our observer declares that the college man gets his material second hand, while the university man becomes a Diogenes with a new, patented, bulls-eye lantern who discovers things for himself. Just here the observations end.

The December number of *The Erskinian* is a very creditable one. "Signs of Winter" is a beautiful little poem. Its technique is perfect; and the author shows a nice appreciation of nature. The essay are good without exception; but "The South of Tomorrow" pleases us most. Its optimism is invigorating. The stories do not measure up to the essays and poems. The author of "It Pays to Advertise," however, has a keen insight into Feminine Psychology. In the editorial entitled, "College Men Our Hope" the editor makes the remarkable statement that "Much of the wisdom garnered and classified by past ages is accessible only to those who have been trained in a college or university." We do not believe this. No knowledge that the world has acquired is denied the man who wills to learn it. If he can go to college all well and good; if he cannot, why, all well and good also—if he is determined to learn he will do it, and it does not matter a six pence whether he learns in a college or a barn.

We bow our head in humble submission to the dignified rebuke administered by the Dr. Samuel Johnson now occupying the position of exchange editor of *The Erskinian.* But, my dear Dr., even your serene literary highness will not contend

that *skyey* is a common, everyday word. We never questioned but that it could be found in Mr. N. Webster's well known and ponderous volume entitled "An Unabridged Dictionary," etc.—mostly etc. Nor do we deny that some of our poets used it. We simply avowed, Dr. S. J., that the author of "These Children About the Streets" had made, invented, constructed, or discovered a very remarkable word. We find now that he discovered it, very much as those scientific chaps discover an Egyptian mummy. And Dr., you will pardon us for suggesting that *skyey* is like a mummy in that it is rather dry and musty from long non-use.

To the charge of slang we plead guilty with brazen affrontery. We go further—we done it a purpose. But don't let a little thing like that get on your nerves, Dr. Johnson; you ain't heard no slang yet. We got it to burn, and we use it some. If there are any gents in the audience who object to slang they will please jine the bird gang, git further or light a rag; for to paraphrase a couplet from *The Virginian,*

> "We are a slang user from Bitter Creek,
> And it's our night to howl."

The above is an imperfect example of what we can do in the slang line. Pshaw! Get off your *skyey* perch, Dr. Samuel, and let's have some fun.

The next magazine to which we turn is *The Wesleyan.* We do not know what to say about it. To be perfectly frank, the exchange editor of *The Wofford Journal* is scarce of adjectives. The fact is that the contents of one college periodical is so very similar to the contents of every other college periodical that it is a difficult matter to find different adjectives to apply to each one. We will say this, however. We were reading the story in *The Wesleyan* entitled, The Girl of the Mistletoe," when the college bell called us to a recitation, and we were so interested that we did not hear it. Only the presence of mind of a friend saved us from a "zero." "The World's Greatest Delineator of Character"—deserved better treatment than the author gave him. Old Man Shakespeare

was a tolerably well known old gentleman and wrote some pretty good pieces; but one would not think so from reading the essay with the above title. "Christmas at Oakleigh" is a story which rambles so much that when one has finished reading it he feels as if he had been o'possum hunting. The poetry of the issue is variable. "The Christmas Song" pleases us. There is something about it which appeals to us. "Autumn Leaves" is a "fall" poem. When the muse seizes a person in autumn—my! how the couplets creak.

CLIPPINGS

Lives of flunkers all remind us,
We can throw a Huff as far,
And departing leave behind us,
Goose eggs on the registrar. —Ex.

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started out in life I had to walk."

"You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I started in life I couldn't even walk."—Ex.

If Eve had been as afraid of snakes,
As women are of mice;
We wouldn't have had to pull up stakes,
And move from Paradise. —Ex.

A kiss is the meetings of two souls, but when a third soul —on the foot of the girl's father—mixes in, it is more of a collision.—Ex.

Summer

They stood beneath a spreading tree
And talked as lovers should;
And then to seal the compact, he
Cut "Mabel" on the wood.

Autumn

Now back to town they both have strayed
One day they chanced to meet;
And then and there that self-same maid,
Cut "Charlie" on the street. —Ex.

Sing a song of football,
Don't it make you smile?
Two and twenty players
Struggling in a pile;
When the pile is opened,
Hear those awful groans;
Boys begin to creep out,
Looking for their bones.
Sections there of noses,
Patches here of hair,
But they made a touchdown,
And little do they care. —Ex.

"It takes a baby mos' two years to learn to talk," says Uncle Eben, "and den it takes de res' of its lifetime to learn to keep from talking too much."—Ex.

He writeth best who stealeth best,
Ideas both great and small;
For the great soul who wrote them first,
From nature stole them all.—Ex.

A Proposition

"Johnnie, I will give you a quarter if you can get me a lock of your sisters hair."

"Gimme four bits and I'll get you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it nights."—Ex.

To kiss the Miss you ought to kiss,
Is not to kiss a Miss amiss;

But to kiss the Miss you ought to miss
And miss the Miss you ought to kiss,
Is to kiss a Miss amiss. —Ex.

What's in a Name

I know a man whose face is long,
He never laughs or sings a song—
His name is Hope.

I know a man so grim and cross,
For happiness he's at a loss—
His name is Smiles.

I know a man who couldn't tell,
What year it was that Carthage fell—
His name is Wise.

I know a man who mops his brow,
And says, "Good Lord, it's sizzling now"—
His name is Snow.

I know a man who's always blue,
No matter what he tries to do—
His name is Brown.

I know a man who vows that he
Will never, never, happy be—
His name is Bliss.

I know a man who's very high,
And people praise him passing by—
His name is Lowe.

I know a man who drags his feet,
And seems too blooming tired to eat—
His name is Swift. —Ex.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

A Call for Men

If there ever was in the history of the world a need for men it is today. With our twentieth century civiilization has come new difficulties and the forces of evil are gathering fast. It is a sad time for the young man who looks out on life today and finds nothing that challenges the best and highest that is in him. There is surely something wrong with the man who feels that the world can get on without him and that his place in life is one of ease and comfort.

If he finds there is nothing in his homeland big enough to interest him, let him take a glance at that half of the world in heathendom. That great part of the people of this earth who have never heard the name of Jesus Christ. That great multitude of human souls who, born under less fortunate stars than we, have never heard the story of the "Babe of Bethlehem." Is there nothing in a fact like this which would make the heart of a man who wanted to d osomething in the world beat faster? Is the problem not great enough and the task grand enough to demand the highest intellect and genius of any young American? Just think that on an average, every second day and night in heathen lands one immortal soul passes into eternity without knowing that Christ came into the world and died for men. The task is a great one and God is calling young college men all over this country of ours to carry to these people what they need. There is no doubt about it, it is a man's job. It is not for the man who is looking for a "snap" in life, nor for the one who is afraid of the giants, but for the man who has the spark of the hero in him and a big heart and is willing to go down in the depths of heathendom and lift up a fallen brother.

Not only in the missionary enterprise are men needed with stout hearts but in every activity of life. The world has a place for the man who is ready to put his shoulder to the

wheel and with an unselfish heart and willing hand go down and minister to that great part of the world's population who are struggling in darkness and under difficulties which they cannot master.

And further, we do not have to wait until we get out in life to fill this pressing need. Men are needed on the college campus who have the proper estimate of honor and integrity and the courage to uphold the right though their less scrupulous fellow students may oppose. The college wants men who would rather lose the game than win it unfair. For, after all, it is the man who knows how to take defeat, anyone can take victory.

So we see that the college man of today stands in the 'midst of great opportunities. And as he looks out upon the broad world and hears the many calls for his services he should not turn a deaf ear and seek a place of ease, but, with a heroic heart, go down and offer his life as a sacrifice to the great world and humanity which calls so urgently.

College Men in Municipal Politics

In the January number of the Inter-Collegian is an article which should be very interesting to college men. The author, Mr. Robert S. Binkerd, secretary of the Citizens' Union, of New York city, is a man who is thoroughly acquainted with the moral and immoral side of modern politics. In this article on college men and municipal politics the author strikes very forcibly at the root of the matter of cheap and unscrupulous politicians. One interesting point in his discussion is the contract between the treatment of a rascal in a college community and one out in the world. It is a fact that a boy entering college is soon "sized up" by his fellow students and if he does not come up to the standard the stamp of disapproval is put upon him. This process is carried on unconsciously and the unworthy man is soon put in his proper place and the social life of the college holds him to the bargain which he accepts. This is not true in the political world. Society has not reached that point where they will not tolerate

a corrupt man. A hard fight is being made for clean politics and it is up to the college men to throw their influence on that side.

Y. M. C. A. Library

A canvas has been made through the student-body giving everyone an opportunity to subscribe a dollar to the Y. M. C. A. library. The canvasing committee have met with great success, and the books will be bought and put in the college library to themselves. This department of th elibrary will be of great benefit to the students as the latest and most up-to-date books on world wide religious movements and other standard religious literature will be purchased.

"Build thee more stately masions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

Alumni in South Carolina Conference

We take pleasure this month in giving as complete a list as possible of the alumni who have chosen the ministry as their field of work and who now have charges in South Carolina. About twenty per cent. of the members of the South Carolina Conference are graduates of Wofford. There is quite a number of alumni who are laboring for the cause of Christ in other States of the Union, and several have gone to foreign countries as missionaries.

Rev. J. W. Humbert, '59, is now superannuated.

Rev. A. J. Stafford, '59, is also superannuated.

Rev. S. A. Weber, '59, is supernumerary to Yorkville charge, Rock Hill district.

Rev. R. W. Barber, '71, is superannuated.

Rev. G. W. Walker, '69, is president of Paine College.

Rev. W. L. Wait, '71, is stationed at Lake City, Kingstree district.

Rev. W. E. Barre, '73, is superannuated.

Rev. J. E. Carlisle, '73, is presiding elder of Kingstree district.

Rev. W. S. Martin, '75, has charge at Richburg, Rock Hill district.

Rev. A. C. Walker, '75, has charge at Beaufort and Port Royal, Charleston district.

Rev. J. E. Rushton, '77, is stationed at Blenheim, Marion district.

Rev. J. M. Friday, '79, is in charge of Newberry circuit, Cokesbury district.

Rev. J. C. Chandler, '80, has charge at Summerville, Charleston district.

Rev. J. W. Kilgo, '81, is at Marion.

Rev. S. A. Nettles, '82, is editor of the Southern Christian Advocate.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle, '83, is presiding elder of Spartanburg district.

Rev. W. I. Herbert, '85, is presiding elder of Charleston district.

Rev. J. A. Campbell, '85, is supernumerary to Washington street church, Columbia.

Rev. P. F. Kilgo, '88, is presiding elder of Florence district.

Rev. J. M. Rogers, '88, is in charge of Laurel street church, Rock Hill.

Rev. E. P. Taylor, '88, is stationed at Jonesville, Spartanburg district.

Rev. W. H. Hodges, '89, is in charge of Duncan church, Georgetown.

Rev. W. A. Massebeau, '89, is in charge of Buncombe street church, Greenville.

Rev. T. C. Herbert, '90, is at Bamberg, Orangeburg district.

Rev. D. M. McLeod, '90, has charge at Chester, Rock Hill district.

Rev. A. J. Cauthen, '91, is presiding elder of Anderson district.

Rev. J. D. Crout, '91, is in charge of First church, Laurens.

Rev. J. D. Daniel, '91, has charge at Mullins, Marion district.

Rev. Peter Stokes, '91, is in charge of Trinity church, Charleston.

Rev. J. H. Thacker, '91, has charge at St. Matthews, Sumter district.

Rev. R. C. Boulware, '92, has charge at Wagener, Columbia district.

Rev. H. J. Cauthen, '92, is at Walterboro, Charleston district.

Rev. R. M. DuBose, '92, is at Gray Court, Greenville district.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, '92, is stationed at Clio, Marion district.

Rev. W. C. Kirkland, '93, is in charge at Dillon, Marion district. He is also Conference secretary of education.

Rev. Henry Stokes, '93, is in charge at Abbeville, Cokesbury district.

Rev. O. M. Abney, '93, has the Yorkville charge.

Rev. G. F. Kirby, '93, is stationed at Blacksburg, Spartanburg district.

Rev. M. L. Banks, '94, is in charge of Trinity church, Darlington.

Rev. W. T. Duncan, '94, is presiding elder of Sumter district.

Rev. E. S. Jones, '94, has charge at Summerton and St. Pauls, Kingstree district.

Rev. W. J. Snyder, '94, is in charge of West End church, Anderson.

Rev. P. B. Wells, '94, is in charge of St. Johns, Anderson.

Rev. A. V. Harbin, '94, is at Orrville, Anderson district.

Rev. G. C. Leonard, '95, has charge at McColl, Florence district.

Rev. F. H. Shuler, '95, has charge at Manning, Sumter district.

Rev. F. E. Dibble, '95, is stationed at Cokesbury.

Rev. A. E. Holler, '96, has charge of Chester circuit, Rock Hill district.

Rev. L. P. McGhee, '96, is in charge of St. Pauls, Orangeburg.

Rev. J. C. Roper, '96, is presiding elder of Cokesbury district.

Rev. R. S. Truesdale, '97, is in charge of Central church, Spartanburg.

Rev. J. P. Inabinet, '97, is stationed at Cottageville, Charleston district.

Rev. J. R. T. Major, '98, is in charge of Darlington circuit.

Rev. J. R. Walker, '98, is at Traveler's Rest, Greenville district.

Rev. W. M. Owings, '98, is stationed at North Rock Hill.

Rev. L. E. Wiggins, '00, is stationed at Norway, Orangeburg district.

Rev. Marvin Auld, '01, is in charge of Hampton avenue church, Greenville.

Rev. D. D. Jones, '01, is at Enoree, Spartanburg district.

Rev. R. E. Sharpe, '02, is stationed at Heath Springs.

Rev. D. E. Camak, '03, is at Saludafi Cokesbury district.

Rev. W. P. Way, '03, is at Butler, Cokesbury district.

Rev. E. K. Hardin, '04, is missionary evangelist.

Rev. H. L. Powell, '07, is stationed at Inman.

Rev. W. H. Polk, '07, is stationed at Glendale.

Through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Jones, of Columbia, we have learned that Mr. H. W. Fair, is State Representative of the American Book Company with headquarters in Columbia. In our last issue, we stated that his occupation was unknown.

In the November issue, we stated that Miss Puella Littlejohn was assistant editor of the Southern Christian Advocate. We have since learned that she was only book-keeper.

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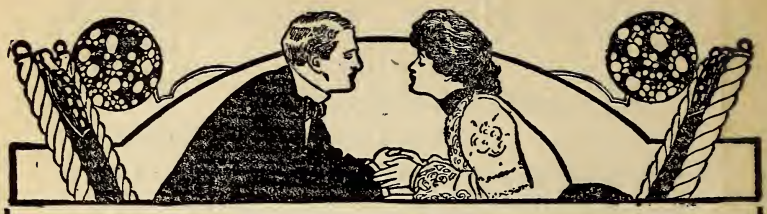

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

W. C. Curry, Literary Editor
E. B. Hammond, Assistant Literary Editor

If We Could Know

If we could know our brother's woes,
  The sorrow that he bears,—
The heart that aches, its ebbs and flows,
  His pain, and all his fears.

O, who would dare to chide him then,
  Or look at him askance;
O, who would dare to pass him by,
  With silent abhorence.

The man's the image of his God,
  What tho' his form be bent?
What tho' his cheeks are pale with care?
  What tho' his clothes be rent?

My God, I'd rather be a fool,
  And live my life alone,
Upon some old and desert heath,
  Far from my native home;

Than live with pride within my brain,
  With vision harsh and cold,
Without one bit of God's own love,
  To help my brother on.

H. L. Creech, '09.

"The Devil to Pay"

"Well, what's the matter with you this time?" asked John Harvey of his friend and classmate, Geo. Hastings. And added, "You look like you've been dead a week."

"Yes, and I feel about that way, too," said Hastings bitterly, "but you needn't be telling me about it. I think I've had about enough to make me look bad and feel that way, too. What do you think of it when a Senior is 'dead gone' on a girl and along comes a pestering Freshman and captures the prize. I wish I had that Fresh by the nape of his neck. I believe I could shake him in two."

"You surely don't mean that you and Amy Moore have been 'busted' by a third party—and he a Freshman," said Harvey sympathetically.

"You're guessing just about right."

"Well, who in the deuce is this Freshman?"

"Why, it's no other but that confounded Herbert Clayton—and she won't look at me since he came along."

"I think he's a right nice chap, Hastings."

"Oh, cut it out. I don't care what you think. I didn't ask for your opinion of him."

"Well, we won't fuss about our differences of opinions. But see here, we musn't let that Freshman beat you out of your girl. I'll think over the thing and I'll be over at your room tomorrow morning with some plan to dethrone him. You can look for me."

As Harvey went out he was doing some deep thinking. Ever since he had come from his home in Virginia to Cullen, this great northen College, he had been noted for his fine, loving disposition. He had taken up Hastings as a friend merely on account of his inability to take a joke. Hastings was one of these big mouthed fellows who had a very exaggerated opinion of himself, which had been shown much more since he had become a Senior. Or, as some expressed it, he was about to let his seniority walk away with him. On the other hand, young Clayton was one of Harvey's best friends, mostly

on account of his winning manners and his cheerfulness mixed with a free and jovial disposition.

Harvey saw here too good an opportunity for another joke on Hastings to let it pass. So the next morning early he was at his "friend's" room.

"Hello, Harvey, how are you this morning?" asked Hastings a little better humoredly than the previous day. "Have you got that thing planned out yet?"

"Yes, I think I've about got it figured out," answered Harvey ignoring his first question.

"That's good, let's have it.. Let me know how I'm going to put him out of the way. I'm anxious to get to work at it."

"I've about decided that the only way to settle it is for you all to fight it out."

"Fight it out!" gasped Hastings, suddenly turning white.

"Why, man, what do you mean? You know I can't fight that big Freshman."

"Oh, yes; I know that he is some the larger, but you are no baby yourself. But you all can fight it out with pistols."

"I-I-I don't m-much l-like the i-idea of that," stammered the frightened boy.

"Oh, of course I don't mean for you all to shoot up each other, you fool. I just simply mean for you to challenge Clayton to a duel. He won't accept. I know him. He's just a big bluffing coward. He'll refuse; and then you just tell what a coward he is and, of course the girl will get hold of it and it will be all up with him, for if there's anything a girl can't stand it is a coward. Everybody knows you are not scared of the old scratch himself."

"No, sir; I'm not scared. But do you reckon that thing will work?"

"Why, of course. It's a cinch. If he refuses at first you just push it on him. In other words run it into him. Challenge him this morning. I guess I'd better be going. Good luck to you."

Harvey then went in a roundabout way to Clayton's room, where he found both him and his roommate.

"Hello, fellows," he said upon entering. "How are you feeling?"

"Hello there, Harvey, what do you think about this?" Clayton said handing Harvey a piece of paper with something written on it.

Harvey took the paper and read:

"Mr. Herbert Clayton: I hereby challenge you to a duel to the death; time, place and weapons to suit yourself. Answer at once. "Geo. Hastings."

Harvey having read this, answered: "Why it's about you cutting him out of his girl." Then he explained everything to him, he had told Hastings, and told him to write at once and refuse. It resulted in the following note:

Mr. Geo. Hastings:

"Dear Sir: Your note has just been received. I see no possible reason for us to fight a duel. I have nothing against you personally and do not wish to kill you, and of course it is needless to say I do not wish you to kill me. I hope that you will therefore reconsider your challenge. Yours,

Herbert Clayton."

In a few moments the answer came:

"I will reconsider nothing. If you are no coward you will meet me as I wish."

Clayton answered:

"I will meet you this afternoon at 4 p. m., four miles out on the Hampton road. It will be with 38-calibre S. & W.'s, thirty paces. I choose as my second my roommate James Daly."

He received the following note:

"It will be as you say. I choose as my second my friend, John Harvey."

"He still has confidence in me I see. He thinks I'll stop the thing yet. He'll see," said Harvey when this last epistle had been read.

And then added: "But now to get down to business. Jim,

you go down to Kelsey's drug store and get some little paper capsules. You know what kind I mean. They are made of thin tissue paper. Then fill them with red ink and take out the balls and put in these intead, as they are about the size of 38 bullets. Put these into Clayton's pistols this afternoon and see what kind of an effect they will have on Hastings. I'll see that his pistol is loaded with blanks. We'll have some fun out of this thing yet."

"All right," answered Jim. "I'll see that it's fixed up all right."

Clayton, listening, looked well pleased with the scheme. He would like mighty well to get the best of Hastings, as he didn't like him any too well.

That afternoon at the set time the two duellists and their seconds met at the place designated.

Harvey went over to Daly and said with an assumed look of terror: "Look here, Daly we'll have to stop this thing. You know I haven't been able to get those balls out of the cartridges Hastings is going to use."

"Great goodness, and I have Clayton's pistol loaded with those paper and ink pellets. Doesn't seem that there'll be so much fun after all. We must stop this thing."

"I don't believe we can now. Have you any cartridges with lead bullets in them you could give Clayton. It won't be fair for one to shoot lead and the other ink."

"No, I haven't any but the spliced ones."

"Well, I'll tell you what we can do," said Harvey, "we can make Hastings believe that the challenged gets the first shot and tell Clayton to be sure to hit him in the face that shot. Then, perhaps we can form a compromise in some way."

"I expect that is about the best thing we can do. I'll see what Clayton says about it."

So Daly went over and told Clayton everything that Harvey had told him and asked him what he thought about it.

"I reckon what Harvey suggested is about the only way out of it. It's taking lots of chances, though," said Clayton.

"Hastings looks so scared and nervous I don't believe he'd ever hit me any way."

Hastings did look scared. His face was white as a sheet, his fingers shook violently and his teeth were seen to chatter a little every now and then.

"Well, it is time to begin ceremonies," said Harvey, as he finished stepping off the thirty paces. And, I believe Clayton gets first shot, as he is the challenged," he lied.

"I-I d-d-didn't kn-know th-that," mumbled Hastings.

"Why, of course," said Harvey.

"W-well if th-that's the r-r-rules I g-guess it'll ha-have to g-go th-that w-way," he stammered.

"All right now, when I count three you shoot. Clayton and you, Hastings, can shoot as quick after he does as you can."

Both were standing with their revolvers over their heads, their faces white and lips drawn tight.

"One—two—three!" said Harvey. But Hastings had not waited for the "three" but had fired at the call of two.

Immediately after his shot was heard simultaneously the groan of Clayton: "Great God, I'm killed!" and the moan of Hastings: "Great God, I've killed him," as Clayton dropped to the ground unconscious. Harvey looked and saw a bright red spot on Clayton's white shirt directly over his heart.

Immediately after his shot and shout Hastings' disappearing form was seen to vanish quickly through the thick undergrowth on the side of the road.

Harvey on a pretense of following him also disappeared in the underbrush but went quite a different way from Hastings. He knew how quick-tempered Clayton was. He also knew that when he found out how he had been duped and the paper and ink pellets had been put into Hasting's gun and how he had been fooled thereby, into thinking that he was killed, that there would "be the devil to pay," and that it would be better for him to lie low for a little.

He and Hastings turned up at the college, however, in a few days. Harvey was as meek as a kitten for some time, and

Hastings had much the look of a dog caught with his nose under the lid of the slop can.

It is needless to say that Miss Moore goes to church these Sunday evenings with her mother and father, except occasionally when Harvey goes with her.

Twin Souls

They told me that within this great, dark world
  One beautiful and spotless Soul
Was waiting, through the weary years, to blend
  With mine into a perfect whole.
In vain I sought her through the lonely days:
  From out the throng I could not choose;
But cried, "Whate'er becomes of those twin souls
  That, in the dark, each other lose?"

At last she heard me, from the twilight, call:
  Her presence brought me sunshine, flowers;
We trod life's pathway through eternal day
  Unmindful of the passing hours.
What need, 'midst splendor of a youthful world,
  'Midst colors of the richest hues,
To ask: "Whate'er becomes of those twin souls
  That, in the dark, each other lose?"

But all too quickly slipped my golden years!
  She's gone; I cannot know what way,
Can only wonder, if in lands unknown,
  We'll clasp again, in endless day.
But still, in doubt, comes ever cheering hope
  That, since my soul another woos,
I'll know, "Whate'er becomes of those twin souls
  That, in the dark, each other lose!"

W. Clyde Curry.

Camp Life on Tidewater, Virginia

The trip from Spartanburg to Norfolk was long and tiresome in the extreme, but after many delays and a stop-over for several hours in Danville, I reached my destination about dark the next afternoon. It had been very warm before I left home, and I had not taken any but the very lightest of summer clothes. Imagine my surprise, then, when I found that a cold wave had just arrived that afternoon with myself and, as the city is surrounded by water, I thought it the coldest weather I had ever felt; and it seemed as if I would freeze.

The place at which I was going to stop was eight miles from the court house. The railway having come to an end on the southside of Hampton Roads, it was necessary to cross over to the city proper in a ferryboat. How shocked I was on descending from the boat to know that, as the old negro said to his master about the goat he was slipping away, "Massa, dis here goat done et up de place where he's going." So I had lost the place where I was going. There I was in this shifting, surging mass of humanity, many miles away from home, night as it was, without knowing where I was going to sleep. I remembered the place was on the corner at the crossing of two streets—one of them I recalled but for my life I could never think of the other one. I enquired of the place, but I knew nothing definite and every person I met would tell something different. There I was. On and on till eleven o'clock I searched for the place, but to no avail. Just found out one thing, that I was eight miles from where I had begun.

At last, tired, saddened and homesick I took the car for the Y. M. C. A. building, and there I spent one of the most pleasant nights I have ever enjoyed anywhere. Too much cannot be said of this institution as a factor for good and comfort, especially in such cases as this one.

Next morning I arose very early, in time to see that beautiful and matchless sight, the sun rise, as it appeared silently and peacefully from behind the billowy waves across the far blue deep. As soon as breakfast was over I began at once the

search discontinued the night before. I alternated in riding on the car and walking till twelve o'clock, when very unexpectedly, but nevertheless with great joy and gladness, I met my cousin whom I had looked for all this time. It seemed that the burdens and trials of many years had been removed from me in a second of time.

My cousin was a contractor for excavating and grading on the railroad. His camp was situated eight miles from the center of town and four miles from the Jamestown Exposition grounds. It was my purpose to spend the summer with him in camp-life, to learn something of grading and at the same time see something of the Exposition. I began driving the next morning with the best team of mules on the grade, good fashion and in earnest. This reminded me of the days when on the farm, but as I had been in school for some time and not accustomed to work of this sort, I found it somewhat hard beneath the sultry and broiling sun of a summer day. I thought with all seriousness I would faint a dozen times or soon expire before the day was over. But I survived this great change of weather from cold to hot and am still left to tell the tale.

But the hardest time and the true test of a man was yet before me, that at meal time and how I should spend the nights. None, except those who have been on public work of this sort can imagine the ill-bred, dirty, indecent and vulgar class of men, which as a rule are employed on these jobs. Every one of the laborers, whites as well as negroes, were ignorant and illiterate, just having been to school enough to learn to read and write, and some even not quite so far. Sometimes it is said that college-boys are ungentlemanly and rude at the table—and having been a student for some time I grant that a few are—but a boarding house of college boys is a paradise compared with a railway camp.

Every day this work grew more pleasurable till it was a delight and enjoyment, as compared with the rough-house reception which awaited me on my return to camp at night. The men would get drunk, gamble, shoot, and get into many other

scrapes just as bad. Sometimes several of them in a drunken brawl of this sort would run everybody away from camp. It was shocking and terrible to see them carry on this way, but sometimes when not at their worst it was really amusing. My cousin and myself would take no stock in this rowdyism, but we could see that, while they took it good naturedly, all of them were determined to have their fun out of us.

There were just two of the crowd who would take up for us if things got too rough or unpleasant.

The second night after my arrival, while silently sleeping on my straw couch, I felt several of the men take hold of me. What were they going to do? Heaven only knew; I didn't! I tried to get loose, but I struggled in vain. They took me just behind the tent and let me down quietly into a pool of water about three feet deep. There I was in the dark and could not see how to get out of the water. Every minute I thought would be the last.

Many times I had seen the men lie down under their wagons when not busy and go to sleep. So one day I decided to do tht same thing. The wagon body was made of thin sheets of iron, at the end of which was a lever which if kicked would let the bottom drop out. One day I was fast asleep under my wagon when suddenly the bottom dropped out and dumped a whole load of mud and water on me. Getting up dirty as a pig from this mud hole, I looked around to see if anyone was looking at me, but nobody could be seen. But I saw a rope leading from the camp and to the lever on the wagon. When I walked into the camp everybody was quiet as could be and all began to sympathize and feel sorry and question me as to where I had been to get into such trouble. Just before going in I heard one of the fellows say: "He says he don't cuss, but I be blest if he ain't going to say some Sunday school words now." No, I certainly felt like saying a few, and I suspect I did say them inwardly, if not outwardly. There were too many against me though, to say or do a thing.

That was not the end, though, yet. Next morning when I rose, my clothes were sewed together in various and innumer-

able ways, every sleeve and pocket of my coat and trousers filled with hay, sand and feathers.

By and by the fourth of July came; and as the cook wished to go to the Exposition that day I was engaged to prepare the meals. And now it was my time at last to get even with them. I prepared dinner and supper for fifteen men, such in quality and delicacy as a cook of my long standing and established reputation could possibly put on the table. In the mean time, I had gone up town and inquired of a druggist of some medicine which could be put in the food of a person, while not to kill, but to make one temporarily deathly sick. He gave me calomel and ipecac in sufficient abundance to work on fifteen men, just in proportion as fifteen buckets of mud and water had acted on one man. All came in late that afternoon, tired and hungry, and all began eating at once, praising my good cooking and at the same time threatening to turn off the regular cook and giving me the job. Soon there were fifteen men lounging about, moaning, groaning and heaving like so many horses with the bling-staggers or pigs with bones in their throats. They got down on the ground and called on the good Lord to help them immediately if not sooner, ere Gabriel should blow his trumpet and it be too late. I was blamed for the whole trouble; but very soon all of them were well as ever. I had got even with them at last.

Next night they began to tell jokes and lies; the one telling the biggest was to receive a little puppy in recognition, of his ability in this particular line of endeavor. Such as they told were the biggest and most ridiculous stories I had ever heard. Time and time again I was called on, but I felt a hesitancy in competing with any of that crowd for the honor of owning that puppy. But at the last I could stand it no longer. It is said that a person must be very careful in talking to ignorant people concerning theoretic and scientific things; for this way of telling things would surely silence them for a while. The first thing I did was to calculate and work out by trigonometry as I called it that problem of Dr. Wallace's, how many angels could stand on the point of a needle for fifteen minutes. "Give

him the puppy," was the cry. Then I told them of how Prof. DuPre had taught me in physics that a fly bats his wings fifteen thousand times a second, that rate being very slow when compared with some other insects. Then I mentioned how in olden times physicists could draw fifteen to twenty thousand lines on a square inch, a small number, though, as compared with the fifty thousand which can be drawn now.

All hollowed out now, "For the Lord's sake give him the puppy to keep; we don't want it again." But I could not stop before working a physics problem which I had worked for Prof. DuPre. I nine ducks are on a pond, calculate how long it will take all of them to get in a row, the velocity the bullet would travel, and the distance one would stand away so that the bullet would go through eight ducks and lodge in the ninth duck.

"He's show coming now and that ain't no lie," was heard from every quarter.

Then I mentioned the great hole in the sun and how it was growing at the rate of fifty thousand square miles a year; told of the mountains, rivers, steamboats, trains, automobiles, and airships which were on the planets; that if a message had been sent to some of the far-away stars at the birth of Christ it would not have arrived there yet; tried to picture to them just how many atoms Dr. Waller would say there were in a pint of old reliable corn, of which they were so well acquainted. Of course, the discourse could not be complete without a masterful explanation and discussion of how long the world had been here and how man had evoluted from a monkey. Then the last number on the program was reciting Prof. Gamewell's famous ode from Horace:

> Maecenas atavis edite regibus
> Oet praesidium et dulce decus meum
> Sunt quos curriculo pulvuem Olympicum," etc.

There were some negroes present and when I began to say this, their eyes grew big as eggs, one said:

"Look here, men, you better let dat man alone; he's gwine

to hurt somebody." Every one insisted that I continue, but this was enough to win the puppy by a large majority.

Our camp was just a few hundred yards from the ocean, where we could fish, go crabbing or go bathing at any time. From time to time I would visit the Exposition and there take pleasure and recreation from my work by roaming over the immense grounds and seeing the extensive naval exhibit at anchor in Hampton Roads; and I went on board some of these ships and sailed over the spot where the Monitor and Merrimac had that fierce and decisive combat. I visited, too, the United States navy yard and the Newport News ship-building company's yards where so many of our great battleships are built. The cruiser North Carolina, now enroute to Panama with President-Elect Taft on board, was being constructed while I was there.

My work went on all right from day to day, and not as laborious now to me as when I first began. At one time on account of the work being closed down we did nothing for about three weeks. During this time we had splendid opportunity to see something of the Exposition, go fishing and in bathing. None of the men cared anything for the Exposition; all they thought of were the disreputable and indecent shows to be seen on the War Path.

In this tide water region no cotton is grown, only vegetables such as tomatoes, Irish and sweet potatoes, cabbage, beans and corn. Acres of these vegetables were to be seen in sight of our camp and the men visited these fields on more than one night to no little purpose and results. Some of them said their potatoes grew so large that it was necessary to take them to the saw mill to be sawed up, so they could be used. And there was no trouble in getting rid of the saw-dust as this was made into custards. One of them said, "If he wanted his potato roasted, he would sit on one end while the other was roasting." They said these tidewater swamps were alive with game, rabbits being in such great numbers that if a person had one rock he could go there and kill a dozen rabbits in a few minutes by using the rock more than once.

The men declared that travelers in multitudinous numbers and species were among the unwelcomed visitors in the camp; to sleep any at all it was necessary to have the Bible under the pillow and a broom under the bed; and even then sometimes they would roll them out on the ground. They told me of the myriads of mosquitoes there,—thousands of them weighing a pound,—and frogs in abundance, hundreds of them two feet high. One peculiar thing which they could not understand all were eager to tell me of. That this tidewater country seemed to have no bottom to the earth. Before I had come, these man had been hauling dirt in a hole in the road which was two feet deep and twelve by fifteen feet wide. That they had hauled five hundred and sixty loads of dirt, each load weighing about two tons; and still no impression had been made. They finally abandoned the project, thinking the dirt was going on through to old "Chiny."

That summer was hard in many respects; varied trials and tribulations which try men's souls were combated with, but many were the pleasures I had, aside from the profit and instruction which I had gained from the Exposition, and what I learned of railroad work and the character and lives of men on public works. The summer was over though, at last, and now that it was September and almost time for college to open again, I took the few days left for rest before beginning the new college year. J. K. D., '10.

A Page from a Freshman's Diary

Sept. 19, 189—. I awoke early this morning, but not as early as usual, for I missed that old familiar call:

"John, Oh, John! Get up and tend to the stock."

It seemed as if breakfast time never would come. It doesn't seem right for me to eat as late as half-past eight. The old Mess Hall doesn't feed us so good, either.

After breakfast we went to chapel. The President talked very kindly to us. After chapel we went down town to buy our books. Jimmie and I walked over town. When supper

came I thought I would like this place, but since then I have changed my mind.

After supper I was sitting in my room looking at my books when some boys passed the window and one of them said: "That is right Freshman, get to work; that is the way I got my start." I said, "It looks as if you got a mighty poor start." "Hush up," came back the reply, and you can bet this Freshman hushed up and is going to stay hushed. All over the campus we could hear such words as these: "Look out, Freshman, I'm coming," "Freshman, make yourself scarce." Such sayings as these made many a poor Freshman want to make himself scarce.

I believe agents must have been born and reared here. I believe as many as a dozen came in here tonight. Some wanted to sell second-hand books, and one went so far as to say he had a "pony" to Livy which he would like to sell some Freshman who is not well up on Latin. One wanted to sell fountain pens, "the best that is made." Another wanted to take orders for coal. Still another was an agent for a laundry. I surely am tired of agents. One fellow looked so cunning that I thought he must be a Sophomore spying out the Freshman. I asked him if he were not a Freshman's spy. "Do I look like it," he said. "Yes, and I believe you are," butted in Jemmie, "Well, young man, you might wait and find out later." We did find out later.

About half-past nine we heard a noise down at the next cottage, such as is heard at an old country break-down. Laughing, singing and dancing were going on. Jimmie proposed that we put out the light and get under the bed. I consented, but told him that they would find us. It seemed as if we stayed under there ages. I wanted them to come, I don't know what for, unless it was to get through with them. I don't see what we got under the bed for, for we knew they would find us. We ought to have gone out of the house, but as this is our Freshman year we are not expected to do everything correctly.

At last they came. They lit the lamp and looked in bed for

us. Then they began to search the room. One big, bully fellow said: 'Ha! ha! Fellows, come here and let me show you what I have found. Look at those little Freshies under there. I say unto thee, Freshmen, come forth." We were slow about coming and two fellows grabbed us by the legs and quickly brought us out. "What," said one fellow, "were you Freshmen doing under there? You should have been in bed sleeping? What would your mother say if she would catch you under the bed with your Sunday clothes on?" Jimmie and I were so frightened that we could not say a word. We were just trembling. There were half a dozen boys in the crowd who seemed to take an active part in our performance. The others were lookers-on. One boy told Jimmie to dance for them.

"I can't dance," Jimmie said in a pitiful way.

"Hush up, boy," one said, "don't you tell me a bow-legged fellow like you can't dance. Now get out there and knock it off, I will pat for you." When he called Jimmie bow-legged I could see the blood rushing to Jimmie's face.

"I ain't no more bow-legged than you are," cried Jimmie.

"I know it," said the boy, "for I am so bow-legged that I can't stop a hog in the ditch. Get busy, green Freshman, I say." Jimmie gave them the best that he could, but I can tell you that it was very, very poor. It was soon made certain that he had never taken dancing lessons. While he was trying to dance a boy tripped him up. Everybody just roared with laughter. "I don't see anything to laugh at," I said.

"What is that, Freshman?" said the leader. "You get out there and give us the back step."

"My parents don't allow me to dance, and I am not going to do it," I said.

"Turn him over," said the crowd. It seemed as if I was hit a thousand times in two seconds.

"Can you dance now?" asked one.

"I'll try if I am not too sore," I said. I got up on the floor and tried, but was so frightened that I could hardly move a

foot. I made such a poor dancer that they soon called me down.

"What is your name, you bow-legged Freshman?" some one asked Jimmie.

"If you mean me," said Jimmie, "it is—er—er—Jim—Jimmie Jones."

"What! a good name," said the leader. "It sounds as if it might have music about it. You may give us a solo by your lone self."

"I can't sing," whined Jimmie. "I can't even carry a tune."

"Don't mind about the tune," said one; "the tune wagon will be around Monday morning. What we want now is that solo, so young man, get up on that trunk and let us have the solo." Jimmie crawled up and tried to sing "Rock of Ages," but he broke down and tried again, with the same fate. At last he got through, but during the solo he got several licks with leather straps.

Then they asked me if I could sing. I told them that I could. I felt proud then for I knew that I would get to show off my musical ability. "Well," said one, "get up there on that trunk and whistle us "Home, Sweet Home." I started off but soon broke down. Again and again I tried but failed every time until the sixth time. Of course during all that time I was being warmed up considerably.

"Now, you young Freshes," said the leader, "put your foreheads together and then you with the bent legs sing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' and you," pointing to me, "Whistle 'Home, Sweet Home.'" You know that is hard to do, but a person doesn't know what he can do until he is made do it. We succeeded in getting through somehow, but I can't tell how.

"Why," one boy said, "those Freshies have done exceedingly well. We will try to get them to join our Glee Club." We felt flattered then but said nothing.

"Gentlemen," said the leader, "the performance is over with here, but before we go don't you think that we ought to make them kiss before we leave? They don't look as if they are

affectionate enough to each other to be room-mates." Of course, the crowd made their decision in favor of the affirmative.

"Well," continued the leader, "you musicians give each other an affectionate kiss." My blood almost boiled when I heard that and Jimmie's eyes looked as if they might pierce everyone in the crowd. We determined not to do it, but you know a resolve is not going far when it is not backed up by grit, and that is what we did not have that night. "Come on, Freshies," one boy said; "be in a hurry, for we have several more musicians, dancers, and kissers to call on before sunrise." Jimmie and I stood far apart and barely kissed each other. "What! you don't mean to say that is the way you kissed those little brown-eyed lassies you left at home? Get up there and do the right stunt," the leader said. Of course, we did as we were told. We went up to each other, and, like affectionate children, put our arms around each other and gave one good smack. The house trembled with the roar of laughter that followed.

"Well, Freshies," said the leader, "we are going now, but before we go I want to tell you that you are the stubbornest Freshies that we have met with on our trip. Now, we bid both of you adieu. Allow me to give both of you a kind invitation to come around to see us." "Thank you," said Jimmie. "Thank you," said I.

One said, "You're welcome, and I hope we will have the pleasure of calling on you again this week. I hope you will not be so stubborn then."

They then left us. How I wish I had never seen this place! I ought not to have been foolish enough to have come here. Oh! well, this won't last always and this time next year I can even things up. I will look forward now to that time.

Wi'oot a Wifey

It's vera weel throughout the day,
When ta'en up wi' work or play,
To think a man can live alway,
  Wi'oot a wifey.
But it's anither thing at nigth,
To sit alone by can'le bright,
Or gang to rest when sharp winds bite,
  Wi'oot a wifey.

It's vera weel when cleas are new,
To think they'll always last just soo,
And look as weel as they do noo,
  Wi'oot a wifey.
But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the wharl's a man to do
  Wi'oot a wifey!

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang thro' life, na fear,
  Wi'oot a wifey.
But clouds will come the skies athwart,
Lassies will marry, frien's maun part;
What then can cheer you rsadden'd heart?
  O dear wee wifey.

It's vera weel when young and hale,—
But when you're auld and crazed and frail,
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,
  You'll want a wifey.
But may-hap then the lassies dear
Will treat your offers with a sneer;
Because ye're cranky, grey, and sear,
  Ye'll get nae wifey.

It's vera weel through-oot the day,
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,

To think a man can live alway,
  Wi'oot a wifey.
Oh, haste ye, haste, ye silly loon;
Rise up and seek aboot the toon,
And get heav'n's *greatest earthly boon,*
  A wee bit wifey.

(To "G. P." S.)

"The Literature of Exposure"

As education has come to be the right of all and not the privilege of the few, there has been an enormous increase in the reading public in proportion to the population. It is to meet this demand that there has arisen throughout the country a host of newspapers and magazines. This class of persons of moderate education does not care for the old magazines that cost half a crown and contain matter as solid as that to be found in any book. Their education not being finished, their tastes run to the entertaining rather than to the profound. They demand the interesting, not the instructive. Whatever other quality their literature possesses, it must have that all-important requisite of being interesting.

Such persons carry into their reading a liking for the things that please them in everyday life. Just as they like one who brings them scandal on their neighbor who has been more successful than they or of a magistrate whom they do not want in office, so in their newspapers and magazines they read with the acutest pleasure of the exposure of the questionable conduct of Senator This and Multi-millionaire That. Hence arises that kind called the "literature of exposure."

The "muckraker," the name usually applied to the writer of such literature, is a rather new kind of person in the world of letters. In fact, more than others, he seems to have reduced literature to a trade and turns out his writings with the spirit of a man who is laboring in his occupation rather than of the great author who "wrote only what he thought would make the world better." When he turns out a piece of work he re-

gards it with the attitude of "A good job, that," rather than "I hope that will aid some one in arriving at Truth."

This mechanical method of working at his trade, as well as his ability to write what will take with the people, is a quality resulting from his training. A large proportion of these writers are, or have been, on newspapers where the thing in greatest demand—on which the life of the whole thing depends—is the ability to give the people what they want. The writer may concern himself with the real worth of what he is writing, but the prime requisite is to put whatever he writes in the manner that will make it most seasonable to the palates of his readers. And to the writer most successful in discerning and satisfying this demand come the largest rewards.

The shortcomings of such a writer are very apparent. His work will possess none of the moral elevation of a Carlyle or an Emerson, none of the keen analysis of a DeQuincey, none of the rythmical serenity of Ruskin. The work of the author is to create and interpret. This writer, however, has never before busied himself with such. His whole work hitherto has been to record, relating what he has to say in a reshuffled assortment of stock phrases, hastily summarizing a few facts and making a hit-or-miss deduction therefrom.

Such a writer deals with the things of the moment. He is not learned in the past and can see the present in no perspective. Indeed, his knowledge of the present is very superficial. But his work is useful as that of the recorder's always is. He does not analyze or explain. To him the facts are facts and nothing more. His work is of present interest—not of the kind that endures from generation to generation.

Such is the writer that is now reaching a high point of popularity through his contributions to the "literature of exposure."

A writer of this kind, who has more thought to the present effect his work will produce upon the reader than to the benefit his reader will derive therefrom, is not very apt to be scrupulous in regard to the accuracy of his statements. Indeed, such inaccuracy is notoriously the case. It may be asked,

"Why is this allowed? Why are such writers not punished?" The answer is easily found. How ridiculous it would seem for a man of millions to bring an action against an author for a paltry sum to salve his wounded feelings! In the first place it is extremely doubtful if he would be successful, and at any rate his very purpose in so doing would be defeated by the wide publicity that would be given such an attempt.

That there is a great deal of exaggeration—not to say deliberate mis-statement—in literature of his kind cannot be doubted. The need felt by the person who has something startling to say and who wishes to make it still more startling may be illustrated by a story told of a noted scientist whose popular writings on scientific subjects were the despair of his friends. "If I do not exaggerate," he replied, "the public will pay no attention to me." This is identically the attitude of the makers of the "literature of exposure" toward the gentle art of telling a bit more than the prosaic truth. Similarly such writers are not particular in qualifying their sweeping statements. The following extracts from a sensational article of recent years will illustrate the point.

"We have seen that the 'merger' with the Senate as its citadel, does the most, and most important, of this traitorous work in secrecy through a cunningly contrived system of committees, operated by chairmen who are staunch and skillful friends of 'the interests.' "

"Allison is one of the craftiest agents of the 'merged' Senate in betraying the people to 'the interests.' "

"Joseph Weldon Bailey is the chief spokesman of the Democratic branch of the 'merger.' "

"Aldrich is the chief servant of the money power in the Senate?"

"The open part of the treason if, of course, preceded by a debate to fool the people."

There may be some truth in what the writer of these lines says, but none save the most pessimistic of pessimists would think of asserting that the sole purpose of public debates of the Senate is "to fool the people." That there are some black

sheep in the Senate probably no one will deny, but that, taken as a whole, they are the hirelings of the corporate wealth none can maintain. Most people will prefer to say that there are certain to be some dishonest ones in any large body of men, and so with the Senate. Not so with the sensationalist. Some are bad—all are bad. O man has certain objectionable qualities—then he is vicious in every particular. The individual to him cannot possess good qualities which balance off the bad. He is either all good or all bad, a reformer of unimproachable character or a demon in human form.

From these critics whose writings reek with the rottenness of society it is refreshing to turn to another kind of author who is as far apart as the poles from the former. Where the muckraker resorts to passion he resorts to reason. Where the "muckraker" exaggerates he confines himself to the literal truth. Where the "muckraker" is pessimistic he is optimistic. He is not the man to say that business is a game of thieves where success is to the craftiest. He does not charge that the legislator makes laws at the dictation of the money power. He does not declare that the courts, instead of being places of universal justice, are the refuge of law-breaking wealth. His work is not to give his readers sensations of terror at the approaching decay of civilization. Such men can discuss serious matters without becoming hysterical. Criticism is not for its own sake. When such an one analyzes a subject it is not for the purpose of discovering a shocking bit of latent corruption, but for the purpose of getting the best way in which that evil may be eradicated. To him it is only natural that there should be some things the existence of which is of doubtful utility, but the mere fact that such things do exist is not an evidence that the whole fabric of present-day civilization is drawing near the time of its dissolution. He is never pessimistic nor excessively optimistic. Take this as an illustration:

"Every panic and every depression bring benefits. They may cost little, but there are benefits nevertheless, such as the weeding out of ill-managed or superfluous or unsound concerns, and especially the checking of reckless expense and the

discouragement of speculative methods. Extravagant living and the speculative atmosphere are likely to be fatal, if not to the generation that first indulges in them, then surely to the next generation."

How eminently sane! This writer is not seeking something with which to frighten the mob. This is for a purpose. He sees that present-day conditions are not all that are to be desired. He studies them as they are with the hope always before him that he may be able to remedy them. He is ever ready to lend his aid to the intent that higher standards may be evolved out of the present.

Here is precisely where the author of "exposure" fails. He has no definite purposes of helping toward the betterment of conditions. He was only a vague conception that the searchlight of publicity will prove a panacea for all ills. His work is rather an unskilled diagnosis of a disease for which he does not attempt to prescribe. He does not realize that the feeblest tonic is far more to be desired than the best of diagnoses without a beneficial prescription.

The benefactor who will aid the world of today in finding itself is not he who satisfies himself with depicting as demons those who form an undesirable element. It is rather he who will show the best way of removing the temptations productive of such an element. Let him devote himself to trying to set up higher standards on honesty on which so much must depend in the commercial era on which the world has enetred. The wise teacher knows that the best can never be gotten out of a pupil by scolding. Neither should he attempt to better public morals by holding up to the world's scorn those who have not lived up to the conventional standard of square dealing. His methods should be constructive rather than destructive. He should encourage the good rather than condemn the evil. What is needed today is the encouragement of the optimist, and not the surly mouthings of the social scavenger.

Poverty is No Sin

The round, full moon slowly rose from the blackness of the wood beyond. The silence was painful, almost making me believe that everyone had died during the day, leaving me on earth alone. It covered everything like a mantle—save for the regular beat of my feet upon the hard roadway.

Suddenly from the black shade of a clump of oaks on the roadside there emerged a man who halted me by saying politely:

"I'll take your wad, please, sir."

I was considerably surprised at the man's coolness and fenced for time.

"You seem to be in a strained financial condition, but I scarcely see how I can be of any service." I tried to speak lightly but I was conscious of suppressed excitement.

"That's all right, sir. I'll just take the change you have in your pockets. Poverty is no sin."

The man pulled his hat over his eyes and placing a stout "billy" against my breast to keep me from advancing, said in a clear, cold tone:

"Out with it."

I felt myself flush darkly with rage but I answered softly in a smooth tone:

"Move that stick!"

Then, my anger overwhelmed me and I fairly shouted, "Give it up, will you, hound?" and with a blow straight from the shoulder I hit the man square between his little beady eyes.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was a natural thing to be in love with Frances. Ever since she was a little girl running to school with tousled black locks flying loose in the winds, Frances had known a string of admirers. But even now at the age of twenty she thought no more of the masculine sex than that they were a lot of stupid cattle.

Frances was a brunette, tall and shapely, with a face more

oval than long, and eyes, beyond my power of description. The subject of her mouth, though very tempting, I decline to touch.

It was late. The fire had burned to a few ruddy coals in the grate and we had drawn our chairs close for warmth.

"Frances, I am leaving tomorrow as you may have heard, but I couldn't go without telling you good-bye."

"Yes, I know."

"I came tonight with my mind made up to tell you everything. I'll admit that I am a very simple sort of fellow with but one aim in life—and that's you. I love you, Frances. I know nothing but that you are the one I love and the woman I want. You have some feeling for me I am sure or you never would have allowed me to go this far. You're no coquette. You couldn't make sport of a man who has shown you so plainly that he loves you. Tell me if you regard me with any of the feeling I have for you. You must understand."

During my talk the girl had turned slightly from me, one beautiful hand resting on the arm of her chair. I sat still for a few minutes studying its perfections and then with all reverence leaned over to take it in mine.

* * * * * * * * * *

As I reached for her hand I felt the cold hardness of the roadway. I sat up instantly, surprised and bewildered. I felt in my pockets only to find them empty. The lump on my forehead showed how well the man had wielded his heavy club.

The round, full moon slowly sank below the western horizon and the chill of early dawn made me shiver as I staggered weakly down the roadway. John B., '10.

An Age of Concentration

Owing to the invention of new kinds of machinery toward the close of the eighteenth century the handicraft stage of production was brought to an end, being succeeded by the in-

dustrial stage. Before this time the producer engaged in business for himself. His need for tools was small; for skill, great. With the new inventions came a demand for money with which to purchase these new machines by which the power of the producer was increased many fold. Machinery was costly and in order to purchase it it was necessary for an individual to possess considerable wealth or for a body of men, each having some wealth, to co-operate.

Those who could command money thus stepped into the position of leadership. They turned their money into machinery. Those who, under old conditions, had been independent business men carrying on their affairs on their own account, now found their old occupations no longer profitable. Thus they were compelled to accept positions under those who could afford machinery. Previously they had been able to protect themselves since no one was superior to another except in so far as he had a superior degree of skill. But with the introduction of machinery this old equality faded and those who had not were compelled to surrender on the best terms that they could to those who had.

The old attitude toward business remained. As was previously thought, the public had no concern with the way in which a man conducted his affairs. The principle of *laissez-faire* was held sway. Particularly was this the case in America. Not only did the governments of the United States not attempt to hinder the growth of new industries, but lent hem ready assistance in the belief that such industrial organizations were beneficial to the people and would assist in opening the country to commerce. These organizations grew and prospered. Nowhere did they meet with strong opposition. States vied with one another in voting them land and financial assistance in their undertakings—in some cases, to their sorrow.

This good feeling, however, was not permanent. The railroads, then as now the leading branch in the new industrial growth, became too greedy. Favorites of the roads were granted rebates and special privileges. High rates, on the other hand, were charged to the common shipper. In the agri-

cultural States of the middle West the people rebelled against the greed of the railroads. They clamored for government control over the roads an in many States commissions were established for the purpose of controlling the affairs of these companies an dpreventing unfair discriminations against the many in favor of the few.

Following the Civil War came a period of great industrial growth. New industries sprang up everywhere. All over the country thousands of new organizations leaped into existence. The population drifted farther and farther toward the West. Mines opened up giving employment to thousands. Lumbering became a great industry. Manufacturs increased. The Western prairies became vast farms. Railroads stretched from ocean to ocean. In the thirty years following 1871 the mileage increased four-fold.

The golden organization came in the period between 1898 and 1900. One hundred and forty-nine companies were chartered having an aggregate capitalization of $3,000,000,000. The amount invested in industrial organizations on January 1, 1900, has been placed at $8,350,000.000

Before this, however, there had been a growing spirit of revolt against the old system of universal competition. In the railway world disastrous wars had been waged between competing lines which often ended in the wreck of one of the participants. Reckless competition had also brought about other evils as rebating and discriminating rates.

Shrewd and orderly men saw that such a system could be greatly remedied by bringing about a state of industrial peace. Such a condition of affairs would also mean greater profits to the companies themselves since they would not be put to it to outdo their rivals in getting business at the cost of lowering their rates. Hence arose a system of "pooling" in which the roads ceased their former attempts to outdo their competitors, since there no longer remained the necessity of getting business at any cost. Their individual earnings were turned into a common treasury from which each company received its proper share.

Not only was this so in the railway world, but in other lines of industry as well. Conservative men favored a combination whereby competition might be eliminated. Under the then existing system profits were small and the existence of many of the smaller companies were perilous. To remedy this state of affairs secret compacts were entered into for the curtailment of production and the raising of prices. Companies refusing to accede to the demands of the organization were considered as enemies and every possible method used to compass their extermination.

At this point the law stepped in. Such combinations in restraint of trade were declared illegal. But now another system came into vogue which, however, did not wholly supplant the secret combinations which continued in many places by escaping detection or without breaking the letter of the law. Now industrial leaders came together and made agreements for the union of their smaller companies into one mammoth organization.

Three methods were found whereby this might be accomplished. In some cases the leaders put their shares in different units in the same branch of industry together and then divided them so that a majority of the stock of these small companies should be held by members of the "ring." Another method was that of forming an entirely new company which bought outright the small organizations of those who constituted the new company. The third method is by the organization of a new corporation which issues stocks and bonds to be exchanged for the stocks and bonds of the individual companies who thereafter turn over to the corporation their earnings and have their officers selected by the dominant spirits of the new organization.

The effect that such a system of organizing will have is very apparent. In its first stage it will tend toward the concentration of industry. In the next it will, unless otherwise prevented, tend toward integration in industry.

The first tendency is shown by the fact that so many new organizations have sprung up during the past half century, yet

these have been consolidated in large numbers into others which have a capital many times their own. From 1850 to 1900 the number of manufacturing establishments in the United States increased only four times while their capital increased eighteen times. In the manufacture of agricultural implements the tendency is even more apparent. In 1860 there were in the United States 2,116 establishment; in 1900 there were only 715. But in the meantime the average capital had increased from $6,500 to $220,000.

The second stage, the tendency toward integration, is shown by the large number of companies in the same line that consolidated into gigantic corporations. In March, 1901, the United States Steel Corporation was formed of ten smaller companies with a capital of $1,400,000. The American Cotton Oil Company was made up of one hundred and twenty-three smaller concerns. Thirteen companies entered into the Otis Elevator Company which then controlled eighty-five per cent. of the manufacture. The American Linseed Oil Company owns eighty-five per cent. of all in the United States. The American Sugar Refining Company produces ninety per cent. of the amount produced in the country.

There is nothing that would lead one to think that this tendency toward consolidation of competitive companies into one great corporation is on the decline. On the other hands the formation of new corporations with the avowed purpose of taking over small companies and thus securing a monopoly of the industry seems only a thing of common occurrence.

What is to be the outcome of this? The trust magnates believe the monopoly form of business organization the most desirable since it is the most economical, and that being the most economical, it will become the prevailing form. The day will come, they say, when all branches of industry will be governed by a monopoly. Similar is the opinion of the socialist. But he does not maintain that such is for the best. To him it is only another reason for the belief that the government must ultimately assume the control of such branches of industry as they grow into monopolies. If monopolies take the

place of freely competitive small organizations the people will be little more than servants of the wealthy captains of industry. The distribution of production, under such circumstances, would be the most undesirable possible. On the other hand government ownership of all industries will likewise have its objections in that it will reduce industry to politics rather than elevate politics to business.

Which will it become, if present forces continue to act in the future as they have in the past and bring about results which seem to grow more and more likely every day—government ownership or integration of industry? This momentous question the future will have to decide.

Sunshine

Come, thou gentle sunshine,
  Thou the friend of beast and man.
Come and shed thy beams so precious
  O'er this cold and frozen land.

Come thou, lest we perish,
  Perish from this dreadful cold.
And not one of us be rescued.
  Lest the story go untold.

Dying, yes, we're dying.
  Hear thou not the mournful song,
That the winds to us are singing,
  As they madly rush along.

Can you yet refuse to hearken,
  Hearken to our dying wail?
No, we still believe you faithful
  Believe our prayer will yet prevail.

Blessed and lovely sunshine,
  Thou, the source of life on earth;
By thy beams each tiny blossom
  Is nurtured from its tender birth.

So, may we like tender plantlets,
  Claim thy strong protecting arm;
And like them be ever sheltered,
  Ever shielded from all harm.

Herbert Hucks, '11.

Through Paths of Scandal

"Tickets, please."

"Say, captain, do you think we will make Columbia in time to catch the 3:30 train for Chester?" queried Carl Wellington as the conductor punched his long holiday-rate ticket.

"I can't tell you, young man; we are three hours and a half late, but perhaps they will hold it."

"Your ticket, please ma'am!" The conductor passed on to the girl occupying the next seat. She dropped her magazine and reached her hand behind her to find her bag. It wasn't where she expected.

"Just a moment, please: it is in my bag," answered the girl with a few turns of hurried search around her seat."

"It is not here; I have lost it!" she gasped with a flush, as she looked at the blue-coated conductor who stood shaking his hands in haste to pass on to the other passengers.

"Oh! I guess you have dropped it among your baggage, Miss. I'll come back in a few minutes and you can hand it to me then," answered the courteous old conductor as he pushed his way down the crowded aisle, collecting tickets and answering the numerous question of the passengers.

Carl Wellington had passed the last half-hour under the pretense of reading the day's "State," but instead he had been looking over the top of the paper and watching the movements of the girl just behind, through the mirror in the front of the car. She wore a large black "Merry Widow" with a black, knotted veil neatly drawn about her striking face which appeared to be that of a brunette, shadowed by a large pompadour of deep black hair. The color of her eyes he couldn't determine but he rather anticipated them to be black also.

"Look's like she wouldn't be uninteresting to talk to," he mused to himself, "but I don't believe she's exactly the one who would care to amuse a chap whom she had never seen before, without the proper introduction." She seemed absorbed in her magazine and Carl decided that it would be unadvisable to attempt a feint at opening a conversation. The porter whom she had sent to the rear of the train to bring her suit-case returned. She opened it and searched it through for her hand-bag but failed to find it.

"My sakes alive!" she muttered, as she began to realize her situation.

Carl had been watching the proceedings with intense interest only waiting for the opportunity of offering his services. Hearing her exclamation of alarm he rose and quietly turning toward her asked in a sympathetic tone of voice, "May I assist you in looking for your bag?"

"O! thank you so much," she replied in a quavering tone, "but please let's do it as quietly as possible. I hate to attract attention, you know."

A close search of the seat failed to produce any bag and Carl suggested looking underneath it. Running his hand in his pocket he drew out a coin and dropped it on the floor. While recovering it he took ample time to assure himself that the bag was nowhere beneath the seat.

"You must have lost it," he uttered as he arose and brushed the dust from his trousers and coat sleeve.

"My gracious! If I have I am certainly in a fix," she exclaimed, her pretty face flushing with deep color. "My ticket and all my money were in it and I don't know what I'll do. I have never been able to ride on my face yet," she continued with a smile.

"Well, the railroad conductors are not like me, you see," replied Carl, "but I am going to ask you to do me the gracious favor of allowing me to be the conductor by proxy this time, and we'll try to break the truth of your statement."

"Oh! That's awfully nice of you, but I'm afraid the railroad wouldn't fancy the idea of employing such conductors."

"Have you found your ticket, ma'am?" asked the conductor with extended hand.

"No, captain, she has lost her bag and her ticket was in it, but take her fare from this," interrupted Carl, handing him a ten-dollar bill.

"What place, please?" asked the conductor and he tucked the bill in his purse, chuckling something to himself about a game young chap.

"Darlington, please, captain," she answered.

The conductor handed Carl the change and moved on down the car, while the girl picked up her muff and offered Carl the seat beside her.

"I hardly know how to thank you for your kindness and your generosity," she began; "you must give me your name and address so I can return the money to you as soon as I reach home. It's awfully nice and thoughtful of you to—"

Carl handed her his card,—Mr. Carl Wellington, Chester, S. C.,—and assuring her that he was only too glad to befriend her even though it were only a trifle, he asked if the bag contained anything of special value.

"Oh, no; there was nothing in it but my ticket, a little change, several little feminine articles, etc. College girls are generally dead broke when time comes to go home for Christmas, you know."

Carl was so taken in by the interesting manner of her conversation that he forgot to ask her name. They chatted along gaily until the train reached Columbia. There Carl assisted her on her train, bade her "Good-bye," with many wishes for a Merry Christmas—and all he knew was that she was a deucedly nice girl; that she was swell looking as the mischief; that she was a Senior at Converse, and that her home was in Darlington, and her name?—

"Well, Carl Wellington, you are the biggest bonehead in the whole skeleton yard," he scowled at himself, and hurried up into the depot to find out something about his train.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Hello, Central! 959, please!"

"Is that you, mother?"

"I have just gotten a telegram from Dardis saying she will be home tonight instead of tomorrow night, as we expected."

"Yes, so am I. Good-bye." Hanging up the receiver, Col. McMillan turned in his office chair just as a large, rather thick-set young man entered the door.

"Good evening. This is Col. McMillan, I believe?" said the stranger.

"Yes, that's my name," answered the colonel in a short business-like tone.

"Bruce is my name," continued the stranger in a strong, forcible manner.

"Have a seat, Mr. Bruce." The colonel wasn't in a good humor at all. The end of the year was at hand and he was much disappointed over the financial returns of the year's work. He was growing old and the great aim of his life had been to leave his one child—Dardis—a comfortable fortune.

"Colonel," began Bruce, "you have been recommended to me as one of the foremost business men of your city and I have come down today to show you a good proposition. One that will be a handsome investment for you and—"

"Ugh!" granted the colonel.

"I am the representative of the Seminole Insurance Company which is to be incorporated in a few days with Hon. John Markley as President, Ex-Gov. H. T. Wellington, Thomas Lowndes and others as directors."

"Yes, I saw an account of it a few days ago," interrupted Col. McMillan. "Saw the names of the officers. Ought to be a good company with such men to back it."

"You are right, Colonel. It's going to be the best insurance company in the South," rejoined Bruce, "warming up to his subject. "Now, Colonel, the object of this company is to be representative of the best interests of all the people of South Carolina. To make it so we think the stock should be divided among the leading citizens throughout the State. This stock, however, is quoted today a good deal above par but still we intend to carry out our intention of distributing it all over

the State," and the smooth Bruce continued his description of the proposition, pointing out the strong points which made it an admirable investment and impressing upon the colonel the fact that it would certainly be a splendid company, owing to the fact that such prominent citizens as Ex-Gov. Wellington and others were directors, etc.

"What's your stock worth, Mr. Bruce?" asked the colonel. "You say it's quoted above par, I believe."

"That's correct, Colonel, it's quoted above par but to carry out our original intention we are still selling at par. I have only fifty shares left and I suppose they will be the last to go. The time set to sell at par expires in a day or two and after then it will be thrown on the market at quoted value."

"That's a good proposition, Mr. Bruce, but I don't know—Come in."

"Mr. McMillan, is you seen a man name Bruce 'round here?"

"Yes, here he is—a telegram, Mr. Bruce."

"Mr. Geo. C. Bruce: Seminole stock quoted at 180. Sell no more after today. Signed, "John Markley, Pres."

After hearing Bruce read his telegram Col. McMillan decided that the stock would be a good investment for his idle money and he was very anxious to invest in profitable stock. So he and Bruce closed the deal for the remaining fifty shares.

Dardis came home that night and the first thing she told her mother and father was all about the embarrassing incident which happened on the train. She described the young man who had been so kind to her and her story brought forth words of warmest praise for the young chap from the colonel. Upon hearing his name the colonel told them about his investment of the day.

"Yes, Dardis, that chap is inherently a thorough-bred gentleman. I am quite sure he's the son of Ex-Gov. Henry Wellington and he's one of the finest men in the State."

Dardis admitted that he was a very attractive talker and seemed to be an unusually nice young man. The thought of the young man on the train played on Dardis's mind until she

was carried over into slumberland and somehow she found herself thinking him unusually attractive, certainly more so than any of her other young men friends. Next day she wrote him a very nice note enclosing the money for the railroad fare and casually mentioning that if he should ever happen in Darlington they would be glad to have him drop in to see them. Other than acknowledging to herself that Mr. Wellington was a very nice and pleasing young man Dardis cared little about him apparently, for she was peer to any in being extremely nice and attractive and charmingly indifferent.

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The orchestra struck up the enchanting strains of the "Merry Widow" and again it seemed to put new life into the dance. All the couples who were sitting out came on the floor and even the chaperones couldn't resist its tempting invitation. Grace Osborne felt the tremor that ran over Carl Wellington's whole being as he threw himself into the mood of the grand Parisian waltz.

"You know, Grace, my old heart feels like it wants to get up and dance, too, when I hear that 'Him-dead, she-glad' waltz."

Grace laughed and as they finished the dance, she proposed that they sit out the next one.

"I'm a little tired, Carl, and I want to talk to you a few minutes," said Grace, throwing him a very flattering smile.

They glided into the refreshment parlor and Carl ordered drinks. Somehow he liked Grace Osborne and he knew that he held preference in her favors but love her he could not. As he watched her sip her coca-cola he was saying to himself that he knew she was a swell girl and, "I know," he said in silent tones to the dimly reflected image in the dope glass, "God made that girl to make some man's life a seeming paradise, but somehow I don't believe he created her for Carl Wellington to love."

Another image flashed over his mind and carried his thoughts elsewhere for a moment. A half-fancy beckoned and in fancy his mind followed.

"Oh! Carl," began Grace placing her glass on the table, "we girls are giving a leap year dance Monday night and may I have the pleasure of Mr. Wellington's gracious company for my partner?"

Carl laughed at the mock irony of her tone and replied, "I'm awfully sorry, Grace, but I have to go to Darlington tomorrow to look after some insurance business and I won't be back in time I'm afraid."

"Well, I do say, Carl Wellington, I think it's a shame you have to be so busy you can't even take a Christmas holiday." The disappointment was noticeable in her tone. Some one came to claim the next dance with her and Carl went back to find his partner also.

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It was an unusually bright, warm morning for Christmas time and Carl Wellington's feelings were in accordance with the weather as he walked out of the hotel across toward the court house to look up the several business men he had to see. He drew his list from his pocket and began looking down it. The third item for Darlington was —Col. J. F. McMillan, 50 shares. The name of McMillan was a pleasant surprise and partly through curiosity and expectancy of possible association he decided to look up Col. McMillan first, and inquiring for his office, he went in that direction.

As he opened the office door he saw a stately looking, gray-haired old gentleman quietly enjoying his morning cigar. He turned toward the door and asked Carl in. Upon introducing himself Carl was immediately asked if he were the son of the ex-governor. He replied that he was, and after the business had been transacted the colonel turned to him with an inquisivtive look.

"By the way, Mr. Wellington, my daughter was telling me of a young man by your name who did her a very gentlemanly favor—a very gentlemanly favor on the train the other day.

Carl flushed a bit. "Beg your pardon, Col. McMillan, but I did have the pleasure of meeting a young lady whom I now presume to be your daughter," said he hastily.

"Well, young man, allow me to thank you for your kindness, sir; her mother and I feel very grateful to you, indeed."

"Thank you very much, sir, it was only a trifle and I was very glad to have the opportunity of—"

"Well, Mr. Wellington," interrupted the colonel, "we are having several friends out to tea tonight and we would be charmed to have you join us?"

Carl accepted the invitation with an attempt at thanking him and feigning pressing engagements left the office. While he appreciated the colonel's warm words of thanks deeply still the scene was a bit embarrassing.

The evening was almost gone; the guests were preparing for departure. Col. McMillan was passing about the room in a very jubilant mood, joking with some and teasing others. He came upon Dardis and Carl Wellington sitting back in a little secluded window-seat.

"Now, Mr. Wellington, you are not trying to interest Dardy in Seminole Insurance, too, are you?" and the colonel laughed good-naturedly, giving Dardis a little pinch on the cheek.

"No, no, Colonel," replied Carl, "she has been telling me about Converse and we have been discussing the many admirable traits of the Converse girl in general."

"Fine set of girls, Mr. Wellington. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, from Miss Dardis's description I was about to believe that Converse is a kind of earthly paradise and now that she tells they have 'angels' there, I am quite sure it is."

The colonel laughed heartily at this and Carl arose to go.

"How long will you be in town, Mr. Wellington?" asked the colonel.

"Why, I'll be here several days yet," he replied.

"We are going over to Bennettsville tomorrow in my machine to see the race between the Belle of Darlington, Alfonso, and Dan P. We would be glad to have you go with us if you will not be busy."

"Why, thank you, Colonel. I'll be mighty glad to go. I am very much interested in horse-racing and I have never seen either BeBlle of Darlington or Alfonso trot." Carl felt like

he had a thousand nice things to say but somehow they didn't seem willing to be said. Declaring that he had had the most enjoyable evening of his life he bade them good-night and went away with a song in his soul and anxiously anticipating the next day.

He was a member of the happy crowd from Darlington who saw Belle of Darlington win her laurels and the far-famed Alfonso go down in defeat the next day. His business kept him in Darlington longer than he expected and not until the first week of the new year was almost gone did he get away. When he did leave he carried with him the warm regard of Col. McMillan and the high admiration of his daughter. He might have been madly in love, and perhaps he was, but if so he was sure then that the girl was not Grace Osborne.

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The hand of fortune often plays the leading part but does so generally in the winter for in spring time the very air is filled through and through with the contagious germs of love and fortune is not needed. Behind the curtain of his mysterious concealment, Dan Cupid was a busy little spright whistling all the day, "It will soon be spring time and love time," while he turned away with his little grind-stone sharpening his darts to be ready for trouble when the glorious spring time should come again. No doubt he knew then of a heart he would be called upon to pierce and took special pains to make a keener dart for the purpose.

Converse's stately old parlors met a new young man soon after the holidays and soon became good friends with him and loved to welcome him each time he came. No more so, though, than did the graceful young Senior who was always present when he made his visits. Several months glided swiftly by and from all appearances Cupid's dart seemed to have been sufficiently keen and very well aimed. But it is impossible for trouble to be foreseen. It always comes unexpectedly from we know not where and springs upon us as the hungry tigress springs from the dark brush-wood upon the grazing herd and seeks to devour it.

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The Seminole Insurance Company was discovered to be an outrageous fraud. The officers of the company were found to have taken the money to be used in forming The Seminole and bought stock in the Southern Life at an enormously overvalued price. The marginal profit between the market value of the stock and the price paid for it was believed to have been divided between the officers of the two companies. The cry of graft and fraud was heard from the people all over the State. They had been swindled out of their money and they were mad. They had placed their confidence in men whom they believed the foremost citizens of the State and they were disappointed and badly so. The people held Ex-Gov. Wellington, Thomas Lowndes and others as parties to the fraud. While they were not directly implicated still the people thought they had secretly winked at the scheme.

When Col. McMillan heard of the scandal he was furious. Up and down his office he paced, burning with anger.

"And to think," he yelled at his stenographer, "that young reprobate rascal had the audacity to come down here and accept of my hospitality." His body fairly shook with rage.

"Well, Colonel, perhaps—" interrupted the young man who acted as his stenographer.

"Shut up! Perhaps nothing, damn it, he's the blackest young devil in the bunch," he stormed. Snatching his hat from the rack he rushed out the door, gave it a vicious slam and strutted up the street.

"Well, I guess they have fixed things now," chuckled the stenographer. "They have got the old colonel's blood boilin' and unless somethin' happens he'll raise hell before it cools. He's not the kind that likes to drop a cool $5,000 without even thank you."

Col. McMillan wrote Dardis and told her all about the way Ex-Gov. Wellington and his son had been involved in a scheme by which he and numbers of the citizens had been defrauded of their money. He told her that their young friend, Carl Wellington, was a grand rascal and that he was sorry

they had been nice to him. He also told Dardis not to receive any more attention from him.

Dardis was badly shocked and disappointed when she heard about the Seminole scandal and the part the Wellingtons were believed to have played in it. At first she refused to believe it but when she received her father's letter she was convinced that it was evidently true. But still her supreme confidence in Carl Wellington's honor raised a shadowing doubt and she determined to wait and hear what Carl had to say in his defense before she reached her conclusion. A telegram the next day asked if he might see her the following Saturday night and she wired him to come.

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The rascally, fraudulent deal of President Markley and several of the other officers of the Seminole had put the name of Wellington before the people of South Carolina as that belonging to men implicated in one of the most fraudulent schemes of graft ever attempted in the State. That their name was being unjustly stigmatized both Carl and his father knew but that they would have to wait for it all to culminate in a trial and thereby vindicate their name and character was especially galling to Carl. And the realization that in it all and through it all he might lose the respect and admiration and friendship of Dardis McMillan made it doubly galling to him. She had a sufficient cause to refuse to ever speak to him again. To ask her to grant him the opportunity of explaining his connection with the Seminole affair would be equivalent to asking her for an acknowledgement of a friendship that perhaps he had no right to expect. Trusting, however, in the dim hope that she would consent to see him and that he could persuade her to give him time to prove to the world that he had no connection with the malicious scandal left him a bare fighting chance and fight he meant to do. Yes, fight with all the zeal and ardor of his young manhood. Fight for the name of Wellington, his father and his own. Fight for his honor and his reputation. Fight for the sake of the friendship he prized more than all and for the sake of winning that which such a

friendship might give—her love. In response to his telegram he was given the opportunity he had asked for and he left at once for Converse.

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Once more he sat face to face with the girl to whom he had to prove that he was an honest man and not the blackguard that he was asserted to be.. He had gained the only vantage ground by which he could clear the paths leading toward the future. He began his story from the first and told how and why he had come to be connected with the Seminole. His father had thought the plan on which the company was to be formed a good one and consented to invest in it and become a director. Carl was offered the position of traveling representative at a good salary and had accepted it. Everything had gone smoothly on and the formation and success of the company had seemed a surety. Then the shock had come and he and his father had been dragged before the lime-light of publicity and branded as rascals. He told her that it was false, false as very falsehood itself, and if she would only believe in him and trust him a little while he would prove to her and to all the world that he was innocent of all the charges. The deep earnestness with which Carl told her of his innocence and the strong, manly way he represented the situation convinced Dardis that he was telling her the real truth. She saw that he had been very unfortunate and that in the complexity of the situation he was being wronged, foully wronged. Her very soul went out in sympathy and pity for him. Her father had asked her never to speak to this man again and his wishes were law with her but now she knew that he couldn't understand as she did. Something from her inner being, deep down in the inner recesses of her soul told her he was innocent and bade her trust him and she promised him that her friendship would still be his and with it he also had her sincerest hope that the difficulty would soon clear away and he might come before the world again in his true light.

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Whatever may be the method by which true friendship is

formed, whether the growth of time or the birth of sudden sympathy there seems on looking back, to have been an element of necessity. With the necessity of unexpected circumstances often times there comes the acknowledgement of friendships which would otherwise perhaps only be taken for granted but such manifestations draw closer the ties that make it binding. And with the increase of tension the ties of friendship graduate almost imperceptibly into ties of love. For after all, the divine meaning of true friendship is that it is often the first unveiling of a secret love. Gradually Dardis McMillan awoke to the presence of a force which had been in her life and had come into it never hasting but never resting, till now she knew it to be an eternal possession. And she realized that many of the chambers of the house of life had been locked to her until love gave her the key. She knew of the supposed engagement of Carl Wellington and Grace Osborne but she gave the report little consideration. For, after all, she had not chosen love; love had chosen her.

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In the Seminole case the crisis had come and instead of a trial there was a compromise. The Southern Life agreed to take back the stock sold to the Seminole at the price paid for it, the money to be paid back in three annual installments. But the directors of the Seminole demanded that certain letters which had passed between the officers of the two companies, at that time in the possession of one Carl Wellington, be made public. By their publication it was seen that the stock of the Southern Life had been bought by the President of the Seminole without either the knowledge or consent of his directors. These letters had disappeared from President Markley's office on or about the time of the discovery of the deal between the two companies and were thought to be lost until Carl Wellington produced them at the investigation. By them and them alone was it possible for the directors of the Seminole to have been vindicated of any connection with the attempted graft.

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Converse's beautiful campus and stately old halls were the scene of bustling festivity. One by one the charming Seniors of the noted class of nineteen hundred and nine tripped gracefully down the aisle and were presented their diplomas. During the exercise Dardis McMillan was handed a telegram and as she read it her face flushed a deep crimson. It was from her father telling her the result of the Seminole investigation. She crumpled the telegram in her hand and as she did so her face beamed with gladness. In a few minutes there was another. Again she flushed as she read it and wished for the night to hasten on.

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The wind was gently rustling the leaves of the tall, majestic oaks making little openings here and there to let the moon see what was happening beneath their shadows on the green lawn of the campus below. Echoes of the gay laughter of the sweet girl graduates were caught up by the breeze and echoed back again; while groups of bashful college boys strolled along the walks down in front praying for some one, they knew not who, to give them courage to enter in the enchanted grounds. A couple strolled out from the light of the building and seated themselves amid the shadows of a great oak. He was talking in trembling whispers.

The breezes kept up their blithe, gay song of spring time as they chased about through the tree-tops playing hide and seek with the shadows. The moon turned his wise old head and leaned nearer to catch the drifting whispers. The breezes snatched them, though, and ran away with them to keep the moon from hearing, but soon the couple strolled back again from out the veil of shadows and the smiling faces told the story. As she had trusted him once she would love and trust him always.

C. A. E.

A Coward's Death

In Wilsonborough, everyone pointed the finger of scorn at Joseph Wilson. He was a coward of the worst stamp,—so

men said,—because he would not go to the front, and fight for his country.

The little village of Wilsonborough, being near the foot of the mountains, was not in the direct path of the Northern armies on their march through the South; therefore, it had escaped the fate of some of her sister villages. But every son of Wilsonborough, between eighteen and fifty, was at the front —all save one—Joseph Wilson. That is why he was called a coward.

When Joseph was a small boy about three years old, he was accidentally shot. Some considered it very unfortunate that he was not killed. But the only scar was a small hole through his ear. Since that time he could not bear the sight of a gun. So when he enlisted in the army, the sight of so many weapons frightened him so badly that he returned home at once.

On account of this, Joseph's life was almost unendurable. Had it not been for his old mother, the young man would have been banished long ago. But his mother loved the Confederacy; and she was one of its most beloved daughters. Many a uniform had she made for the Southern soldiers. Three of her sons were now at the front; one slept in a nameless Virginia grave; but her youngest was called a coward.

For two days Joseph was absent; and it was impossible for his mother to find any trace of him. It was whispered by some that he had been killed; others that perhaps he was a traitor. But on the third day he returned. After this he would leave nearly every day,—and sometimes be gone for a week at the time.

A party of Yankees in December, 1864, made a run on Wilsonborough. Only two days before, Joseph had left the village. On the third night after, he came plowing his way through the snow, to his mother's home. While here, Uncle Jonathan Smith, who was an old veteran, about eighty years old, and who at the present time was serving the community as postmaster,—came in for a chat with Mrs. Wilson. On seeing Joseph he spoke crossly to him, and even went so far as to accuse him of bringing the Yankees to Wilsonborough.

"A scoundrel that'll do that, hanging is too good for him."

But seeing tears beginning to gather in the widow's eyes he adroitly changed the subject; and soon he departed.

"Oh, Joseph, Joseph," cried the widow; "I'm so afraid he's going to harm you. Go and stay a few days longer. Here's Bill Colson, just fifteen—but you know how he threatened and cursed at you. He and Uncle Jonathan and Sam Walthers will be after killing you. Do please go, Joseph," begged his loving mother; and Joseph having some fears of his own, went.

The widow's fears were well founded. Shortly after Joseph left, Sam Walthers called and demanded "that traitor," but found that he had left the house. As it was still snowing, Sam, with several others began to look for the track of "the traitor" in the snow. It did not take them long to find the lonesome tracks, which they knew to be Joseph's. And soon they were on his trail.

Nearer and nearer the pursuers came to the huge mountains —then suddenly, without warning, a report rang out on the still air of the winter evening. Sam Walthers had seen Wilson and fired. Farther on drops of blood began to appear beside the lone tracks. The pursuit was now very exciting. The pursuers were nearly to the base of the great mountains—when before them they saw a small hut. The men rushed in through the open door. By the light of Uncle Jonathan's lantern, a few letters could be seen scattered around on the floor. In the chimney was an iron pan and beside it a bullet mold, and a box half full of bullets.

Carlson picked up one of the letters. "That never came through my hands," said the postmaster.

The letter read:

"Atlanta, November 14, 1864.

"My Dear Mr. Wilson:

"The bullets which you sent us arrived here yesterday. They were of the greatest value in repulsing an attack, for the train bringing our ammunition was late. But for those bullets, I suppose Atlanta would now be in the hands of the Yankees.

Though you are not at the front, you are doing a great and helpful work. Your discovery of lead near Wilsonborough has been of the greatest service to your country. Although you are not foremost in the line of battle—yet you are a hero in the fullest sense of the word.

"Thanking you again for your gift to your country, I am,

"Your obedient servant,

"Jno. B. Hood,

"Major General."

The other letters were of the same nature, praising him for his hard and steady work.

A groan from an adjoining shed attracted their attention. At first they were afraid to enter, but hearing nothing else they filed in. There upon a pile of straw lay Joseph Wilson, dead. Sam's bullet was sure and fatal.

"God have mercy on me," murmured Sam Walthers, as his eyes filled with tears.

A. and M.

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The Real Educational Need of the South

We have been talking, now, for several years about the conservation of our natural resources and especially that phase relating to the preservation of our forests. Also our American statesmen and social leaders have been bending their efforts toward the centralization of natural energy toward a point of greatest efficiency. These are interests which we believe to be predominant in the shaping of our future nation. They will be predominant through the development and addition of another feature. That feature brings up this question. Why not conserve also the human resources? Why not give everybody an equal opportunity to discover and develop his highest efficiency. Through the consecration of human resources and the advancement of special talent the utilitive powers of our natural resources are increased many fold and their preserva-

tion assured. The human resources of our nation envelop the whole soul nd body of it and thus their development becomes the most essential factor in the advancement and progress of the country's welfare.

What the people of the South need today is not so much an increase in the so-called higher education but the democratization of knowledge. They need the expansion and extension of pure knowledge. They need schools of applied knowledge. That is to say, they need knowledge to be sought and taught in its relation to life and the needs of men. Men who can give their brilliant discoveries and criticisms on the classics and prove the authorship of some grand epic have their sphere in life, but the kind of man whom the South is hungering and thirsting for is the one whose education helps them to face and to solve the everyday, practical problems of life. The South needs the kind of education that will teach her people to solve the problems of life in a logical way. The education toward advancement in the common paths of life.

The South needs exactly the kind of knowledge that the University of Wisconsin is trying to give the citizens of its State. The purpose of that institution is to send a State to college. The University of Wisconsin is breaking the bounds of that old definition of a university and setting up a new ideal for education. It is offering to teach anybody—anything—anywhere. It offers to teach any man whether he comes from the highest or the lowest walks of life. If he is a farmer it offers to teach him the best ideas for raising stock or best way of obtain best results from farming either on the extensive or intensive scale. If he is a politician they give him references to the best works touching the subject which he has to deal with. Such instruction does not come from theories advanced by college professors but from practical experiments made by both professors and students and proven to be the best. Furthermore, if a man can't go to Madison to reach them they have ways of reaching him. Through the school of correspondence the university is doing a great work. It had 12,000 students in September, 1908: laborers, apprentices, and

skilled mechanics; salesmen, clerks, drummers, and merchants; teachers, club-women, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, and officials. Of these, 330 were doing (by mail) "regular university grade work," which may lead to a degree; but the largest group, 660, was taking special vocational studies. The University of Wisconsin is to the people of that State, what the brain is to a man's hands, feet, and eyes; the instinctive recourse for information, light and guidance. A wider description would illustrate more fully the great work this institution is doing for the people of Wisconsin. And, also, would prove why it so deserves the title of "the leading State university" conferred upon it by President Eliot, of Harvard.

Just that kind of knowledge, that kind of universities and colleges is the paramount need of the South in the education of its people today. The true birth of the pure idea of universal university extension is: no thought in that of money for the university or college; no philanthropic fad-notion about education and culture for the masses; nothing but the instinct for democracy and needed service. The South needs that.

Don't Neglect Your Reading

About one-half of a college education is to be had from the text books. The other half is the general knowledge given through other phases of a college life. The kind of things which broaden and expand the mind of the student and lead him to do his own thinking. The quickest and best way to train the mind to think is to read the thoughts of other men and think with them. In almost every college in our State special atention is paid o the libraries and reading rooms. The very best material to be had is placed within reach of the student body, and great care is taken to see that their reading is along the most instructive and beneficial lines. But are the students reaping the benefits which may be had from such opportunities? If they are not it is a great mistake which they are making and one to which we would insist that their attention should be called to. Read the daily newspapers and the magazines! Find out what is happening in your State and

your country! Keep up with the current events of the day! Learn young in life, to love to read! Fit yourself to become an intelligent citizen of your State and country!

Someone has said that to love to read means to own numberless shares in the great Bonanza mine of universal intelligence. Everyone can be a stockholder and his shares cannot be sold, given away nor stolen. Men and women of our Southern colleges don't neglect your reading!

Editorialettes

We are living in an age where a man has to keep both eyes pulled wide open and his "sparker" working well. Why? Because things are moving and they are moving a good sixty miles an hour and if we don't keep our eyes wide open we will either be run over by this turn of progress or it will leave us waiting at the church. What are some of the things this rush of progress has done for us. They are too manifold to attempt to relate. But there is one we would like to call your attention to especially, that is: the time has forever passed when you can get something for nothing; the day is dead and gone when a man could wish for a thing and the next morning he would find it knocking at his front door for admittance. All right then. If we want a thing we have got to work for it and pay for it. Say, by the way, I wish we had a good ball team. Don't you? I'd just like to see us have a cracker-jack this year, wouldn't you? And you would like to know how we are going to get it, eh? Yes, that is worth thinking about. But how did we say, just now, that we got everything in this day and time. We said, "We work for it and we pay for it," didn't we? All right, now we want a good ball team this year and we know how to get it. Let's have it. Boys, we need a lot of your work and encouragement and a little of your money. Let's make our team win.

In reply to the question, "What is the value of money?" John Ruskin said that the value of money consisted in the power that it gave. Then, money is *power*. Power is money.

Of course, then, we are not surprised to see that auspicious sign, *"Power and Light."* We thought there would soon be enough "change" there to make that money bud blossom into a power bloom. We are glad to see the latter half of that sign, however, because we need light. Yes, bright, illuminating, piercing light to enlighten us in the light of the fact that our light bills are lightening our pockets.

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We give below a few thoughts picked up here and there in our reading which are well worth thinking about:

The initiate and strong alone know the algebra that lurks in music; genius knows all, and what it does not know it divines, and what it does not divine it invents, and what it does not invent it creates; and it invents the true and creates the life-like. —Victor Hugo.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.

Free nations recognize no grounds of preference save talents, and virtues. Is this true of the United States?

"I tremble for my country when I think of the negro, and know that God is just.—Elbert Hubbard.

Mutual confidence produces mutual influence.

The earth is given as common stock for man to labor and live on.—Thos. Jefferson.

Time is the solvent and dissolver of all.

The man who is working to succeed is always magnificent; the man who has succeeded is usually atrocious.

Unless you really deny yourself something in order to give, never dare take credit for your generosity.

Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of

letters and the tricks of numbers and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a forceful, continual, and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise, but above all, by example.—John Ruskin.

Power is no blessing in itself but when it is employed to protect the innocent.—Swift.

ALUMNUS FOOTBALL.

(Manufactured for the Vanderbilt Alumni gathering, 1908, where it first happened.)

Bill Jones had been the shining star upon his college team;
His tackling was ferocious and his bucking was a dream.
When husky William tucked the ball beneath his brawny arm,
They had a special man to ring the ambulance alarm.

Bill hit the line and ran the ends like some mad bull amuck;
The other side would shiver when they saw him start to buck;
And when a rival tackler tried to block his dashing pace,
His first thought was a train of cars had waltzed across his face.

Bill had the speed, Bill had the weight—the nerve to never yield;
From goal to goal he whizzed along while fragments strewed the field—
And there had been a standing bet, which no one tried to call,
That he could gain his distance through a ten-foot granite wall.

When he wound up his college course, each student's heart was sore;
They wept to think that husky Bill would hit the line no more.
Not so with William—in his dreams he saw the Field of Fame,
Where he would buck to glory in the swirl of life's big game.

Sweet are the dreams of campus life—the world that lies beyond
Gleams ever to our inmost gaze with visions fair and fond;
We see our fondest hopes achieved—and on with striving soul
We buck the line and run the ends until we've reached the goal.

So, with his sheepskin tucked beneath his brawny arm one day,
Bill put on steam and dashed into the thickest of the fray;
With eyes ablaze he sprinted where the laureled highway led—
When Bill woke up his scalp hung loose and knots adorned his head.

He tried to run the Ends of Life, when lo! with vicious toss
A bill collector tackled him and threw him for a loss;
And when he switched his course again and crashed into the line,
The massive guard named Failure did a two-step on his spine.

Bill tried to punt out of the rut, but ere he turned the trick
Right tackle Competition tumbled through and blocked the kick;
And when he tackled at Success in one long, vicious bound,
The fullback Disappointment steered his features in the ground.

But one day, when across the Field of Fame the Goal seemed dim,
The wise old coach Experience came up and spoke to him.
"Old boy," said he, "the main point now before you win your bout
Is keep on bucking Failure till you've worn that lobster out!

Cut out this work around the ends—go in there low and hard—
Just put your eyes upon the goal and start there yard by yard;
And more than all, when you are thrown or tumbled with a crack,
Don't lie there whining; hustle up and keep on coming back.

Keep coming back for all they've got, and take it with a grin
When Disappointment trips you up or Failure barks your shin.
Keep coming back; and if at last you lose the game of Right,
Let those who whipped you know at least they, too, have had a fight.

Keep coming back; and though the world may romp across your spine,
Let every game's end find you still upon the battling line.
For when the one Great Scorer comes to write against your name,
He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the Game."

* * * * * * * * *

Such is Alumnus Football on the white-chalked Field of Life:
You find the bread line hard to buck, while sorrow crowns the strife;
But in the fight for name and fame among the world-wide clan,
"There goes the victor" sinks to naught before "There goes a man."

—

The Wofford College Journal always appreciates articles for publication.—Board of Editors.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

Oratorical Contest

The preliminary oratorical contest which comes off Monday evening, February 22, promises to be an unusually interesting one. Six strong speakers have been chosen from the three societies, and all have prepared speeches on live questions.

This contest is to decide who will represent Wofford at the State Inter-Collegiate Contest, at Greenwood, in the spring. Wofford has been victorious in the State contest for the last two years, and much interest is being manifested as to whether she will be able to keep up her high reputation in the realm of oratory.

The speakers on the preliminary contest are as follows:

H. C. Hardin (Preston)—subject, "Remedy of the South."

G. F. Patton (Preston)—subject, "The Man with the Hoe."

C. B. Dawsey (Carlisle)—subject, "Universal Peace."

W. D. Hutto (Carlisle)—subject, "Education in the South."

A. L. Rogers (Calhoun)—subject, "Robert E. Lee."

W. D. DuPre (Calhoun)—subject, "Preservation of Our National Resources."

Annual Prospects

The Senior class, at a meeting in January, again considered the advisability of issuing an Annual for this year. The Annual of last year had been paid for, so there was no debt hanging over them. Mr. Patton made a motion that the Senior class pledge its support of the Annual to the extent of five dollars per member in case it was not a success financially. After much discussion pro and con the motion was passed by a vote of 39 to 15. Then Mr. Easterling offered his resignation as business manager, stating that other duties prevented

him from giving the necessary time to the work. Mr. Huff was then elected to act as business manager.

The work of canvassing for subscriptions and soliciting advertisements was immediately entered upon, and to date, more than two hundred Annuals have been sold, and a goodly number of advertisements contracted for. Though it is rather late to attempt such a stupendous task, the staff feels that with the help of the student body a very creditable publication can be gotten out.

That Flag

The flag that you have heard so much about will be unfurled and float its proud folds to the breezes on the morning of February 22. The occasion will be observed with appropriate ceremonies. The Senior class appointed Glenn, Elrod, and McCain to make arrangements for the occasion and they have secured Dr. Snyder to deliver a short address. J. C. Hardin will represent the class, and his silver-tongued oratory bids fair to rival the eloquence of Dr. Snyder on that occasion. Patriotic airs will be rendered by those who are musically inclined. The flag is an unusually large one, and will add much to the appearance of the campus.

Our New Professor

Dr. W. A. Colwell, who was elected to fill the chair of modern languages, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Cooke, began his new duties February 1. He has made a very favorable impression on all those with whom he has come in contact.

Dr. Colwell was born in Rhode Island, but in early youth moved to Ohio, which State became his home. He attended Denison University, Granville, O., where he graduated in 1899 with the degree of "A. B." The summer after his graduation he took a trip abroad, visiting England, France, Germany, and Switzerland. In the fall of '99 he began teaching

French and German at Grand Island College, Nebraska, where he taught two years. In the fall of 1901 he went to Harvard for graduate work, graduating with the degree of "O. M." in '02. The next two years he continued his graduate work at Harvard and taught German at Tuft's College, near Cambridge. Since '04 he has been instructor in German at Harvard, during this time he has also taught at Radcliffe College, Cambridge. Harvard conferred the degree of Ph. D. upon him in 1906.

He has been abroad three times, the summers of '99, '04, '08. He spent the summer of '08 pursuing his studies at Berlin University.

Dr. Colwell made quite an enviable record in athletics while at Harvard. He was on the track team, '03, and represented Harvard in the inter-collegiate track-meets, winning first place in both one and two mile races. He also engaged in a number of cross country runs, and in '04 he went abroad with the Harvard-Yale track-team to meet the Oxford-Cambridge team in England.

Wofford is very fortunate, indeed, to secure the services of a man so well fitted to occupy the chair of modern languages. The trustees of Harvard were very loth to give him up, but Dr. Colwell desired to come South and take part in her educational development. The Wofford students most heartily welcome him to their midst.

Senior Commencement Speakers

It has been the custom heretofore of allowing any member of the Senior class to speak at commencement, but owing to the large number of graduates this year the faculty has instituted a new method of choosing the speakers for that occasion. There will be six speakers from the class, three elected by the class and three by the faculty. The class elected DuPre, Hardin, and Huff; the faculty chose Folger, Hicks, and Curry. The speeches of these men must necessarily be short, from six to ten minutes in length, as many other exercises take

place on the same day. All of these men feel it quite an honor to represent the biggest class in every respect that Wofford has ever graduated.

Glee Club Entertainment

A large audience greeted the Glee Club at its first entertainment in the chapel Monday evening, February 1. The program was an exceptionally good one, and was enjoyed by all those present. Judging by the applause the audience was well pleased, and the boys were encored again and again, graciously responding each time until their stock of songs were exhausted. The rendition by the club of "Anchored," Mrs. Cary's Boarding House," and "Po' Little Lamb," by the quartette was well received. Bressler's reading of an Irish dialect piece made a hit with the audience, and so did Bomar's piano solo.

On the Friday night before the entertainment here the club gave its program before an audience at Greer. The boys were entertained at supper by the Ladies' Missionary Society, and the trip was quite an enjoyable one. Several dates have been arranged for the club in the near future.

Lyceum Notes

By the time this comes from the press we will have had our fourth lyceum number. Lorado Taft, the famous sculptor, will lecture on sculpture before the lyceum February 9. He will have with him on the stage models of clay and will explain how these are made. He is accompanied by an efficient assistant, and his lecture should prove entertaining as well as instructive.

Gov. John A. Johnson could not fill his engagement here, owing to pressing political duties. His date here has been indefinitely postponed, and it is probable that he will not be able to come at all. When the engagement was made he had no idea of being nominated for governor again, but the pressure

of circumstances forced him to accept the nomination again. He was re-elected and this necessitated his postponing all engagements indefinitely. It is to be hoped that he can come later.

Campus News

Work on the new library is being rushed these days. Already the walls are well under way, and if the fine weather continues, it will be but a short time before the outside work will be finished. It is located just in front of Dr. Snyder's residence, and when completed will add much to the appearance of the campus.

The premilinary debate to decide who will speak on the Wofford-Emory debate in May was postponed from January 23 to February 13. Now the speakers are trying to get it postponed again, claiming they have not had time to prepare for it. Emory has already chosen her speakers, who are Messrs. Bryant and Mackay. They took the negative side of the query: "Resolved, that the government of England is more truly democratic than that of America." This debate comes to Spartanburg this year.

Prof. Rembert has organized a class in pedagogy. This class was organized as the result of a demand for trained teachers in educational work, and because a large number of the graduates enter the profession of teaching. Prof. Rembert is eminently fitted to instruct such a class, having been a teacher ever since his graduation. His experience ranges from the common schools, preparatory schools, on up to college teaching, and hardly any man is more thorough in his methods. He has also been a member of the State Board of Education for several years. About twenty-five Seniors are taking this course, and the class meets twice a week.

February 1 was pay day on the campus, but the pay all went out instead of coming in. All the students paid their

customary tuition fee, many for the last time, others have a number of other such occasions to meet with. It's a hard thing to see that thirty dollars pass over into the hands of another, but one has to become reconciled to it. After all, though, the students of Wofford College pay but a small part of the cost incurred in their education.

Prof. Clinkscales delivered the Founders' Day address at Lander College in the latter part of January, and judging from newspaper reports, it was up to his usual high standard. It is always a treat to have the pleasure of listening to Prof. Clinkscales, as he blends humor and pathos with such good effect.

Dr. Snyder delivered a lecture at the Charleston N. M. C. O., February 7. His services will be much in demand this spring as a lecturer and commencement orator.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

We seat ourselves with pen in hand and inkstand near to drop you a few lines to let you know what we think of a few of the periodicals which have come to our desk this month. The first publication of which we shall take notice is *The Newberry Stylus.* On the whole the issue is an attractive one. The poems, of which there are four, are good. Now just wherein this excellence lies we are not able to say. This thing we call criticism, the great mass of it at least, is a farce anyway. The most learned of our critics, for instance, tell us with painful gravity that Longfellow is a second rate poet. He may reach the masses, they say, but his technique is not perfect, he is lacking in intellectual power and his imagination, which they seem to conceive as a kind of aeroplane, does not soar quite high enough. Well, all these things may be true, Mr. Literary Muck Raker, but we say in spite of your learned protest—and we believe Mr. Theodore Roosevelt will agree with us—that he is truly the greatest poet whose songs reach the greatest number of people,—and we mean people when we say people, plain, two-legged people who eat pork and beans and drink coffee; he, we say, is the greatest singer who reaches the greatest number of us, and brings us a message of love and hope. But we got off our subject. Let us climb on again. The one story in *The Newberry Stylus* is "A New Year's Greeting." The plot is absurd; and the elements of the story are so confusing that the unhappy reader may stand up and say to all the world, "Who am I anyhow?" We got our Shakespeare a little mixed—it is not so accurate as it might be, nor so appropriate as we would like, but 'twill serve. The essays form the most important portion of the magazine. "The Guaranty of Bank Deposits" is a feverish plea for the adoption of the affirmative idea contained in the title. The author of "Does Democracy Suffice?" answers his own ques-

tion in the affirmative with a loud shout. "The Style of Paradise Lost" is also an essay.

The best story we have read this month is the one in *The Emory and Henry Era* entitled, "Circumstances." The author has the power of telling a good story. After all is said and written about the motive, plot, source, climax, and the many other elements which make up a story, the fact remains that some people can tell a tale interestingly and others cannot. Sometimes the man who knows most about technique knows least how to tell a story, while another who never heard of technique is an adept at story telling. If "Circumstances" is the best story we have read this month, "Love in a Freight Car" is one of the worst. It is improbable from beginning to finish. "Death's Parallels" is a poem which evidently is meant to be an imitation of Poe, but, if you will pardon us for saying so, instead of an imitation of that great master it is really a mutilation of the art of poetry. Among the essays, "An American Ireland" is a labored parallel between the South and Ireland.

We turn now to the sober-looking, learned-looking *Clemson College Chronicle.* Short-stories seem to be its long suit; and "Thanks, Cupid" is easily the ace. It is the story of a man, a maid and a gasoline launch. They were out on Lake Champlain, and he was, of course, making love—*he* always makes love—these love stories are abominable—and she would not listen—*she* always refuses to listen, or the pater refuses to allow her to listen—and the engine went wrong—something always happens just at the right time—and there they sat, "side by side, she sighed and he sighed, then they both sighed," and she decided that she did want to listen after all—everything always turns out right and they live happily ever afterward. We wish some genius would come along and start a good love story with at least a half-dozen couples, get everything to moving nicely, and then blow up the whole blooming crowd with gun cotton. "It Pays to Advertise," is

another one. Two young men with more money than sense lay a wager. One says he can insert an advertisement in a daily newspaper and thereby obtain a wife—"pretty, young, and wealthy." The other bets him five hundred dollars he cannot do it. The one who has no faith in advertising then plays a trick on his friend by having a pretty lady friend of his meet him. *They* meet, fall in love, of course,—and everything goes "merry as a marriage bell,"—and, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." Oh, love stories! Love stories! What crimes are committed in thy name. "All's Well That Ends Well" is a love story. But all love stories end well. Therefore, all's well with the story. Q. E. D.,—which, being written out in full is, *quod erat demonstrandum,* and which being translated is, "That which was to be proved." (We are determined to be honest. We got that translation from a book of foreign phrases.) "The Black Diamond" is not a love story, which is a point in its favor. It has a weak ending, which is a point not in its favor. "To Allah at New Year" is the best of the poems. To the author of "A Protest Against Immigration" we would say just to keep on protesting, if it is any pleasure to him. It is good exercise and harms no one. The negative side of the debate went at the matter hammer and tongs. He got right down to plain facts. He did not mince words, and he was not disingenuous.

CLIPPINGS

Englishman (in British museum)—This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero.

American Tourist—Pshaw, that's nothing. Why in one of our museums we have the lead pencil which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark.—Ex.

A green little Freshman in a green little way,
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green little grave.—Ex

Student (in jewelry store)—I've got a mug here I want to have engraved.

Jeweler—I'm afraid you made a mistake. The barber shop's next door.

I met a goat and said to him,
"The question pray excuse;
Why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he, "Because I chews." —Ex.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till tomorrow; if a noble thing, do it now.—Ex.

There was a young man from the West,
Who loved a fair damsel with zest;
So hard did he press her
To make her say, "Yes, sir,"
He broke three cigars in his vest. —Ex.

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of $12 a week, darling?" he asked after she had said, "Yes."

"I'll try, Jack," she said, "but what will you do?"—Ex.

"I can't thread this needle, ma,"
Was little Susie's cry;
"Just as the thread is going through,
The needle winks its eye." —Ex.

Bachelor's version of it: "Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he also rip."—Ex.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.

Doctor—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift.—Ex.

A pretty girl in a hammock slung in an apple orchard awoke and frowned at a young man who stood before her.

"You stole a kiss while I was asleep," she exclaimed.

"Well," stammered the youth, "you were sleeping so soundly—you looked so pretty, so tempting, I—er—I admit I did take one little one."

The girl smiled scornfully. "One!" she said. "Humph! I counted seven before I woke up."—Ex.

Bessie—Are you fascinated by your fiance?

Tessie—Fascinated! You ought to see the cute way he kisses me under my chin.

Bessie—Yes, it is cute; I taught him that.—Ex.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

The Y. M. C. and Athletics

There was a day when athletics was almost synonymous with "professionalism" and what we generally mean by that word today. There was always connected with it something which questioned whether or not it was the proper thing for young men. People looked upon athletic sports with an eye of doubt because there was so much of the dust and dirt of unscrupulous professionals mixed with it. But today we look upon this matter in an entirely different light, and the Young Men's Christian Association has had much to do with rescuing it from the low level on which it had become fixed.

What would a college be today without its athletics? What would young college men do without this outlet for their fiery spirits. There is inestimable good in clean athletics, and the Y. M. C. A. saw it and set about to raise it to the level where men of integrity could participate without being stained with the unscrupulous spirit of professionalism. The Y. M. C. A. recognizes the fact that the body is sacred and should be cared for and developed as well as the soul; that a man without a strong body can never grapple with the problems of life to an advantage, and that physical health is necessary to a robust spiritual health. With these facts in view a revolution took place in the athletic world and today we find the most fascinating games connected with the Y. M. C. A. This organization provides for these sports and has shown to the world that there is a high place for athletics, and instead of being classed with the degraded and unworthy things of the world it occupies an exalted place in one of the greatest organizations on earth.

There is in young men an inborn fiery spirit, a kind of latent energy which must come out, and it seems that the best outlet is on the baseball diamond, the gridiron or gymnasium.

When a young fellow feels his muscles tingling with energy and it seems that he could whip a dozen fellows the place for him is on the football line. There this "coltish" spirit can be spent in harmless sport, pleasant amusement and to the advantage of making a physical man.

A fact which every Christian man should be proud of is that the Y. M. C. A. stands for athletics, clean athletics, innocent sport, because it makes a man a better man and life brighter. The old idea that a long face and a doleful sounding voice is typical of the Christian life is buried in the past. The Y. M. C. A. holds up to young men today the life of sunshine, full of life and energy and ambitious for all that is high and noble. We are glad that the Y. M. C. A. has gone down and lifted up athletics and brought the Christian influence to bear upon it, making it wholesome and inviting to the cultured college man who has the proper estimate of honor.

Revival Services

On Friday night the regular annual revival services commenced. These meetings will be conducted by Rev. Robt. S. Truesdale. Mr. Truesdale had charge of the meeting last year and with the interest he has shown in the students has won many friends among the boys. The meeting last year was a great success, being the turning point in the lives of quite a number of the boys and this year we are expecting the same result.

As has been the custom for the past few years the faculty have agreed to cut the morning hour periods to forty-five minutes, giving the last hour before dinner to the meeting. This gives the town boys a chance to attend the services while they are on the campus, besides making two meetings a day, morning and night. In this way the regular college exercises are not interrupted and the religious services are carried on to a better advantage. The meetings will not be held in the Y. M. C. A. hall but in Dr. Carlisle's lecture room under the li-

brary. This room is larger and has the advantage of being on the first floor, thereby making it a more desirable place for meeting than the hall on the third floor.

Y. M. C. A. Library

The books purchased by the Y. M. C. A. have arrived and will be found on a special shelf in the college library. There about forty of the choicest books that can be bought in this collection, and it is well worth the time for any man to examine them if no more. Boys, if you haven't the time to read them for any reason, just go look at them and read the titles. There is something in knowing the outside of a book if you don't know what is inside. Be familiar with such authors as Robt. E. Speer, John R. Motte and many others, America's brainiest men. These are men who have convictions and express them in a manly way, who see the great opportunity for college men and have a live way of talking to you about great things. It is needless to name any of these books; just go and see, yourself. Browse among them a little and if you read several pages of Speer's "Young Men Who Overcame" and do not read more, you better investigate; a little personal inspection would be in order. And then there is Marden. Several of his books are there. He believes, for one thing, in having a merry smile always. Let us look into the works of these men who are doing things in the world and maybe a reflected ray of their success may put in motion the latent possibilities within us.

"As we climb temptation is the barometer to show us our altitude."

"The sacred Scriptures teach us the best way of living the noblest way of suffering and the most comfortable way of dying."

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance trusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—King Arthur's dying words to Sir Bedevere, in Tennyson's Morte D'Arthur.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

The object of this department is to offer a ready reference to any one wishing to locate an alumnus. We will appreciate any information about the men who have graduated since 1895. It will be our aim in this and the succeeding issues to give the occupation and whereabouts of the alumni who have graduated since then.

Class '96

C. H. Barber is a dealer in stocks and bonds in Spartanburg.

T. C. Blake is in the insurance business in Baltimore, Md.

C. E. Boyd is a graduate student of the University of Wisconsin.

W. A. Cannon is farming.

E. G. Clinkscales is a telegraph operator in Memphis, Tenn.

Fred A. Cummings is professor of English at Hollins Institute in Virginia.

Gist Gee is at Vanderbilt University.

J. F. Grant is farming.

Paul Hardin is president of a cotton mill at Chester, and is interested in other enterprises there.

A. E. Holler is a member of the South Carolina Conference, and has charge of the Chester circuit, Rock Hill district.

A. S. Hydrick is a prominent physician of Orangeburg.

A. M. Law is a member of the firm of A. M. Law & Co., dealers in stocks, bonds, and insurance, Spartanburg.

C. C. Leitner is a real estate agent in Boston.

H. C. McKelvey is farming in Greenville county.

L. P. McGhee is a member of the South Carolina Conference and has charge of St. Pauls church, in Orangeburg.

G. M. Moore is editor of a Greenville paper.

J. C. Roper is in the South Carolina Conference, and is presiding elder of Cokesbury district.

W. K. Smith.

L. B. Smith is farming.

P. H. Stall is district attorney at Kingstree, S. C.

A. D. Wannamaker, after spending several years in China as a teacher and missionary, has returned to this country and is teaching in a Female College at Baltimore, Md.

E. E. Williamson is a member of the North Carolina Conference.

J. J. Wolfe is professor of biology at Trinity College.

J. E. Walker is connected with the Cedar Springs Institute for deaf, dumb, and blind.

Marion Tucker.

Class '97

W. M. Connor, Jr., is a United States district attorney in the Philippines.

E. L. Culler is farming in Orangeburg county.

T. O. Epps is farming at Kingstree.

W. B. Evans is a lawyer in Columbia.

W. A. Hudgens is connected with a bank at Starr, S. C.

J. P. Inabinet is in the South Carolina Conference and is stationed at Cottageville, Charleston district.

T. L. Manning is farming at Little Rock, S. C.

W. O. Medlock is in the drug business.

R. C. Newton, Bennettsville.

G. T. Pugh is professor of math at Columbia College.

J. C. Smith is a commercial traveler.

N. M. Salley is superintendent of the Greenwood school.

M. L. Smith is in business at Anderson, S. C. He is also president of the Baseball Association of Anderson.

R. S. Truesdale is in charge of Central church, in Spartanburg.

W. G. Ward is the efficient book-keeper of Arkwright Mills, Spartanburg.

H. A. C. Walker is teaching at Denmark, S. C,

Class '98

J. C. Allen.

I. C. Blackwood is a member of the Spartanburg Bar.

Marvin Bennett is Second Master of the Wofford College Fitting School, and is instructor in Latin and German.

Gabriel Cannon is assistant cashier of the Merchants and Farmers Bank, Spartanburg.

L. L. Dantzler is professor of modern languages at the Citadel.

J. W. W. Daniel is professor of English in Wesleyan Female College in Georgia.

C. E. Dobson has a position with the government at Washington.

Roy Goodwin is in the banking business at Augusta, Ga.

J. W. Gray is farming at Woodruff, S. C.

R. A. Hannon is a member of the Spartanburg Bar.

D. T. Kinard is teaching in Columbia.

Robt. A. Law is professor of English in the University of Texas, at Austin.

C. H. Leitner is farming in Marion county.

O. W. Leonard is a physician in Spartanburg.

J. R. T. Major is a member of South Carolina Conference and is in charge of Darlington circuit.

J. P. McCreary is a prominent dentist of Spartanburg.

J. C. Moore is a physician at McColl, S. C.

J. K. Owens is a lawyer at Bennettsville.

W. M. Owings is a member of South Carolina Conference and is stationed at North Rock Hill.

Julian C. Rogers is in banking business at Bishopville, S. C.

J. R. Walker is in the South Carolina Conference and is stationed at Travelers' Rest, Greenville District.

J. B. Wiggins is teaching in North Carolina.

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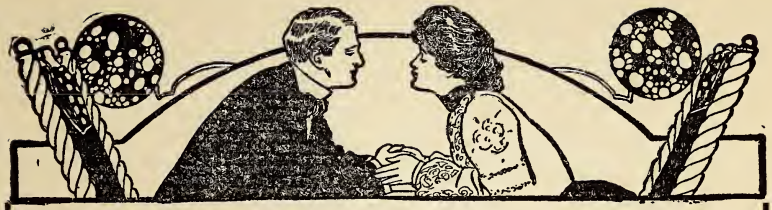

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

W. C. Curry, Literary Editor
E. B. Hammond, Assistant Literary Editor

To Some Wild Violets

(Seen blooming round a neglected tomb.)
Enclosed within this vine-clad fence
That borders round this silent yard,
Stand stones deep-cut with eloquence
In praise of them whose tombs they guard;
But, turning from this wonted show,
I pause beside an humble tomb
Round which no stately flowers blow,
Where only meek, wild violets bloom.

For years this unknown one hath slept
Beneath this rough, unchiseled stone;
No friend with care his tomb hath kept,
'Twas left to nature's care alone;
And she, meek flowers, bade you rear
Your heads above his humble tomb
That you might grow and blossom here,
To lessen the prevailing gloom.

Fair flowers,—but fair because you rear
Your heads from this neglected spot—
So slightly reared that you appear
Happy to own your humble lot,
Would that more lives were spent like thine:
Service, though small, is never lost
If one will only let it shine
In places where 'tis needed most.

—H. F. Gault, '13.

The Merry Widow

"Lift up your head, you old fool," exclaimed John Smith to his chum and collegemate, "you are killing yourself about a lone girl. What in the world is a girl anyway? They never have made such an impression on me to make me go around all day singing, 'I'm so Blue, Lonely, Too,' and lie tossing in the bed at night."

At this little reprimanding, Charlie Jones lifted up his head with a slow movement.

"John, you can make fun of me if you want to, but wait—your time is coming—yes, your time is coming, then my turn will come to laugh."

"Oh, pshaw! Charlie, you are very much mistaken if you think there is a girl living that will ever affect me like that one of yours has you."

"All right, John, old boy, we will drop this and wait for time to solve the problem."

A long silence elapsed here; Charlie hung his head again and began to think of his girl.

John, though, had different thoughts. Suddenly he said with a shout that made his companion look up astonished, "Say, old boy, you know tomorrow we leave for Vanderbilt; let's go down on the battery once more before we leave this dear old city, Charleston; I think you need something anyhow to refresh your mind."

The next car was caught and soon the two chums were roaming around admiring the magnificent scene which was made by the moon shining on the rippling waters.

Suddenly ahead of them came the cry of a woman as if in distress. They hurried at once to the spot to find two women looking over the railing into the waters below crying, "It's lost! It's lost!"

"What's the matter!" exclaimed John.

"Oh! oh! my hat, my Merry Widow has fallen into the water."

"Madam, I'll have it for you in less than fifteen minutes," John said.

As John started off at a swift trot he left the girls and Charlie guessing. John's mind was alert and he knew at once what to do. He proceeded at once to the wharf to secure a boat. After arriving in a breathless haste at the wharf he saw someone in a boat rowing slowly away.

"Say there, old man, don't you want to earn a little money? If you will row at my pleasure around the bend there about four hundred yards I will give you a dollar."

"Yassa, cap'n; I will do it with pleasure, 'cause I know I couldn't catch that much fish in hours' time."

"Well, hurry up, because it means saving a life," said John, much excited, not knowing what he said.

The boat was soon hurrying around the bend toward the spot where the excitement was. In about fifteen minutes, the girl was crying joyfully, "Oh, thank you, a thousand times; thank you."

"Mention it not," said John, sarcastically.

After a few moments of silence the girl looked with a slight twinkle in her eye and said, "If you wouldn't mind telling me to whom do I owe the saving of my hat? It doesn't look valuable, but I wouldn't take anything for it because my mother gave it to me two days before she—" here the girl's voice dropper. She could say no more.

"Well, I am certainly glad that I've been a help to you and hope that the same occasion may come again. You all wait here till I go around to the wharf, because, you see, the wall is too high to climb and you know I can't fly." At once John told the boatman to hurry to the landing.

Charlie remained talking to the girls, waiting for John to appear, but an hour elapsed and no John.

The girl then spoke, saying, "I wonder what has become of your companion? He told us to stay till he returned."

Charlie also began to get anxious. So he excused himself and left, going in the direction of the wharf.

On reaching the wharf he saw his friend sitting on a rock moaning.

"Say, John, what's the matter."

"Oh! I was so anxious to get back to you all that I tried to jump from the boat before it landed and fell in, and here I am all wet up and could not face that pretty girl in this condition."

"John, old pal, if you only could have heard such nice things that she said about you, I think you would have come if your clothes were nearly torn off."

"Charlie, don't mention it. Say, Charlie, you know I believe I have that same thing you have when you hang your head and look sleepy."

"Goody! I told you so! Now it's my time to laugh! Ho! ha!"

They remained in this position till Charlie walked over and touched John on the shoulder and said, "Old boy, I know it's hard, but you must brave it; come on, it's time to go home. You must have forgotten tomorrow we leave for Vanderbilt."

"Sure, Charlie; I had forgotten this. Let's move."

* * * * * * * * * *

It was a bright, beautiful moonlight night. The heavens seemed to have a billion eyes. The halls of Vanderbilt were lit up with magnificent lustre. What was the cause of the lights and the great crowd surging on toward Vanderbilt? It was commencement. It was Senior's night!

The great crowd waited with intense anxiety for the commencing.

Prayer was heard, then some of the finest orations ever heard were spoken on that floor.

The first man introduced was Mr. John Smith.

When he finished, the band struck up "Arra Wanna."

"Oh!" said John, "that reminds me of the girl."

The marshal began bringing up flowers, congratulations, et cetera. Among the congratulations was a note neatly folded and written in a beautiful hand. John opened it and blushed many colors. The note meant much—this:

"Dear Mr. Smith:

"Let me congratulate you on your speech. It was certainly fine. Yours friend, "The Merry Widow."

Those few hours that passed during the speeches seemed a year to John.

But as soon as it was over John hurried to the front to catch the eye of "The Girl." He didn't have long to wait, for he saw her coming toward him.

"Well, hello! Mr. Smith. I'm glad to see you," she said.

"Oh!" exclaimed John, "I want to tell you something; I don't know your name, but I do know I love you. The two years since I saw you I have thought of nothing but you. Now you must tell me that you lo—"

"Hush!" she said, "That's my husband coming down the aisle there!" Marvin M. Wilkes, '11.

Poe—His Life and Writings

In this, the first centennial of the birth of Poe, we are confronted with much discussion of this great American genius. He has been subjected to much criticism, especially by those who still cling in sectional strife for literary fame. However, it can be said with a fair degree of certainty that, when time has eliminated every vestige of sectional strife for literary superiority, Poe will stand pre-eminent among American writers. Indeed, he is now being more highly appreciated than in former years, and is beginning to be recognized and placed on a more lofty throne of popular esteem than ever before. Foreign countries, especially France, England, and Germany, have claimed for him, since the publication of The Raven, in 1845, first place in American literature, both as poet and short-story writer. It seems more fitting, then, that his own countrymen should give him his just dues. No American writer of prominence has ever been more unjustly criticised than this young genius of American literature.

Edgar Allen Poe, a poet and romancer, was born in Boston in 1809, where his parents were acting in a theatre. He was of good Maryland and English stock. Early deprived of his natural parents, he was adopted by a Mrs. John Allen, and was reared in considerable comfort among the most influential

circles of his time. He had good opportunities for an education, spending five years at Stoke Newington, England; later, a short while at the University of Virginia, then at West Point. On account of his waywardness and dissipation he was either recalled or dismissed from school, and thus never graduated. While in school, he distinguished himself in verse-writing, athletics, and the languages. At the close of his school days, he had contracted habits of a dissipated character, which he never overcame, and with these he was set out on life's stormy sea to fight his own battles. His recklessness had already subjected him to gloomy and melancholy attacks, the effects of which on his life we will see later.

With such acquirements and qualities as ambition, brilliana genius, and culture; such inheritance as moral weakness and abnormal sensitiveness, he first tried journalism, working successively on the *Southern Literary Messenger, Graham's Magazine,* and *The Broadway Journal.* On account of his dissipation he was forced to give up his positions on these periodicals, and finally tried to set up a magazine of his own, which soon failed. His inherited tendency to dissipate was undoubtedly the source of all his failures in life.

Poe had, in 1836, married his first cousin, Virginia Clemen. The two lived with her mother until Virginia's death in 1847. Poe dearly loved his child-wife and paid his respects to her in some of his later productions. She died very soon after the marriage with consumption, leaving the bereaved husband to live out a life of melancholiness and gloom. It has been a debatable question, whether or not Poe had died along with his wife, he would have gained rather than lost in popularity in the half century following his death. If he had died then his life would have been more consistent with the beauty of his lyrics, but of them we would not have seen *The Bells, Ulalume,* and *Annabel Lee.*

After trying in diverse ways to get married again, Poe succeeded several times in being engaged, and was on his way to New York to prepare for his wedding to his first love, who was now a Mrs. Royster, when, on October 3, 1849, he

was found lying unconscious in a polling place in the city of Baltimore. He was taken to a hospital, where it is said he was treated for delirium tremens, but the attending physician has said that there was no evidence of his having been inebriated at the time. Suffice it to say that he had lived a miserable life, over which uncontrollable passions and appetites predominated. His death has been one of the saddest in American literature, for the simple fact that this youthful genius blighted his life by immorality and evil passions, when, if under different circumstances, his manhood would have been at its very zenith. So far as his life is concerned, he could well have spoken the words of another poet:

> "Let me live unknown,
> Unlamented let me die;
> Steal from the world, and not a stone
> Tell where I lie."

But it is not for his life that he is remembered, but his words; not his moral teachings—for he had none—but for his color and artistic paintings of the beautiful in his own characteristic way; not on the mass of his work but on the quality does his greatness lie, and on such qualities as purity of art and perfect individuality will he finally get his just recognition. He is called the most original poet of America because he did not let his reading of other writers influence him in his own production.

What now of his writings and bequest to posterity? Truly, he was a great writer; however, Lowell, a less able critic than Poe, has criticised him, saying that three-fifths of him was genius, the other two-fifths sheer fudge. Whether such a criticism is justifiable needs no discussion. If, however, the three-fifths genius were taken from our literature, and the other two-fifths were allowed to remain, there would be enough genius displayed in that to overshadow that unjust critic.

As poet, Poe made no attempt at teaching any moral truth. His theory of poetry was that it be beautiful, sound well and

have a gentle rhythmic flow. His poetry is unquestionably saturated with these qualities. It has been discussed whether any other Poe than the real one could have written such lyrics as *The Bells, The Raven, Annabel Lee,* and *To Helen.* In three of these lyrics just mentioned, Poe allies death with beauty. In truth, he has said that death was the most poetical topic when it was allied with beauty. A beautiful woman in death was one of his most poetic scenes. Poe was a true artist, a man less important than his art. "He cared for his art, not for what he could say through it, but for what it had to say through him." He completely surrendered himself to his inward impulse, and gave form to the beautiful simply because it was bsautiful.

As short-story writer, Poe is eminent. He has wonderful imaginative, detective, and analytic powers. These qualities are best shown in *The Gold Bug, The Murders in the Rue Morge, The Purloined Letter, The Fall of the House of Ushes,* and *The Pit and the Pendulum.* Most of his stories are marvelous, tragic, and terrible. From this, about his works, we must infer that his life was one of the hauntingly mysterious, dark, and gloomy. Both in the stories and in his poems he displays the quality of painting a vivid picture with lightning-like rapidity. In the stories he uses only the detail that bears to the point at which he has aimed. Thus, he arouses and holds one's emotions to the ends at which he must inevitably arrive.

All in all, Poe has left to posterity, poetry of the highest order of beauty, prose romance of the thrilling and emotional type, criticism of a harsh nature, chiefly of his own contemporaries, and in these spheres has made himself a name and gained for himself, through his individuality, a warm place in the hearts of many, if not more people than any other American writer.

Earl L. Keaton.

Dark, Dark the Night

Dark, dark the night! no star nor light
Of moon to guide or light the way;
When ev'ning past, the clouds o'ercast
Obscured the last lingering ray
And gleam the sunset left behind
On them its glory to remind.

Drear as the gloom of hopeless tomb
The sable shades of night hang round,
Nor chance does seem that any gleam
Can penetrate this dismal bound;
To right, to left, to front, to rear,
'Tis night! 'Tis darkness everywhere!

Haste, haste, O Day! Why thus delay?
Thy gloom-dispelling shafts oh! send,
Ere fierce despair be sovereign here;
For neither star nor moon does lend
The faintest glimmer to the way—
So dark the night! Haste, haste, O Day!

—B., '10.

Such is Life in the Far, Far West

We had pulled out of Kansas City about eight a. m. on a local and naturally were dead tired when at eleven-thirty p. m. the conductor roused us with a command to get our grips together and get on the platform as Wright was only about seven miles. He said he could not stop at such a small place but would slow down enough for us to jump off. This aroused grave apprehension in our minds for we were under the impression that Wright, Kans., was a town of some importance. So we caught the porter from whom we learned that Wright consisted only of a telegraph tower and a grain elevator.

It was as the porter had said, there was not a light to be seen except the dim glow from the telegraph tower. We,

Van, Henry, and I, climbed the steep little stairs and entered the tower to find a long 38 covering us. Of course, we became very apologetic and soon saw the 38 slipped back into the drawer. The night operator after seeing that we were tenderfeet explained that no one was allowed in the tower at night and said he was sorry he had frightened us so. He then told us of a house a mile and a half west and a quarter north where we might get lodging. After much discussion as to which way to go we finally went back to the operator and asked him to show us the direction of the house. We followed his directions and at last came to the house only to be turned away. We then decided to try a cattle car which we had seen on the siding. But it was in the possession of a little hobo who had been kicked off of our train.

As a last resort we returned to the night-operator and asked to sleep on his floor. He consented, so we, tired and a little heartsick, curled up on the floor and slept like logs.

It was eight o'clock when we awoke to greet the prettiest morning I ever saw. A gentle breeze was blowing, the old sun was making daimonds of the dew, and from every side came the bright singing of the meadow-lark. Then from across the prairie came the clack-clack of many header-machines. We found a little store in connection with the postoffice where we bought some balona sausage and canned tomatoes, and it was here we learned, too, that Josh, Van's brother, was only three miles away. While eating our dainty breakfast we inquired about getting work. My heart almost collapsed when the old, shaggy postmaster replied:

"You boys can't find any work here. Harvest will be done less'n a week." No one replied. In an effort to encourage Van and Henry I laughed and lightly exclaimed:

"Hurray for Hades! Who's scared of fire, anyway? We don't give a darn if the sun never rises again."

Well, things were looking "some" blue but they were destined to look worse still before any of us got work. We found Josh and an Auburn frat-mate of his in a header-barge working like good fellows. Much to our chagrin they were

not at all glad to see us. Woodruff laughed dryly and remarked:

"Here's three more mouths to feed."

Josh opened up on us with, "You da-am fools, what in the hell did you come to this God-forsaken place for? You can't find any work here now."

We all rode around to the other side in the barge with the mand then set off across the wheat fields to where we saw other harvesters at work. At twelve o'clock, after "buzzing" at least fifteen different harvesting crews for jobs without success, we happened upon another frat-mate of Van's one of the five who had gone to Kansas from Auburn in June. The crew in which he worked was on the point of going to dinner, so we rode to the farm house with him. The old Pennsylvania Dutchman would not allow us to leave until we had taken dinner with him, so we sat down to the first square meal since leaving home.

The harvesters were soon on their way back to the field and we were off again in search of work. We soon decided to separate and to meet at Wright unless we found work. We put all of our funds into a common treasury which we divided into three, very small, equal parts and then wishing each other good luck, set out in our various directions.

I had the good fortune to get a ride with a real estate man in his auto to Spearville, a little town nine miles east of Wright. When I got there I asked every farmer-looking man on the street if he needed a harvest-hand but met with no luck. Feeling a little down in the heart I started back to Wright. I had "buzzed" no more than four or five harvesting crews and had gone not more than four miles when one old Dutchman told me to jump in and if I liked it he would give me a job. I was so elated that I cut a clear hand-spring into the barge. The first straw that hit the wagon I was on it "like a duck on a June-bug." The old "geazer" laughed and next time around he let me drive and he showed me how to load easier. This was easy work and I was to receive two dollars a day and board; of course, I liked it. Loading was

easier than driving and everyone knows that driving a two-hourse wagon is a "lead-pipe cinch." The wagon was driven along side of the header machine and the grain heads were elevated into the wagon by rolling canvas.

Although I had worked but two hours, I was tired enough when seven o'clock came. On the way to the farm house my employer asked all kinds of question. I told him I lived on a farm back in South Carolina and that we raised cotton and a little corn. He immediately wanted to know how much corn we averaged to the acre. I did not have the slightest idea but I had to guess so I told him that we averaged about fifty bushels. This embarrassing conversation did not last very long for we were soon driving into a nice barnyard. In that barnyard was where "I met my Waterloo," for as soon as the stock was tended I was asked if I could milk. "O, yes," I lied, for I knew since I had told him that I lived on a farm I should naturally know how to milk. After trying to milk one of the cows on the left side for some time I at last happened to get on the right side and was fighting that cow's udder manfully when I looked around to find the whole crew watching me. At last all were milked and we went in to separate it. In an effort to redeem myself I turned the separator while the entire eighteen gallons were going through.

The next night I was not so tired and felt more at home since Ann, the farmer's eighteen-year-old daughter seemed more friendly. This good fortune was not to last long, though, for when Saturday night came all his wheat had been cut.

Sunday morning, with my three days' earnings in my pocket, I strolled over to Wright, where I found Henry, Josh, and three of the Auburn boys loafing. Henry had found no work, so had been sleeping on a wheat-stack and the other four's work had just run out. I learned that Van had found a job, though, and had gone to work that morning.

Two of the Auburn boys were going to hobo to Redlands, Cal., where one had some relatives, but we did not care to get so far from home, so we: Henry, Josh, the other Auburn

boy—Morgan Smawl was his name—and I, decided to walk down to Spearsville and see what was doing in the way of work. It rained all day and no work turned up, so we got a bed in a "one-horse" hotel for twenty-five cents, but we were glad enough to have any place to lie down and sleep.

About ten o'clock we were aroused by a beating on the door. A man wanted two harvest hands. We cut a book to see which of us should take the job. Henry and I were the lucky ones.

We worked with these people almost a month and Henry became quite attached to little Maggie. She was a plump, buxom, little Dutch lass and pretty—with the exception of her face. When harvest was over Henry plowed for these people a while and I plowed for a neighbor about a mile away.

One day I had a great fright. As I neared the road on my rounds, what should I see but Mrs. Richey and Henry coming along in a spring wagon with Maggie sitting in his lap. My team stopped. My mouth and eyes flew open. What in the deuce did Henry mean. I thought something like that was coming. Now he is going to town to get married. All this flashed through my mind in a second and I felt like spanking him.

A week later Henry's job ran out and as I was growing tired of farm life, especially milking, I told him that he might have my job and I would go to town. He took my job of plowing and I strolled into Spearville, a distance of about fifteen miles.

I found a job and went to work the next morning with—well, never mind what I went to work at. I received two-fifty per day and got board in a private family for four fifty a week. I had a good bed to sleep in, a luxury which I had not enjoyed for almost two months, for on the farm all the sons and harvest-hands sleep in the born-loft on the hay.

The family with which I boarded had a daughter who was very much like the majority of Kansas girls, lover of a good time and crazy to get married. I did not know this at the time or would have been more careful with my tongue. Since,

I have learned that there are more grass-widows in Kansas than any other State in the Union.

When I came in from work I would clean up and put on my "glad rags" and after supper we, Mary and I, would sit in the cool on the front porch till late, chatting on various subjects till we got down or up to the subject of love. This was my short suit, but she was such an artful flirt till I needed to know nothing about flirting at all to have a swell time. Well, you know it is easy enough to ask a girl to marry when you are just flirting and you think she is, too. Much to my dismay, though, this proposal did not turn out as expected. She was very serious and asked, When, and I stammered, maybe next summer. But, no, that was too long and I consented for it to be Christmas. O! what joy! what bliss! How fine to be engaged!

I did not worry at all that night for I knew all would be well again as soon as I left. It was just too funny to think that a girl thought I meant what I said. But, the next morning she waited on me at breakfast and we walked down town together. It was then that she told me of a job that was open and that I must take so as to get ready for our nuptials. I consented as pleasantly as possible and she then returned to the house. But there was no work for me that day. I was in a mess and the best way out was to make myself scarce, so I drew my savings from the bank and set out for John Wall's place where Henry was working.

Mr. Wall, although regretting to give Henry up, drove us to Kingsley, where we caught the half-past five Kansas City flyer going East. John Prince.

Some Reflections upon the Princess, Chiefly of the Lyrics Found Therein

Through a period of fifteen years the young painter had busied himself with his work. He has talent as his paintings will show. That he has not spent his time in idle pastime is shown by a glance into his gallery. That his works are pop-

ular is evident from the number of visitors who flow to gaze upon his productions. Each picture shows clearly the thought and the meaning that the painter desires to represent. Yet the successful artist is not satisfied. He feels that he has not let himself out. He has confined himself only to small subjects. All of his paintings are but representations of an individual head, a horse, a dog, or a beautiful flower. He wishes to break from this confinement and to test his powers to their fullest extent. Leaving his studio and garden where he has found most of his models, he roams the country over. He finds a landscape far more beautiful than any that he has ever before seen. With great care and with exercise of diligence with the aid of his genius, he paints this beautiful landscape. "Wonderful," his friends exclaim. But it is not the landscape alone that has pleased the admirer. In the foreground stands a maiden with rosy cheeks that makes one's emotions arise equally as much as does the landscape. The landscape is a great work of art; but so is the maiden."

To our artist Tennyson is very properly compared. Up to 1845 he had produced many of the most beautiful lyrics that there are in literature. He had also written many short narrative, descriptive and allegorical poems. But all are characterized by brevity. So the poet decides to extend his field. He wishes to undertake a poem greater in length, one that will give a larger scope to his thoughts and feelings. As a result we have The Princess. No one reads the poem but that praise the beauties of its landscapes, admires the nobleness of its men and is enchanted by the fairness of its women. How great is the poet's skill with which he transfuses the Greek spirit into modern life. How well it is that the author illustrates the struggles of woman, her aspirations, and her proper sphere.

In spite of the success that the poet meets with in this new field of longer poems, yet he does not altogether free himself from the influence of his previous poetry. He cannot resist the desire to embed in this golden thread of narrative a few precious gems of lyric, shining with brightest lustre. Nor is it to be regretted that these lyrics have been interpolated. For

just as the night is made beautiful by the moon yet the heart may be touched most by those few bright stars that the moon cannot overshadow; so it is with the lyrics. While Tennyson holds us enchanted by the quest of the Prince for the Princess, yet our hearts quickly respond to the appeal made by these lyrics to our gentler senses.

The child who is yet too young to appreciate the deeper thought of these lyrics cannot help being held tense by the very music of the verse. Who is there while he reads "The Splendor Falls" does not hear in the far distance the dying echo of the bugle call? Whose feelings but are calmed to the quiet of a sleeping infant while he listens to the soft words of "Sweet and Low?" Such lyrics as the five melodies of the Princess would raise to the topmost heights of poetry any poem whatever its subject might be. These melodies are the finest group of songs that have been written the nineteenth century. Although in many ages many beautiful lyrics have been written and sung yet these lyrics of Tennyson found in The Princess, mark the high water mark of lyrical composition. They excel in beauty of thought, in melody of verse the best lyrics of many masters of lyrical poetry. The Bugle Song is the most perfect lyric since Shakespeare.

Four of the lyric poems are written in blank verse, "Tears, Idle Tears," "O Swallow, Swallow," "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, and "Come Down, O Maid." The blank verse songs found in his poems of the Arthurian legend have always been held in high esteem by all of Tennyson's ardent admirers. Yet these in "The Princess" excel even those of the Arthurian legend. These blank verse lyrics are also some of his experiments in isometric verse.

What truer picture of the waste Alpine heights and gorges, and of the sweet, rich valleys below has been drawn than the one in "Come Down, O Maid"? Scarcely has there been so much of nature, so well pictured in verse as Tennyson has crowded into these few lines. None but a master could do it. But few panoramas could give so much of the wild Alpine mounts, none could picture so minutely the beauty of each

"white ravine" and "furrow cloven falls." The wildest mountaineer could not refuse this invitation of Tennyson to come to the valleys below.

But how artistic is the comparision of embracing and enveloping true love of a lover to the lily in "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal." Note how well he pictures the irresistible love of a devoted and ever urgent lover in "Ask Me No More"; how she must yield though she fights against it. She is swept down into the mighty current of the stream although with her greatest strength she has battled against it. "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead" shows very clearly the effect that a child can have upon her mother. When the mother is overcome with grief, when even the sight of her dead lover's face cannot wake her from her trance; yet, how easily is her heart awakened and cheered by the thought of her child. Also note the lack of discretion on the part of the maidens; but "a nurse of ninety years" old in experience of this world knows what to do.

Zealous and impassioned love of the youthful love, his heart's longing, and the ever-present thought of his early love is seen in "O Swallow, Swallow."

He expresses very strikingly and beautifully in "Tears, Idle Tears" his passion for the past and his abiding in the present.

One could read every day these lyrics, yet each day he would be imprisoned by some new occurring thought. He would feel as never before the noble thoughts that Tennyson artistically yet simply expresses in these gems of literature.

"Uncle Dudley"

Mr. editer the t'other saturday i rode into yer Town for the fust time in eighteen monts. As you know i have bi down sic with the rheumatiz and couldn't go about fer that long time. But as I wus sayin' when I rode in i see soemthin' over the women's heds that didn't look much like umbrelers, but at fust i sed they are jest some new fangle farasels frum paris, but when i drew nigher i sez to miself, sez i, "dem ain't no paral-

sols because der ain't no handles to 'em." Well I look still closer and whut do yer think? it wus deir hats. Well i jist laughed right out. My laughing frightened maud (dat is my old mare's name), so she gits scared and stars prutty swift down the street. Well I had to look after Maud and let those umbreler-like hats take care ov 'emselves.

Well whin i gits around to my wife's bruder's uncle's store i hitches mi Maud and goes in. Well about the fust thin' that i sez to mi wife's bruder's uncle wus,

"I wants yer to tell me whut air dem der new umbreler-shaped-like hats dem der women air got on."

Well i just tell yer i never herd no one in all mi born dais laf so. Why i thout he would bust, but he didn't. He just naturally helt his sides. Well at eny rate he lafed enuf.

Whin he got thru his lafin' fit, i sez to him, i sez,

"Man i don't want none ov yer foolishnes. i wants ter know whut do yer call them things."

He sez, "ain't yer never saw one of dem before."

i jest tell 'im "no."

Then he sez to me, "well i jest tell you dem things serve fur several purposes. The fust is a umbreler agin both sun and rain; secundly, as a rat house; third, as a hat." Then when he got thru he bust out into another big laf.

"i believe you air right" sez i, "but tell me whut do they call 'em."

"merry widers" sez he.

"Whut" sez i, "you don't mean to tell me that all of dem women air widers and air merry too. Why man i saw some gals not mor'n fifteen wid sum of dem on. you don't mean to tell me der air merry widers. you air jest jokin' wid me. ain't yer?"

He soon assured me he wusn't. He then told me to go to the frunt part of de store and watch de merry widers go by and to see how many different shapes i could count. Well i lighted my pipe and set down in a chair and commenced watch-in'. Well i jest tell yer i ain't counted the different shapes till yit. Why i jest tell yer i felt in luve wid dem hats or the faces

whut wus under 'em one. i jest tell yer dem wus de purtiest faces i eber did see. I never did enjoy watchin' nothin' so in mi life. Ever'body looked so happy and pleasant like under 'em. i didn't see whi men didn't get them a hat on that stile. i then remembered mi summer's old straw hat wid its brod brim. I certainly do enjoy wearing it.

Soon mi wife's bruder's uncle comes out and axe me how i am enjoyin' miself. i at once spoke up and sez, sez i,

"jest fine, i tell yer what i am going ter do. I am goin' to buy sum of dem der bery hats fur sarah and de gals."

He lafed and sed it wus time to go ter super. He sed i could go round to church tomorrer and see sum of der nue ones. They keeps ther nuest ones fer sunday he told me. i wondered how they got in the door with them, but i didn't axe him no further questions about them.

Well after super mi wife's bruder's uncle tells his wife whut i had sed about the merry widers, and i thout we would have to send fur a docter to make her stop lafin'. At eny rate when she got thru lafin' she called her little son Charlie to her and told him to resite that peace he rote about de merry wider. Charlie is only nine year old, but i jest tell yer mr editor that boy has got a hed on him. As a hint i will tell yer that boy will soon rank with the gret poets of the past. Well he commenced sumthin' like this:

> "do you see the large merry widers,
> on the heds of the pretty widers?
>
> "Do tell me now, do you see
> The pretty faces of the bonnie widers
> In the shade of the broad merry widers."

Well sire it is jest like i tell yer that boy has got sumthin' to look forward too. He jest kept on speakin' like that fur two or three minits.

When next morning come my wife's bruder's uncle sez to me that he didn't believe he would go to church for he couldn't see the preacher very well. I jest thot that his eyes wus

hurtin' him and he didn't want to go out in the cold wind. I went on to church and took a seat about middle way ov de church. I wus a little airly so i got to see ever'body come in. i begun to notice the merry widers. Sum of de women would turn deir hats to one side when dey came in the door. i tell you sum of dem merry widers wur beauts. Soon three women come in and sot down in frunt ov me. Each one had a merry wider and they extended way over the back of the seat. Soon one woman came in and set down by my side. i thot it was grand to be among so many merry widers. Soon the quire begun to sing. i looked to see them, and fur the fust time i realized mi position. i picked up my hat and started to change mi seat, but alas it wus to late. anuther merry wider was comin' in the way i wus goin' out. Well sire i was jest blocked ther and couldn't do nuthing.

Now mr Editer don't you be surprised when i tell you i ain't seen no preacher till yit and fur the number of people in the quire i ain't got no idee. i had to set there jest as still as a school boy and be contented. I couldn't move my hed widout it strikin' up against sum merry wider. i tell you man i wus miserable. It wus jest horrible to set there. i thout they never would get thru singin' and fur the sermon (it wus only twenty five minits long) i thout it never would end. Don't you know i wus glad whin i herd the benediction? Man i tell you i traveled frum that place. I know now why mi wife's bruder's uncle didn't go to church. i don't blame him.

That night i sed i wus goin' to anuther church where i wouldn't be bothered wid merry widers. i thot if i would go up in the loft i wouldn't be bothered wid dem, but no sire, i hadn't no mor'n got up dere and took mi seat than i wus surrounded by merry widers. There wus merry widers in front of me. Merry widers to the right and left of me. Merry widers back of me. i wanted to git up and leave but my situation wouldn't allow. Well sire i jest leaned back and wus fixin' to take me a good nap when i herd the preacher kindly ask the ladies to take off their hats. Sum complied with the request and sum didn't. The preacher he then sed for all them

that hadn't payed fur ther hats to keep 'em on. Mr Editor in three forths of a minite there wus not a hat on a single head. It was almost as if them 'lectric lights had been turned on. Ammediately i could se nearly ever'body in the church. Of course ther wus a few under the loft that i couldn't see. Mr Editer i tell you i herd a good sermon and enjoyed it.

Now Mr Editur let me tell you i am thru wid dem der merry widers. They are purty and i like to see 'em in the right place but fur goodnes sake keep 'em ou tov the church. yours very Respeckfully, Uncle Dudley. C. V. H.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Between the years 1772 and 1834 Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived, and Carlyle paints his portrait in these words: "Brow and head were round and of massive weight; but the face war flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly fro mthem, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in cork-screw fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man."

This strange man had a strange childhood. At three years old he read the Bible; at six he had devoured "Belisarius," "Robinson Crusoe," "Philip Quarll," and the "Arabian Nights." In 1782 he was entered as a pupil at Christ's Hospital, where, though he won the position of Senior Grecian, or first scholar, his life was, on the whole, a dreary one. He spent his time in moping and reading. In 1791 he went to Jesus College, Cambridge. A debt of less than one hundred pounds drove him from the university in the second year. He enlisted in the dragoons, under the name of Comberbache.

After four months' service, his friends procured his discharge, and he returned to Cambridge, leaving again in June, 1794, without taking a degree. In 1795 he married Miss Sarah Fricker, a sister of Southey's wife, and during the first three years of his marriage, he lived in Wordsworths neighborhood. His brain was full of visions and scheme. With Southey he planned to found a model republic on the Susquehanna, to be called the "Pantisocracy"; but when it was found that not of the directors could pay his passage to America, the plan was abandoned.

As poet, critic, philosopher, and theologian, he has added to the force of English thinking and to the beauty of English expression what it could ill afford to lose. Together he and Wordsworth discussed what ideal poetry should be. Wordsworth believed that a poet should write on every-day subjects in every-day language. Coleridge believed that lofty or supernatural subjects might be so treated as to seem simple and real. The two men agreed to bring out a little book, "Lyrical Ballads," in 1798. Coleridge's chief contribution to the volume was "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that weird and marvellous tale of the suffering that must follow an act not in loving accor dwith nature. This poem is like the old ballads in its simplicity and directness, but very unlike them in the fullness of its harmony. Coleridge was a master of sound. Here is his sound picture of a brook:

> "A noise like a hidden brook,
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

The breaking up of the ice is thus described:

> "It crecke dand growled, and roared and howled,
> Like noises in a swound."

The similes of the poem are of the kind that not only adorn a statement but illuminate it; the mariner passes, "like night," from land to land. The vessel in a calm is

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Here is the fierce rush of rhythm:

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrows followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

His poem, "Christobel," is a mystic tale of an innocent maiden who is enthralled by the power of magic. It gave to us a new metre. Then, too, he wrote the dazzling fragment, "Kubla Klan," part of a poem which, he said, came to him while he slept. The rest of it was driven from his memory by an interruption. However, this poem is ranked as one of his best.

Whatever Coleridge touched with his poetic gift was rich and splendid, but nearly everything was incomplete. His poetry seems only a prophecy of what he might have done, and yet some of it is what he alone could do. Fancy, beatuiful imagery, exquisite versification, are characteristic of nearly all Coleridge's poems, and now and then a daring flight of his imagination is attended by the boldest measures. So it was in prose. No one can read a single page of his writings without realizing that their author was a man of deep and original thought and of rarely equalled ability; and yet here, too, all was unfinished. Coleridge said that he trembled at the thought of the question, "I gave thee so many talents; what hast thou done with them?" His excuse was a certain weakness of the will. This was increased by the use of opium, which he began to take to quiet pain, and this laid the foundation of a habit which was to exert a baneful influence over his life.

The literary character of Coleridge resembles some vast but unfinished palace; all is gigantic, beautiful and rich, but nothing is complete, nothing compact. He was all his days, from his youth to his death, laboring, meditating, projecting; and yet all that he has left us bears marks of imperfection. He

has left little save fragments—but they are magnificent fragments. The wonderful charm of his conversation, the spell of his enthusiasm, influenced the opinions of all the young men of his day who were worth influencing, and yet he was utterly without ability to command his own powers or to govern his own mind. A fragmentary poet, a careless critic, an unscientific philosopher, a mystical theologian, and an irresolute man, "he suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labors, and his genius, and his sufferings."

W. Jay McGarrity, '10.

The Dark

The rolling plains of the Dakotas were covered with snow, and as they stretched away in endless undulations, not a tree, or hilltop, or peak, or human habitation was reared against the leaden sky to break the dreary monotony of the waste. The sun becoming tired of trying to warm a landscape that, as fast as warmed, more quickly froze again, had gone behind the distant hills, and the wild north winds swept with resistless fury across the plains. No sound save the rush of the winds was heard, and as the darkness closed down like a pall, the mantle of snow shone livid against the blackness.

Was there no life here? Was this plain totally desolate? Surely not, for a low noise was heard, and nearby, in the side of a small hill, was a round hole, through which a delicate glow shone into the night. No beast of prey crouching within, but it is the dug-out home of some settlers. Through the narrow opening came the rays of light from a little fire of coals that glowed in a fireplace in one corner of the little earthen room—not very large, with dirt walls, dirt floor, and roof of poles and covered with sod. The coals cast but a shadowy light through the little apartment, and the cold wind came in from without, and with it came a strange chill—a chill the more mysterious because it made the heart grow cold and afraid.

A few chairs of slab stood before the coals and in the corner, and a table of the same material stood in the middle of the room, while two rough beds in the back were dim and indistinct in the half light. Suddenly a low sob was heard, and now the shadowy form of a man was seen sitting by the bed. His broad back was turned toward the fire. His head bowed over clasped hands, as though in sorrow. On the bed nearby lay the emaciated form of a woman. Her face was drawn and suffering, and frame din a tangle of snow-white hair, while the thin, long hand that lay without the ragged covering, reached convulsively toward the clasped ones of the man. Again the broad shoulders were shaken with a deep sob, as the thin lips of the woman murmured, "My son!" and he turned tenderly over her, clasping her hand in his strong, rough ones.

"You have awaken, mother, and are better?" he asked in soft voice, though a tone of infinite sadness and tenderness crept in, unawares. "I wish I could help you mother," he continued with a break in his manly young voice.

"No matter, John, you will be better without me, and—I'm so tired!" she answered as she turned her face t othe wall.

"Do better without you! I can't do without you at all—you must not go—you can't go!" he said fiercely. "I'm all alone, and can't live without you!"

No sound was heard without, save the sound of the wind as it whistled past the opening that served as a door. No sound within, save the labored breathing of the form on the bed. In rigid silence the son sat, like a statue of despair and hopelessness, holding the hand whose pulse every moment grew weaker and weaker. Suddenly a quiver ran through her form, and the white lips murmuring, "Good-bye, John, I love—you," the chill of death came in even more silently than the chill of winter, and the clasped hand was nerveless and cold.

A groan of anguish and pain burst from the lips of the strong man, as he rose heavily and crept like one in a dream, toward the coals, that still glowed in the ashes. Long he sat before them, gazing intensely into their mysterious glow, with-

out a sound, without a movement. Even the wind had ceased, and was silent as though in honor of the visitor, Death.

A low, crunching of the snow was heard outside, as though same animal were approaching. The hanging over ing door was stealthily pushed aside, and the red jaws and glowing eyes of a wolf appeared. Gradually and slowly he crept in, his gaunt, grey body crouching close to the floor, and the hungry eyes watching intensely the figure by the fire. Nearer and nearer still it came, with tail down close to the ground. A shiver ran through the bowing form of the man, and a groan again ran through the silence. The ears of the wolf were pricked up at this—the gaunt bod no longer crouched as before, and it seemed that the fierce eyes glowed with a softer light, as it came close to the man. The simple movement caused the man to look around, and their eyes met. Not in an angry glance, not in antagonism and hate, but the order of nature was changed, and the bond of sympathy was felt. And of the hand of the desolate man was stretched out, the hungry and outcast wolf gently rubbed it with its nose, and caressed it with its tongue.

Sin as a Cause of Poverty

Even in this twentieth century, in the days of improved agricultural facilities and industrial organizations, the problem of poverty remains. The wealth of a Croesus is nothing beside that of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller but still the grea tmass of humanityy plod on in the struggle for daily bread. So intense is the struggle with many that it yields but the bare necessities of life.

We ask why such poverty exists. There are many causes, but we shall here consider only one—the one which seems to us fundamental. Sin is the great cause of the poverty of society. Sinful indulgence of every kind decreases the working efficiency of the individual, and this means smaller output of goods, inferior quality and less wages. Upon even this diminished wages sin has put its tax and the drunkard buys

his rum, although he cannot afford to buy shoes for his children. This creates a great demand for liquor. This demand means that society will pay better wages for the production of liquor than for the production of many of the necessities of life. Any trade which does not minister to the real needs of society is worse than a parasite upon society. If the idler, whether in a poor house or a palace, whether supported by an individual or by the community, is a parasite, what shall we call the man who works but whose very work counts for the destruction of the energies of society and the diminishment of its productions? Such a worker does incalculable harm to society and for the harm done gets wages. Millions of men and even women in the world are prostituting their abilities and energies to the satisfaction of man's baser appetites. It is stated upon good authority that in Hyderabad, India, thirty-six per cent. of the wages of the popular goes for heathen rites and bad or useless habits. Thus more than a third of the energies of the people are lost to the production of those things which society needs. Such a loss accounts in great measure for our poverty. It cannot be assumed that the chief cause of the poverty of a particular individual is his own sin, but it does appear evident that if there were no sin, then there would be an abundance of goods for every one. If the total energy of society, undiminished by any sinful indulgence, was expended in the production of only those things which man needs and which go to uplift him, it is safe to say that the amount of production would far exceed the bare necessities of life for each individual and would more and more approximate the ever-increasing higher needs of man.

M. D., Jr., '09.

The Prayer of Christian Toilers

Jesus, Thou who dost know best
  How to save and keep at peace,
Keep us now in holy rest
  While we work in gentle ease.

Jesus, Thou who dost know best
  How to love and loving be,
Keep us now in holy rest
  While we labor on for Thee.

Lord, yes keep us with Thy love:
  Keep us all in holy rest,
Just as Heav'n's angels above
  Kept are out of sinfulness.

W. H. C., '12.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Crawford A. Easterling, Editor-in-Chief

The Call of the South

Progress, progress, all things cry!
  Progress, nature's golden rule;
Nothing tarries 'neath the sky,
  Learn in nature's wondrous school.

If all the ideals and watchwords of our American nation could be summed up and reduced to one word we believe the epitome of all could be found in the connotation of the word "progress." Seemingly the American nation was born not with a silver spoon in its mouth but more nearly with wheels of progress in its head. We are ardent believers in this great watchword of a people who have wrested a continent from the grasp of wild nature and built thereon a nation whose inhabitants embrace almost all the distinctive elements and qualities

of the Caucasion race. The magnificent results as a whole are too self-evident and manifest to require mention but the phase in which our interest is most deeply centered—the educational advancement of our people—is the subject which attracts the Southerner's attention most of all. That the South has not been a distinct attribute in furthering the educational develpoment of our nation and that her people have not reaped the benefits to any great degree of such an educational development is made manifest by the comparison of the educational status of our Southern States with that of the other States from different sections. As a reason for this we are too ready to revert again to the fact that the South has been recovering for the last fifty years from the wounds of civil strife, but still our Southern pride will rebel when our people are asked to take a back seat in the synagogue and we are told that we have to do so because, as we admit it, we are still hobbled with checks fifty years old. Also we must realize that the shadows of the halo which shone around us in the vale of yesterday are growing dim and faint and as we stand in the world today our deeds must radiate their own greatness.

To make a more practical application of the South's weakness and to present the situation in a more concrete way let us bring the question nearer to our own doors. Suppose then we treat our subject in a more perspective way. Let us hold the mirror up to nature. The graduating class of our college this year will be, in round numbers, about fifty men. Of this number something like ten per cent. expect to enter the ministry. Fifteen or twenty per cent. will become teachers, which profession is second only to the ministry in nobleness. But all of these men do not expect to make teaching a profession; they intend to use the school-room as a stepping stone to something else. Then, twenty per cent., perhaps, expect to take up professions or follow the business of their parents. This speculative estimate still leaves about forty or fifty per cent. of the class who have no idea what vocation in life they expect to follow. As the expression is they will do "the first thing that turns up." The demand the world has for such men is grow-

ing more diminutive every year. Granted then that fifty per cent. of our graduates find ready fields of employment there still remains the other fifty per cent. who must be furnished some kind of occupation. To continue our comparison let us suppose that we have fifty graduates from an institution which is thoroughly equipped with all the advantages and specialized courses introduced into the educational world by the hand of progress and through the influences of modernity. We find then men who have devoted the years of their college lives to special courses and when they come into the world to seek a livelihood they meet an ever-increasing demand for men of their type. Success stoops to met their because they have directed their footsteps in the paths which lead to the success of the modern world. Opportunity presents itself and is made greater and more fruitful in direct proportion to the ability of the man who seizes it. Is it not true then that the graduates of our own institution and of the representative colleges of the South when measured by the scale of modern educational standards are deficient.

Therefore, if our supposition be true and, in verity, it is a glaring fact which stares us in the face the consequence must follow that we, the youth of the South and the posterity of men who were foremost as leaders and statesmen in the shaping of our nation must either bend our untiring efforts toward the educational uplifting of our people or else sink to the embarrassing position of "Ichabods" and have it said that our glory hath departed. Some of us, indeed, expect to keep pace with the demands of progress by attending the modern institutions of other sections of our country but such possibilities are open only to exceptional cases. The remedy is not to be found in the South's seeking knowledge elsewhere but in the bringing of such knowledge to the South and placing it within reach of the masses. The education of the South is not to be had by the training of a few but by the permeation of knowledge through all.

Men of Wofford and of our Southern colleges, no matter what vocation in life you may adopt, regardless of what busi-

ness or profession you may follow the fact that the people of your own native land are a people of comparative ignorance not alone from the standpoint of modern education but from every standpoint meets you face to face. It is a problem that you must solve and its demands on you are pressing. Our ambitions toward industrial progress are becoming almost insatiable. Our desire for wealth grows apace. Our aspirations toward leadership are as high as of old. The realization, then, of our ambitions, the accomplishment of our desires and the attainment of our aspirations must come through the education of all our people. Therein lies the call of our land.

College Spirit and Base Ball Team

Now that spring time, the awakening time has come, let we students of Wofford College arouse the college spirit that has been sleeping in us all the winter. In spite of the fact that some may deny the accutaion it is true. Our college spirit is somewhere else than on the campus—whether it is sleeping within or whether it has departed to some place without we cannot say but we do know that there has been no visible or audible signs of it any time lately.

Of course, we realize that during the winter the spirit of any college is likely to lag, for beside the fact that the winter is freezing time, there is nothing special to keep up general interest.

In athletics, the prime source of college spirit, it is between seasons—too late for football and too early for baseball. True, we have our gymnasium team and our basket ball team but both might be termed "indoor sports" and for that reason do not arouse that enthusiasm and interest that outdoor sports do. Somehow the outbursts of college spirit can manifest themselves better and louder when there is plently of fresh air and more than enough room for sound.

Now since we have an outlet for our feeling and an opportunity to show interest let us all, individually and as a body, support our ball team. Of course, all of us cannot play on the team but all of us can help those who do, by showing them

that we are just as much interested as if we really played. We can contribute to the Athletic Association fund and thus help out financially, and we can "talk our team"—I mean by "talking our team" never to lose an opportunity to impress the fact both on outsiders and on our team itself that we believe we have a winning bunch and that we are going to stick by them until—well, they win the State championship—and then keep on sticking.

Letters from the Old Grads

The Journal wishes to extend to any and all of Wofford's old grads a cordial invitation to send us letters for publication. We are still deeply interested in those who have trod the paths before us and we are confident that they may be a great help to us by writing us something about themselves, their observations, and their experiences. If the editor doesn't happen to know your present address and occupation so that he may make a special request for a letter he will nevertheless appreciate a voluntary note the more.

This month we are deeply indebted to Mr. C. E. Boyd, of the class of '96, for a very innteresting and instructive letter which we publish below. Since graduating here Mr. Boyd has had a wide and varied experience in the educational field. After taking his M. A. degree at the University of Missouri, he then became instructor of Greek and Latin at the University of Missouri. He has also taught at several other places in Tennessee and Missouri. He is now Fellow Instructor in Latin and Greek at the University of Wisconsin, which institution was given last year by President Eliot, of Harvard, the flattering title of "the leading State university." We are very proud, indeed, of the reputation Mr. Boyd has made for himself and for Wofford and we wish to extend to him our deepest thanks for his valuable contribution.

THE SOUTH VS. THE WEST.

The editor-in-chief's suggestion for a contribution to the Journal affords the writer an opportunity to comment on certain phases of education as seen in the middle West and as

contrasted with that in the South. If any statements unfavorable to the latter appear, they are prompted, of course, by only the sincerest of motives. A fair-minded, well-informed professor of American History who has had teaching experience in the South, recently remarked that "Future criticism of the South that is to produce real benefit, must come only from Southerners." It is easy, it is true, to point out deficiencies, to raise criticism regarding existing conditions. But, as a matter of fact, it seems very clear that, as far as South Carolina is concerned, there has not yet been sufficient criticism in such matters to make her realize her full duty. Is there not need to widen the horizon and see things somewhat in perspective? In doing so false ideas may be corrected. A true sense of perspective consists in the appreciation of real essentials, the right relativity of values, and the power to discriminate properly between the good, the bad, the indifferent. Such appreciation had the old Quaker philosopher who had learned that. "It is not what thee *eats* but what thee *digests* that makes thee *healthy*. It is not what thee *earns* but what thee *saves* that makes thee *wealthy*. It is not what thee *reads* but what thee *remembers* that makes thee *wise*." In nothing is this sense of perspective so essential as in questions of education. For this reason, then, I should like to speak frankly of the South by the side of the West, and more especially, as respective types, of South Carolina on the one hand and the State of Wisconsin on the other.

Western ideas and ideals, by contrast, conspicuously reveal Southern conservatism, conservatism in business, in politics, in education, in theology. While the South is largely given to tradition an dprecedent, the West is alive with the spirit of independence and intense progressiveness. The former indeed evidences much enterprise and progress and undeniably, each passing year shows remarkable strides in industrial and business relations, but in certain other respects, as particularly for intellectual welfare, there appears to be a superfluity of self-satisfaction! The latter presents here some characteristics that are certainly worthy of emulation. Let us note, first,

what Wisconsin, as a commonwealth of the Northwest, is doing for the educational development of her citizens.

This is very clearly shown in an article in the February number of the American Magazine by Lincoln Steffens, entitled, "Sending a State to College." It does not adequately impress the literary and cultural side of the subject discussed but otherwise fairly points out the wonderful influence a wisely administered State institution may exert on the entire State. After mentioning the population of Wisconsin as two and a quarter millions, the great majority of whom cannot go to Madison ever for the ten days' farmers' course, Mr. Steffens says they all contribute to the support of the university since they all need, and many of them want, to learn something—as the fortunes made by the private correspondence schools prove. "Breaking thus," he says, "the bounds of Madison, the university is breaking also the bounds of that old definition of a university and setting up a new ideal for education—to teach anybody, anything, anywhere." He tells of the tendency of Western students to stay in the West, of the visit last ear of President Eliot, of Harvard, to learn the reason of his critical inquiries regarding the old things: "scholarship, pure science, the morale of the classical courses at Madison. Were the departments sound? Was the old suffering from the new?" He infers the distinguished visitor was thoroughly pleased from the fact that last June the president conferred Harvard's LL. D. on Charles R. Van Hise, using the words: "President of the leading State university, the University of Wisconsin." The incident of a professor with a Latin book under one arm and a chees from the agricultural college under the other is used to illustrate "pretty well the realization at Madison of the old ideal of a university: a place where anybody may learn anything." Some of the ideas stressed are the correspondence school, the short course for farmers, the housekeepers' conference (ten days), the double relation of certain faculty members—actual teaching in the university, and service to the public as members of commissions and advisory boards on legislation, etc.

The mere titles to several illustrations suggest additional functions: "President Van Hise, who cannot see why his university should not reach all the people of the State all the time;" "To have a Wisconsin horse as famous as Wisconsin wheat and Wisconsin democracy;" "Old farmers come to Madison in the dead of winter to get the results of the year's experimentation;" "'The invention of the Babcock milk test returns the State annually the cost of the university for the same period." The concluding statement is that the State University is coming to be a part of the citizens' own mind just as the State is becoming a part of his will.

This article is referred to as above to demonstrate that—in Wisconsin education is being magnified through the agency of the university—the father, the mother, the son, the daughter, all may look in that direction for their source of inspiration.

The people do not begrudge large appropriations from the State funds to support and develop the university. For the year 1907-1908 the appropriation was $827,532.67. The available fund from all sources amounted to $1,165,569.47.

The education of the people of the State is bound to be substantially improved from year to year. Sixty per cent. of the children between four and twenty years of age are enrolled in the public schools.

The State is being amply repaid for every dollar expended for educational purposes.

Furthermore ,in regard to high schools throughout the State constant progress is in evidence. There were last year two hundred and sixty-four free high schools of the four years course, only four of the three years course, and fourteen independent high schools. The average salary of principals in the first type is $1,120.74, of assistances $565.34. Enrollment in the public schools is, for last year, 464,240. Progress seems the watchword.

Now in setting the educational status in South Carolina over against that in Wisconsin I do so with no purpose to depreciate the one and exploit the other. South Carolina has long labored with earnest effort, and commendably striven

against odds. But in keeping with this fact is the realization that her educational interests still fall considerably short of the maximum requirements of an aspiring, ambitious, progressive State. Can we rest content when the State is rated as next to the lowest in the matter of illiteracy? Surely there is here an opportunity towards which the young men of our colleges may worthily direct their interest and their energy! There are two apparently good reasons for no more real educational progress: the ever present negro question and the annually depleted State treasury. Here are, to be sure, weighty hindrances, but are they not too frequently advanced as extenuating reasons for slow development in State education?

Rather than deal only in generalities, I shall mention here what I conceive to be some deficiencies in the educational standing of South Carolina at the present time—not with a desire to "knock" but simply to "assert."

The State has really suffered, as its first defect educationally, through the lack of definite leadership that could outline and direct plans until they were successfully consummated. The last two superintendents deserve credit for a noteworthy advance and particularly effective has been the work accomplished the past two years for common and high schools by the present progressive Inspector of School of the University of South Carolina. But why had not such enterprise been instituted decades ago?

The whole school system is as yet in an unorganized condition. When it is recalled how early free schools existed in the State, is it not strange there still remains so much to do even in the mere matter of organization? There is hardly any uniformity among the long-established schools. There has never existed any definite plan for the correlation of schools and colleges. On this a good deal could be said. The State, years sin, blundered, it would appear, in not organizing a genuine, full-fledged, university at some convenient point, preferably Columbia. It is vain to offer regrets now, but far better off, it seems, would educational interests in the State now be, if there had been a consolidation of State colleges—the present

university (literary, law, and pedagogical), Clemson, the citadel, the Medical College, with Winthrop, of course, separate. Such hope seems forever dispelled. Among other reasons the people of the State have seemingly believed that distribution throughout the State meant better discipline and, particularly, financial advantage to the several communities selected. Western State universities, even with co-education and an attend? ance of 3,000 to 5,000, prove that discipline is well nigh ideal in spite of numbers. Concentration of resources,without duplication of departments of instruction, and actual economy of expenditures, ar especial advantages from such consolidation. And not the least of arguments is the development of a State pride in things educational. But the most direct and far-reaching effect is that such a centralized institution shapes, modifies, and encourages all other schools in the State. That large, consolidated (imaginary) State school that South Carolina ought now to be supporting, would have assumed broad leadership, as in most States. Rather oddly, be it said to her credit, Wofford College is this year setting a fine example to the other colleges—State and denominational—in elevating the standard of college work by one year, a proceedure naturally to be expected of the State university. It already has determined upon a similar raise in standard. Wofford seems destined to leaven the "whole lump!" A gratifying thing is that the various colleges of the State move along with harmonious relations.

Yet it remains to be said that back of the two defects mentioned—each of leadership and unorganized system—is the real underlying cause for the existence of both. This is the half-indifferent, unprogressive, even penurious attitude of the people of the State as a whole, and as representative of popular sentiment, the usually mild, conservative legislation of the law-makers. Public sentiment is pretty well content to follow in the old ruts. But the new high school law is a pleasing exception, in spite of the recent protests from certain legislators. Yet why was this, too, so very long in being realized? Notwithstanding its self-evident right to fullest encouragement,

the present legislature had the hardihood to cut down the proposed appropriation of $60,000 for high schools to $50,000. Perhaps it was done to avoid "extravagance!" Here, frankly, is one cause of trouble—the legislators keep an eye too often on *re-election*. It is also quite true good representatives are sometimes left at home because they appeared too prone to act *progressively* on certain matters involving the State's best interests. Again, some members of the General Assmbly invariably undervalue the need of continuing some of the colleges on even the present meager financial basis, on the plea that the greatest need is the common schools. "This ought they to have done and not to have left the other undone."

When one thinks of the room for educational expansion in South Carolina, of the necessity for good salaries for teachers and, as a result, better teachers, of the needed consolidation of smaller rural schools into stronger ones, of the desirability of compulsory education, of the advantage of systematic, State-wide inspection of schools, of the present need for higher qualifications in county education officials and numerous other phases—must one not rightfully conclude that the old Palmetto State should speedily have a great educational rallying? She enjoys advantages, charms, virtues, characteristic features as a commonwealth unapproached elsewhere and unspecified in this connection. But educationally she can well afford to contemplate examples set up by some other States. That is to say, the whole South may greatly profit by consideration of the West.

Clarence Eugene Boyd.

Madison, Wisconsin.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

Society Elections

The three societies held elections for officers for the last term recently, and the following were elected:

Calhoun.—F. C. Huff, president; R. C. Huggin, vice-president; J. W. Scott, first critic; J. S. Simmons, second critic; Frank Klugh, third critic; D. C. McLeod, first censor; J. S. Jones, second censor; E. B. Hammond, recording secretary; H. M. Snyder, corresponding secretary.

Preston.—G. F. Patton, president; R. C. Folger, vice-president; J. H. Glenn, first critic; D. P. McCain, second critic; R. S. Major, first censor; T. B. Penney, second censor; A. L. Humphries, third censor; C. O. All, recording secretary; L. G. Gage, corresponding secretary.

Carlisle.—J. C. Brogden, president; H. M. Cox, vice-president; M. Richardson, first critic; C. V. Hayes, second critic; J. D. Griffith, third critic; A. E. Tinsley, first censor; P. B. Yarborough, second censor; E. L. Horges, recording secretary; O. C. Bennett, corresponding secretary.

Fast Team on the Diamond this Year

The prospectus for a winning baseball team at Wofford this year are better than they have been in several years.

For over two weeks Coach Pressley has been on the baseball field coaching and training the players and giving every member of the student-body a chance to show what kind of ball player he is. On the first afternoon there were between seventy and eighty men out, but several cut-outs have been made and those that remain now are the players that will compose the "varsity" and "scrub" teams.

Wannamaker, Bull and Hyatt will represent Wofford's corps of pitchers this season. With these men it is well repre-

sented and the team that goes up against them will find that Wofford has a battery stronger than that of last year, and then they had the best throughout the Sate colleges. These men have never played "varsity" ball before, but they have shown that they are college ball players of the first type.

Wannamaker is from Calhoun county and is a member of the Junior class. In the baseball class games last fall he pitched his class into the championship, and that class is now the holders of the baseball trophy cup.

Bull is also from Calhoun county and is a member of the Sophomore class. He pitched for his class in the class games last fall and showed up well both as a pitcher and batter. This year he is showing great improvement in his pitching and he will in all probability land as pitcher. In the class games he hit 343.

This is Hyatt's first year at Wofford and he is from Columbia and a student at the fitting school. He did not have a chance to show what he could do in the class baseball games, but he has been out every afternoon at practice and he shows up well. He has a good arm and is also a good batter.

With a pitching staff as Wofford has now there should be no trouble in winning games.

There are three men trying for catcher, King, Glenn, and Hazel.

King is from Brevard, N. C., and has been a student at the fitting school for the past two years. He played with the "Fighters" in the class games. He is a good catcher and hits well. This is the first year he has ever tried for "varsity." He will make Wofford a good man in the future.

Glenn, L., hails from Chester, and is a member of the Freshman class, this being his first year at Wofford. He did not have a chance to show what he could do in the class games, but in the practice he is showing up well. He has a good arm and hits well.

Who will play first base this season is a question to be answered later. The two who are trying for this position are both Spartanburg boys, Sam Black and "Bill" Wrightson.

The former held the first bag for the Sophomores in the class games and played a good game both in the field and at the bat. Last year he was a member of the "varsity." Sam was looked upon by everyone as the long distance hitter. His hits almost always counted for an extra base.

Wrightson has never played on the "varsity" and this is the first season that he has ever tried for it. On first he is always "there" and there are very few balls that ever get by him. He has a good wing, hits well and is fast on bases. In the class games he hit 386, and his fielding was perfect, while Black hit 400 and also fielded well.

"Who is going to play first?" has become a stereotyped expression all over the campus, and there is doubt in every one's mind at present as to who will play the initial bag.

In all probability Jones will be seen on second base. He played short for the Juniors in the class games. He is a corking good infielder and he hit above the 300 mark. Jones is from Ridge Springs, N. C., and this is his third year at Wofford. The other applicant for second was Edens, who is from Clio. He is a good player and he may land on the team, though Jones is ahead of him at present. Edens proved himself a ball player when he played for the Freshmen. This is his first year at Wofford.

On third Humphries will be seen. He is from Camden and this is his second year at Wofford. Third is considered by many the hardest position to play on a ball field, but Wofford has a man to hold it down who is an exceedingly fast infielder and a good batter, a fast base runner and who has an arm from third to first that sends the ball as straight as a bullet. Much is going to be expected of him in the coming games against the other college teams, because he has everything any college player could wish for.

"Bill" Ellerbe, this year's captain, and also a member of last year's "varsity," will again be at short. Last year he was considered the best college shorstop in the State and this year he is better than he was last. He is a good hitter and is fast on bases. He is going to be expected to lead the team on

to victory this year. He is a member of the Sophomore class and is from Bennettsville.

Walker and Raysor, also of last year's "varsity," will again be seen in their old places, the former in left garden and the latter in centre. This will be Raysor's last year on Wofford's "varsity." Though but a Junior, he has been a member of the team for three years, the coming season making it four, he having made team his first year when he was a member of the Senior class at the fitting school. He has played centre every season since. Raysor is a sure fielder, a good hitter and is fast on bases. He hit well last year and fielded 1,000, having not made an error the entire season. He is from Calhoun county.

Bob Walker has the distinction of leading the batting averages of the players of last year's "varsity." In fielding he was second, having made but one error. His base running was good, as was his hitting and fielding. Last year his timely hits won more than one game for the "Old Gold and Black." This year, in the practice games, he has been laying the balls up against the fence, and he is faster in the outfield than ever before. In the class games he was captain of the Freshmen's team, while Raysor held the same position, that of the Sophomore. In these class games their playing was always of the best. Bob is from Greenville.

Bigham, a fitting school student, will play in the right garden. He was a member of the scrub team at Erskine last year and has improved a great deal since. He will make a good man. Bigham comes from Chester.

Withal, the coming baseball season looks toward being the most successful that Wofford has had in a long time. Of course, several changes may take place in the picking of the team, but at present the above will resemble Wofford's "varsity" baseball team of 1909.

The following schedule has been arranged by Mr. L. K. Breeden, who is manager of the Wofford team this season. Furman, Clemson and Carolina will play during the May Festival. Following are the games as scheduled.

March 31—Riverside Military, at Spartanburg.

April 1—Wofford vs. Furman, at Greenville.

April 6—Presbyterian College of South Carolina, at Spartanburg.

April 8—Erskine, at Spartanburg.

April 16—Newberry College, at Spartanburg.

Festival wee—April 21, Furman; April 22, Clemson; April 23, Carolina; at Spartanburg.

May 3—Wofford vs. Furman, at Greenville.

May 4—Wofford vs. Clemson, at Clemson.

May 5—Wofford vs. Erskine, at Due West.

May 6—Wofford vs. Newberry, at Newberry.

May 7—Wofford vs. Carolina, at Columbia.

CAMPUS NOTES

R. A. Goosley, W. J. McGarity, C. B. Dawsey, B. W. DuBose, J. K. Davis, and T. B. Penney have been elected to serve on the Junior Debate for this year. This interesting function comes off during commencement, and these men will doubtless reflect credit on themselves and their class.

The basket-ball team, consisting of Raysor, Wannamaker, Baker, Wrightson, Davidson made a trip t oColumbia and Charleston recently. At Columbia they played the Columbia Y. M. C. A. and Carolina, losing to the Y. M. C. A. but winning from Carolina. The Charleston Y. M. C. A. team and the Charleston College team won from them, the latter by the close score of 28 to 27. Inter-collegiate basket-ball is in its infancy as yet, but the colleges of the State are taking more interest in this fine game than formerly.

The Sophomores have elected their speakers for the Sophomore Exhibition which comes off in April. This occasion is looked forward to with much pleasure, not only by the Sophomres, but by the whole student body. The Exhibition this year will not be one whit behind that of former years.

The following will serve on that occasion: Ellerbe, Brady, Rankin, Dibble, Hardin, and Hutto.

Examinations are in full blast as this goes to press. This is the regular mid-year examination, and considered by most of the students to be the hardest one of the three. The Seniors will not have to stand another examination in June, provided each man makes a satisfactory grade on daily work. This is a new rule on the part of the faculty, and doubtless a good one, as there would ony be about six weeks' work to stand an examination on in May. Whether for the best or not, the Seniors welcome the change most heartily.

Work on the Annual is moving along smoothly these days, and notwithstanding our late start, the Annual bids fair to be a creditable publication. The photographer has been busy making pictures for the various groups and clubs, and the art editors have some nice work on hand. The literary material goes to press about April 1. There is yet a few days for matter to be handed in, so if you have anything, see the editors about it.

Work on the C. C. & O. Railroad has been started on its right-of-way through the campus. A force of hands and several teams are at work near Prof. Rembert's house. The steam shovel, just a little way back of the college, has attracted a great deal of attention, and it is well worth while to visit the various camps along the line, to see a modern railroad in the making. When completed the C. C. & O. railroad will be the most modern and best equipped road in the South.

The contestants for the Gray medal have been chosen by the three societies. This medal is offered to the best declamation given by a freshman, and this will be the fourth contest for the medal. The Freshmen rival the Sophomores in the success of their entertainment on this occasion. Those who will speak for this medal are: Calhoun—R. R. Nickles, R. B. McIver; Carlisle—J. D. Brown, L. T. Edens; Preston—R. T. Wilson and J. L. Glenn.

R. A. Goolsley is suffering with an attack of typhoid fever at his home at Denmark, S. C. We hope to see him back with us again soon.

On the morning of the 22nd of February, at ten o'clock, there was assembled in the chapel the entire student body, eager to hear the remarks which were to be made by Dr. Snyder and Mr. James C. Hardin, occasioned by the raising of the "Old Glory" by the Senior class. Mr. Hardin was the first speaker to tell of the wonderful things had been caused by the class of '09 and still the more wonderful things its members were able to do. Dr. H. N. Snyder followed Mr. Hardin with some very interesting remarks, concerning the class. His address was interesting to all. After these exercises, the flag was then flung to the breeze to wave and stand guard over "the homes of the free and the land of the brave."

The Glee Club Trip

On Monday morning February 15 train No. 14 pulled in the yard at Spartanburg to take the Wofford Glee Club on their second annual tour of the State. Everybody was looking as sweet and musical as you please and all boarded the train for Union, our first stop.

When we arrived in Union the ladies of the Church took charge of the club and homes were found all over the city, everybody being treated royally. It wasn't long before Wofford boys were seen all over the streets of Union, and a great rush was made on Old Virginia cheroots. The first man to be seen was Willie Dibble daltzing down the street with one of those old reliables stuck in the left-hand corner of his mouth, puffing like a steam engine and so sick he could hardly walk.

Clyde Curry was run down by the chief of police for spitting on the sidewalk and smoking in the postoffice but the old cop said he knew he didn't know any better so would let him off. The fine, however, was ten dollars and Clyde had already

pulled out his little two and a half and was fixing to put up a plea for mercy. We all thanked Mr. Cop very heartily, for it would have been bad to see little Clyde looking through the bars in the Union "lock-up."

It rained that night before the concert and it seemed as though it would be a bad night. The appearance of the Glee Club in that part of the country affected the weather and in honor of the occasion a light thunder cloud passed over. The crowd came all right and the boys sung as merrily as they did at Columbia College the next night. During the performance the manager of the moving picture show of the city sent a special invitation to the club to visit his theatre free of charge immediately after our performance. Of course, this was accepted and the Glee Club and whole audience it seemed passed over to tell which amused the crowd more: Tom Hamer in the quartette, or the blackfaced commedian in the vaudeville part of the picture show. Some said Tom was the "cutest," though.

Before leaving Union we have to mention Rankin, who made such a hit with the ladies. They always spoke of him as the tall, dignified, light-haired gentleman. You know Rankin is an ex-school teacher, and knows how to "stand in" with the lady folks. Anyway, he was sitting up talking to the lady at whose home he was being entertained, when suddenly the lamp bega nto grow dull. Of course, something had to be done and she began to explain that something surely must be wrong with the oil. About that time Rankin straightened up and looking wise said, "I suppose old man Carnegie is putting water in that oil again!"

Next morning the club bade Union a fond farewell and started for Columbia. Through the courtesy of John McCall each member of the Glee Club was presented with an admit card to the Bennettsville Club. When the conductor came around for tickets Monroe, after looking at his admit card rather curiously, gave it to the conductor, though he thought it a queer looking railroad ticket. The conductor did not put him off the train though for Bertie France had the block.

Then we arrived in Columbia and what became of Carl Montgomery nobody knows. Some said he was out at Columbia College, others said he was at the Presbyterian College, while a few thought that probably he was detained at the Clifford Seminary in Union. Anyway, he was found that afternoon at the Senior reception and he had the whole market cornered. The reception was greatly enjoyed by everyone and after all the tales of love had been told the boys returned to the hotel. Here they found Dibble trying to flirt with the chambermaid. This is the way Bertie France tells it, but they say Bertie had been caught passing smiles over that way before.

That night at the concert three colleges were represented: Columbia College, Columbia Female College, and "Carolina." The auditorium was very nearly full and judging from the applause the Wofford songsters made a hit. No one understands yet why the boys sung so well out there; possibly it was from the inspiration received from the fair "flossies." The boys responded very willingly with all the encore pieces they had in stock. One of the chief features of the evening was when "Ruf" Hill stepped out in front of the club and beat time to that difficult and sublime piece entitled, "Did you ever see a fly on the wall." The effect of this melody was striking and more was called for. There was nothing to do but go out again and when Vernon Bomar struck the highest chord on the piano, "Ruf" stepped out and gave the famous peg-leg dance. Well, that fixed them and no more encores were necessary.

The Columbia auditorium was fine to sing in and when Mose Crum spoke of the acoustics being excellent, Huff replied that those were especially fine with the white shoes on. "Ruf" Hill, when telling this joke, said he didn't know what those goose-sticks were but Huff said they had on white shoes.

From Columbia the boys went to Bennettsville, where Manager Bertram H. France, Esq.! became exceedingly friendly with the hotel proprietor. Bertie did well, though, he told him that he had no business charging us so much

board. McColl was the next stop and no better town could be found in that part of the country. A full house greeted the club tha tnight. There were two special trains run to the city that evening, one from Gibson, the other from Clio. The large audience seemed to have inspired the songsters and for about an hour and forty-five minutes a joyful noise was made, to the apparent delight of the hearers. The next stop was Marion and we were received with Marion characteristic hospitality. Nothing sensational happened to the fellows here. They were all good and acted ver ysweetly, except Prof. Bressler h; fell in love. And, by the way, it is hard to keep up with him. He seems to have been at the business a long time.

Bishopville was the last stop, and here the extended tour of a week was ended. To get to this thriving little city we had to ride through the country by "private convenience," as Bill Meadors said, a distance of sixteen miles. The trip was pleasant, however, and Prof. Bressler admired the maple (pine) groves very much. A very large and enthusiastic audience gathered to hear the boys, although it was Saturday night. And as for the pretty girls, they are in Bishopville "galore." A conversation something like this was overheard: "Great me, those Wofford boys are cute, and they'll flirt with you, too." The club had to stay over Sunday, and a time they had. Everybody fell in love and Burton Hicks, especially. He made love all Sunda yafternoon to a married woman, and just before he went to fill the engagement he had made to take her to church they revealed the fact to him that she was married. Poor "Burt"! all that sweetness wasted on the desert air. He recovered, however, and was well enough to sing that night at church with the quartette by "special request." Somewhere after church Tom Hill and Willie Dibble were whispering soft and low when these words broke in upon the stillness, "It's 8:30 girl, time to go to bed."

Well, you should have seen old "Steph" that night. The arrival in Bishopville affected him seriously, for he brought two ladies to church. We have to excuse him, though, for this

is his home town, and that liberty had to be granted. Mase Crum didn't bring a lady to church Sunday night, but it wasn't his fault. Allen Rogers says a lady asked about him, anyway. She wanted to know who that man was on the back row near the middle, who looked like he was standing on a box. Vernon Bomar was the "Candy Kid." The girls threw stick candy and carnations at him everywhere and as for Ralph Goolsby, they all declared he was the cutest little thing that ever happened.

Bright and early Monday morning the boys boarded the train for Spartanburg. Thus ended the eventful tour of the Glee Club.

Mason Crum.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

The two stories in *The Collegian* are uninteresting. "A Tragedy" started out to be a good story but thought better of it toward the end and decided to be extremely commonplace. The author has a pleasing style, but is not careful in his workmanship. Two women, one an old negro nurse, the other her mistress, are left alone in a haunted house by the latter's husband. The husband has left a large amount of money in the care of his wife. Thieves in the guise of ghosts enter the house, kill the young wife and steal the money. Right good plot, but it is not well worked out. The thieves, as pictured, are decidedly too ghostly to be human and entirely too human to be ghostly. "A Comedy" is like an intricate puzzle. We cannot see what the author is "driving at." "Our Forests" is a sopomoric appeal for the preservation of our woods! The "Imperishable Hero" is a spirited defense of Bonaparte. According to this essay the Corsican was an unselfish worker for the common good, who finally fell a victim to English hate. Well, we agree with the author that Napoleon did not, in some instances, get a "square deal," but he was not a wholly unselfish man. His personal ambition was boundless and he used any means to satisfy it. We notice an entire lack of poetry in *The Collegian.* It is better to leave it out altogether than it is to put in a whole lot of stuff—we use the word *stuff* advisedly—as the greater number of college magazines do just because it rhymes.

This morning in my garden walking round,
  Near where the old bronze sun dial always stands,
There, scandalous to say, I swear I found,
  Coy Spring and gray-haired Winter holding hands.

Such is the opening poem of *The Davidson College Magazine,* and a happy one it is. It is the only good poem in the

number. "Nina—A Tale of the Antulles" came marvelously near being a good story, but failed utterly at the last. One quite loses sight of the excellent beginning. "The Bookworm and the Scholar" is a nice little discussion of these two amiable old gentlemen. The discussion is in the height of fashion—the author uses the latest approved method of "essaying." Taken as a whole it is so polite that we believe a collar and tie would look well on it. In some respects the most interesting and instructive article in the number is a description of the historic old stone church in Pickens county.

The February issue of *The Wake Forest Student* is the "Poe Number." The most important article bearing on the great Southern master is "Facts of Poe's Life." The author of this article recognizes the fact that in the life of a man like Poe there are bound to be vague incidents, and before giving his own opinion he quotes literally from different biographers on disputed points in the poet's life. "The Life-work of Poe" is a vigorous defense of Poe's theory that moral lessons have no legitimate place in poetry. Poe always maintained that the effort teach morality by means of poetry is absurd. The author of this article heartily agrees with him, and illustrates the theory by comparing "the tame and moral-teaching" verses of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" with the solemnity of "The Raven" or the "grandeur" of "The Bells." Illustrations prove many things, but the nature of the conclusion arrived at depends upon the man behind the instance. Suppose the author of "The Life-work of Poe" had compared Bryant's "Ode to a Water Fowl" with "The Raven" or "The Bells." This poem teaches a great moral lesson, but is it less beautiful because of the fact? Are beauty and morality antagonistic terms? Not at all. Think of the ode mentioned above and see what stanza first presents itself. 'Tis dollars to doughnuts it will be:

"He who from zone to zone
Guides with unerring eye thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

"Random Notes on Poe" shows the high esteem in which Poe's work is held in Europe.

The first of the stories is "The Hero of Drowning Ford." It has no plot at all, and the sentences are so methodically regular that they seem to have been written with a square and compass. "How The Note Was Paid" is presumably a short story, but it would be best described by a "shorter and uglier word." A young surgeon owes a note. He has no funds. His friend has been obliged to have his leg amputated on account of "a gunshot wound in the hands of parties unknown to this writer." He has a dangerous relapse after the operation. The young surgeon is called, and tells the young man's father there is one chance. He amputates the leg of a faithful servant, a "nigger," and grafts it on his friend. The operation is a success, and the father of the injured man in gratitude pays the debt of the surgeon. A more wildly improbable story told in a more convincing manner never has it been our lot to read. "Belated Wedding Bells" is a number of uninteresting incidents strung together like beads on a cord.

"A Daniel Come to Judgment"! Yea, a Daniel! O, wise young judge, how I do honor thee! He's gone and done it. The exchange editor of *The Wake Forest Student* has reared up, taken the bit between his teeth, rushed wildly and recklessly into print and filled the journalistic arena with his loud neighing. With all the painful gravity of a leading prohibitionist caught with a pint in his hip pocket, he delivers himself of the new and revolutionary theory "that he who lives in a glass house should beware how he throws stones." Very true! You spoke a parable then, Jean Jacques Rousseau. But we have moved out of our chrystal palace and rented us a rubber one. A rubber house is an excellent institution for rebounding purposes—stones thrown against one very often rebound in such a manner as to do violence to the thrower. The next statement which drips from the exchange editor's foun-

tain pen is that in our criticisms we "often lose sight of the feelings of others." We beg leave to differ with Sir Thomas Moore on this very important point. We are always mindful of the feelings of our contemporaries, but we are not a member of a mutual admiration society; nor are we a wholesale dealer in "the tinsel clink of compliment." But the exchange editor hastens on to do the Don Quixote stunt. He declares with much warmth that we have not had a "proper regard for the courtesy due the opposite sex." Wrong again! Decidedly wrong! *Tee*-totally wrong, Lord Chesterfield. If we men forget even in the slightest degree the courtesy due the gentler sex, the said sex can always be depended upon to call our attention to the fact. Now, without a single exception our fair contemporaries have accepted our criticisms in the same spirit in which they were written. And Mr. Exchange Editor, as Mr. Dooley says, "Thare ye ar-re." As a *grand finale* Solon advises us to leave out certain portions of our criticisms. My! my! my!

CLIPPINGS

Light Verse

Dog-gone you, I hate you;
  I wish you had died;
You told me you loved me—
  Confound you, you lied. —Ex.

He wanted a kiss,
From a Boston miss—
  And she was as mad as Tucker!
She pouted, but then—
Like most young men—
  He mistook her pout for a pucker.

REVISED VERSION.

He wanted a kiss,
From a Boston miss—

And she was as mad as Tucker!
She pouted, but then—
Like most women—
She meant her pout for a pucker. —Ex.

All the world, a lover loves;
But Cupid's such an elf,
It's often true all others do,
Except the girl herself. —Ex.

Man's words to man are often flat;
Man's words to woman flatter;
Two men may often stand and chat,
Two women stand and chatter. —Ex.

An egg,
Three fingers;
The result we trace—
A rabbit spits
In a bull dog's face. —Ex.

"You are the light of my heart," said Fanny,
As she softly kissed him good-night.
Then came a voice from the top of the stairs,
"Fanny! put out the light." —Ex.

If a lemon,
Let her tease;
Lemons were
Just made to squeeze. —Ex.

The tadpole is a curious beast,
A paradox complete.
For he is but four inches long,
When he has grown four feet. —Ex.

Ashes to ashes,
  Dust to dust;
If Latin don't kill us,
  Chemistry must. —Ex.

Here's to him, winner!
  Here's to her, won!
But think of me, loser!
  Poor son-of-a-gun! —Ex.

The following poem shows what may happen if grammar is neglected.

Am she went, be she gone?
Has her left I all alone?
Her can never come to we,
Us can only went to she,
  It cannot was! —Ex.

What is a Kiss

Some years ago the following definitions of a kiss were published, and they are here reproduced, being considered well worth the place given them:

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love. The sweetest fruit is the one of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows. A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot tak ewithout giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the sounding system.

Nothing divided between two. Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only reall agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked,
Though it can't be called a vice.
Some think it naughty,
Others thing it wrong,
All agree it's jolly,
Though it doesn't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunder-clap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glances of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two heads are better than one.—Ex.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

A Challenge to Young College Men

If there is anything that should make a man who is just leaving the college campus with a diploma think seriously, it is the call of the world for his services. In the February number of the Inter-Collegian is a page which should stir the heart of every earnest college man. Not the man who expects to have a so-called good time in the world by trying to get all he can out of it, but the one who looks on life as a great opportunity and has a sympathetic feeling for men who have not had the same advantage in the race of life as he has had. On this page of the Inter-Collegian is a call for men and women as leaders. There are vacancies today in heathen lands for 150 men and 113 women as ordained ministers, physicians, teachers, Sunday school organizers, Bible teachers, evangelists, nurses, kindergarteners and institutional managers. The work is great and requires the greatest minds our country or any other country can produce to accomplish the task. Out in those foreign countries where the need of men is so great a life counts for much more than it does in our country. We say it is too big a sacrifice to bury our lives out in a strange land. Better let it blossom out there and be a light to many in darkness than to spend it at home in the ordinary pursuits of life where it is not needed so much. But the proposition is one which will not appeal to the ordinary man or woman. It is one which demands the highest type of courage and loyalty that our great America can produce. It will take men and women with big hearts and iron in their blood. It is truly a man's job and the "soft-soapy" pessimistic dreamer is not wanted.

The appeal has been made to the students of our land and they are responding to a certain degree. But more are wanted and wanted immediately. The opportunity is here, the field

is white with the harvest and we believe the day is dawning when stout-hearted college men and women will go out as reapers and do the great work of our Lord.

South Carolina Volunteers

On March 23, at the Theological Seminary in Columbia, will be gathered the student volunteers for foreign missions of this State for the purpose of organizing a State Volunteer Union. The two distinguished speakers of this occasion will be Dr. J. O. Reaves and Dr. S. H. Chester. Notices have been sent to the volunteers in the different colleges of the State notifying them of this important conference and as many as possible are requested to attend. The student volunteer movement has made great progress in the missionary enterprise in the last few years and the organization of strong State unions will go far in increasing the efficiency of the student movement of America.

Election of Officers

The last Friday night in February the regular annual election of officers was held. This was a very important meeting, as the success of the Y. M. C. A. depends largely upon the kind of men who hold offices. Below is the result of the election:

President, C. B. Dawsey; Vice-President, R. L. Keaton; Secretary, H. G. Hardin; Treasurer, M. M. Brooks.

Prof. Gee Visits Wofford

Prof. Gist Gee, an old Wofford man, who is now a missionary to China, and is spending his vacation at home, made an address to the student body. Prof. Gee spoke of the opportunities in China for Christian work, and his first-hand knowledge of conditions in the East was very interesting.

He also made a talk to the Y. M. C. A. on the missionary

enterprise several nights later and when he asked all to stand who would be willing to go to the foreign field if they thought God called them, quite a number arose. Prof. Gee is a teacher in one of the Chinese universities and Wofford is proud of the fact that her sons are found in distant lands as well as at home laboring for a great cause.

Revival Services Successful

The series of religious meetings held in the college by Mr. Robert S. Truesdale closed after a continuation of about ten days. The meetings were of inestimable value to the student body and many decisions were made for the Christian life. Mr. Truesdale is loved by all the boys and they feel greatly indebted to him for what he has done. Mr. Truesdale held the meeting last year with great success and we feel that he is not only pastor of Central church but one of the boys, and are always glad to have him on the campus and to visit us at our rooms.

No Speaker Friday Night

Last Friday night a large crowd assembled to hear Dr. Allen speak on personal purity. But it was learned at the last moment that he had an important case on hand and could not be at the college. The subject was to be treated from a physician's standpoint and the boys were anxious to hear what Dr. Allen had to say. It is hoped, however, that he will be able to speak at a later date.

Visit the Y. M. C. A. Library

Mention has already been made of the Y. M. C. A. library in this department but a good thing will bear repeating. In that collection will be found some valuable books, and any time will be well spent in looking over them as well as reading them carefully. It is not a collection of dry theological stuff but books dealing with the vital problems of life and of young

men especially. See what Robert E. Speer, an old football player has to say about the Christian life and young men. It will be a revelation to you. Maybe you have a mistaken idea about such things. Do not let the opportunity go by without reading every one of these books.

Read This

"The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy and invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no title, no circumstance, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."—Sir Thomas Buxton.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

A Wofford Man Promoted

Although Judge D. E. Hydrick did not graduate at Wofford, he may be claimed by us as a Wofford man for he spent three years of his college life here and then went to Vanderbilt, where he graduated. After teaching a few years, he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1886. He located at Spartanburg and began to practice here. He has served two terms as a State representative, and then two terms as State senator from Spartanburg county. In January, 1905, he was elected judge of the seventh judicial district of South Carolina. Recently, he was elected associate justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, after some two weeks of balloting by the legislature.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Snyder and Prof. Clinkscales, we have been able to locate most of the men from 1896 to 1902. This month, we take up the classes of '99, '00, '01.

Class of '99

H. J. Brabham is farming near Bamberg.

W. R. Crum is a cotton broker at Savannah.

G. E. Edwards is a member of the South Carolina Conference and is stationed at Conway, Marion district.

R. J. Geddes is in business in New York city.

J. P. Gray is a merchant and farmer at Woodruff, S. C.

W. T. Magness is President of the Carolina Bank and Trust Company, of Spartanburg.

H. S. Parnell is farming at Cypress, Darlington county.

H. V. Stribling.

Earnest Wiggins is farming at Holly Hill.

H. W. Woodward is a planter at Bishopville, S. C.

Class of '00

C. C. Alexander is at Yale.

B. H. Boyd is cashier of a bank at Clinton.

C. B. Burnett, known as "Home Run" Burnett, because of his heavy hitting when playing ball, is in the lumber business in Oklahoma.

J. E. Edwards is a physician in Spartanburg.

J. C. Fairey is in business in Orangeburg.

A. D. Gray is a commercial traveler.

P. C. Garris is teaching in Colleton county.

E. H. Hall is principal of the graded schools at Clinton.

L. L. Hardin is President of a mill at Gastonia, N. C.

C. D. Lee is farming in Darlington county.

E. M. Lander is Secretary and Treasurer of a mill at Calhoun Falls, S. C.

W. C. Martin is teaching at Branchville, S. C.

E. C. Major is a physician at Latta, S. C.

E. P. Miller is superintendent of the graded schools of Bennettsville.

W. H. Philips is in the railroad business.

C. P. Rogers is at the head of a prosperous knitting mill at Flat Rock, N. C.

H. T. Shockley has charge of the Hastoc High School at Spartanburg.

L. E. Wiggins is a member of the South Carolina Conference and is stationed at Norway, Orangeburg district.

Class of '01

M. S. Asbelle is in Texas.

M. Auld is a member of the South Carolina Conference and is stationed at Cheraw.

Geo. C. Bates is dead.

M. V. Brabham is a physician at Bamberg.

H. M. Brown is in the cotton mill business at Cowpens, S. C.

J. B. Crews is doing newspaper work.

A. E. Driggers is a member of the South Carolina Conference and has charge of Hampton Avenue Church, Greenville.

T. H. Daniels is a newspaper correspondent at Washington.

H. G. Edson is in a bank at Johnston.

F. W. Fairey has a position in a bank at Kingstree.

J. S. Fair is teaching.

J. B. Gibson is a lawyer at Dillon.

R. J. Hayes is farming in Marion county.

D. D. Jones is a member of the South Carolina Conference and is stationed at Enoree, Spartanburg district.

W. C. Koger is dead.

K. W. Littlejohn.

Miss Puella Littlejohn is married to Mr. S. E. True, of Spartanburg.

F. K. Lake has a position in a drug store at Florence.

A. A. Manning.

C. E. Peele is a member of the South Carolina Conference and is stationed at Cameron, Orangeburg district.

E. M. Salley is practicing medicine in North Carolina.

W. C. Wilson is dead.

J. R. Williams has a position in a bank at Mullins.

D. D. Wannamaker is farming near St. Matthews.

Miss May Wannamaker is at her home at St. Matthews.

C. W. Watson is a student at Vanderbilt University.

Wofford College Journal

APRIL, 1909

PUBLISHED BY
The Calhoun, Carlisle and Preston Literary Societies
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

SPRING

We've sped the parting guest, Winter, and we turn to make our bow to Spring, embodying, among other new things, the latest ideas in the evolution of Young Men's Suit Styles.

This year we have struck out and away from the beaten track and have distanced all our past accomplishments. Spring toggery galore.

New Ideas---Exclusive Styles

The Best Thing in Haberdashery

Our Guarantee is always "Money Back" if you want it.

M. Greenewald, The Leading Clothier and Hatter.

WEST MAIN STREET

Apr., 1909

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ATTENTION

You owe it to THE JOURNAL to trade with those who advertise with us. They print one-half of THE JOURNAL. Those who do not advertise with us say your trade is not worth it. Make it worth while for people to advertise with us.

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The Rose's Jewel

Deep in the bosom of a rose,
  Nestled a drop of dew;
That, sun-kissed, like an opal gem,
  Faded from hue to hue.

"Ah, pretty jewel, you are mine!"
  The fair rose seemed to say;
"I'll let you shine till evening comes
  And then hide you away."

She drew her petals o'er her breast,
  The pretty gem to hide;
Grieved that it was no longer there,
  She drooped her head and died.

—H. F. Gault, '12.

Choice of Ambitions and Ideals

When awake to our real senses we are compelled to exclaim, "How wonderful a thing man is! So noble, yet in part ignoble! Very great, still comparatively small! Wonderfully wise, yet how foolish!" No, these are not contradictions, unless man himself is a contradiction, and that he may seem to be, yet he is not.

To grasp this we must withdraw the veil that has been stretched across our mind's eye along certain familiar paths of thought. Thus entering unhesitatingly into this scheme, we

look first into man's nature and detect and detach the ruling elements commonly spoken of as his "ambitions" and his "ideals." From the many such synonyms as "intentions," "purposes," and "aims," we select these two as all sufficient. Taking these as the most prominent elements, we wish to show that they are not of a man's own primary choosing, except as respecting the manner of his choice.

This may not seem clear at first thought, but it becomes so as we proceed to define the probable process of how a normal human being is coerced into the act of choosing how high or how low, how noble or base his ambitions or ideals should be. First, it is an accepted truth that a man cannot absolutely block his stream of thought. At no time of normal consciousness can he voluntarily cease to think. So when a child or a more developed man steps into the midst of the world of objects and thoughts he must view the outlook. As he looks about himself (vaguely it may be) he gazes first to the front, and according to his intuitive faculties or his previously acquired character he looks up or down the scale of man's destiny. Having surveyed the scale more or less definitely, he decides where he will make his mark which he desires to reach. His immediate subsequent efforts will be spent in his endeavoring to carry out this ambition. Here also man must similarly arrange his ideal; for a man with thinking faculties cannot help placing before himself some kind of mental vision of what he would like to do or be. The very nature of the mind demands this more or less definite decision.

Now one of the peculiar and also uncertain things about this fixing of a man's ambitions and ideals is that he may, and often does, stoop to make his mark; while the redeeming quality is that he may likewise place his mark equally as far above the horizontal plane on which he stands. Another of these qualities in man's nature is the possibility of change in his formerly chosen height or depth of ambition, or his still higher or lower ideal. Herein lies a chance for every man to continue to make or to mar himself. A man's ambitions or ideals are just and only as unstable as he desires them. Nothing here is immutable! Like the other qualities of man's being there is a contin-

ual flow. The scale confronts every sane man and he must adjust it either for weal or for woe.

Therefore, according to this view an absolutely purposeless man, or a man that has no kind of ambition or ideal at any moment of his conscious life, is not to be found. This, I believe to be true, for when he is confronted by these stimuli on all sides he must indeed have a purpose, however flimsy and vague it may seem to others, or inexpressible even to himself. Truly, each of us has seen men that seem to have no purpose whatever, but at any given moment in their career, each had his set ambitions and ideals, however frequently he voluntarily changed them to other points on the scale. So in conclusion of these expository remarks, we repeat that in this manner a man must have some kind of ambitious desires and an approximate goal in mind.

With this preliminary basis before us, and as we view the modern conditions in the world of men about us, it does not require the keen wisdom of a Solomon or the insight of a greater prophet to see wherein some suggestions might be very properly tendered. Men have scanned their surroundings in such a manner that they have blinded themselves to their greater possibilities and have therefore, through fear of the impossible, set their mark of ambition too low and have not, as the saying goes, "hitched their wagons to stars." They have too narrow a prospective and this itself causes them to refrain from the step that would itself remodel their lives. They should exercise their faculties more accurately and actively—especially that of being able to change and elevate a man's ambition. Of course, we must ever recognize the two-fold quality as we unfold to ourselves these elements, believing always that man would be good if he only knew how to free himself from evil.

Thus the need of our full awakening to our opportunities is evident. All professions and vocations have in them those who are asleep to their better parts. We have adopted a "set-way" of forming our ambitions and arranging our ideals from an "anonymous-comparative" standpoint that is too fatal to let go unchecked.

May the time soon come when the members of each respect-

ive vocation shall face about and adopt anew his ambitions if he has failed to establish them from the "tiptoe" plane and has not raised his ideal proportionally to a more lofty height! May the student be of such a type that his ambitions shall extend farther than the mere competing with his fellows, but have as his purpose the desire to obtain knowledge that may be as stepping stones to a broad and unselfish wisdom. May his ideal lie yonder in the distant realm of thought, only near enough to lend him inspiration. "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield!"

As men that teach let our ambitious yearnings be more noble than that of pointing the way of wisdom, but be leaders of our train not only to win the approval of those that materially reward us, but primarily to instill to he Nth power that supreme element of calm and serene wisdom into the disorganized bundles of untold possibilities which are at the disposal of him that leads the pupil's interest.

Grant that the physician may seek first of all to exercise his powers and apply his scientific skill to the relief of physical suffering, taking no notice of what his colleague does or does not do, but manifest his diamond worth by extending his healing touch to the greatest number of human beings, who are writhing in pain.

Would that "the man with the hoe" might rise from his too common level and stake off his ambitions and swing his ideals with the crowning purpose to more heartily co-operate with Nature in the satisfying of man's wants without once checking his energies merely because he has measured up with his neighbors' accomplishments!

Oh! may he that moves among his fellowmen as an experienced tool in his Master's cause never stop short of anything less than the momentous ambition that will spurn from him such secondary interests as the desire to win the applause of men, and may he have within his bosom that propelling influence which shall enable him to dispose of his faculties to the very utmost in the relieving of weary souls from the slavery of the evil one and in pointing the former victim unto the refreshing Fountain of life and liberty! May he labor to fulfill

such an ambition, ever looking to that immeasurable standard set by Him who deserves that nobly-given title of "Ideal Man!"

Truly your heart guides the mind,
In this act fully half divine;
So mount up to noble ambition's heel
Still gazing further toward your ideal!

Spring

The trees are waving in the breeze;
  Their songs are like the birds
That flit around among the leaves,
  And tell sweeter than words
    The song of spring.

The blooms that gently fall to earth
  Are signs of springtime, dear.
The creeping woodbine's early birth,
  Is known by twines found there:
    It, too, feels spring.

Spring of flowers from countless seeds;
  Rise of sap in the trees;
Though quicker seen in worthless weeds,
  Which beckon to the breeze;
    We welcome spring.

Spring-time, merry, merry, spring-time,
  How welcome you are!
Spring-time, merry, merry, spring-time,
  Though oftener afar,
    Stay here, O spring!

—Earl L. Keaton.

The Lighted Room

"So you see, all we want is your vote and influence," fawned the Schemer, as he ended his neat little argument. He was a large man, with bloated cheeks, red nose and bleared eyes. "Just your influence," he repeated with a sly wink and a smile. "The bill is passed, and nobody the wiser."

"No, I can't betray the trust of the people," answered the Man, as he looked around the bare, dingy walls of his law office. His was a young face, dark and smooth except for a wrinkle of trouble which furrowed between his black eyes. There was a haggard look, too, in these eyes, like that of an animal at bay and in despair.

"But it's no betrayal," persuaded the Schemer with an ingratiating air. "Really, now, it is for the best interest of your beloved people, and also—"

"Stop!" cried the Man, fiercely springing to his feet and with clenched hands confronting his tempter. "You know that is a lie!"

"Well, well, well!" said the fat man leaning back in his chair with a loud, rasping laugh. "A young man of surprising insight, you are! But, that's not to the point," he continued, pulling out a roll of bank notes and placing them carefully on the center-table. "See that?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the Man, with a bitter smile.

"Nice little sum, isn't it?" suggested the Schemer as he contemplated the roll with red eyes. "They are one hundred dollar notes!"

"Well?" hesitated the Man, looking, too, at the roll.

"And there are two hundred of them," with a tap, and a sly wink at the Man. "Guess you don't need any small sum like that just now?"

No answer came from the drawn lips of the Man.

"Guess you don't want any power, do you?" with another and louder tap on the notes. "Nor fame, nor success?"

A great passion of indecision contorted the face of the Man as he stood gazing as though fascinated into the eyes of the Schemer. Bank notes! What couldn't he do with them? He

could support his lonely mother in luxury—and his face became tender for an instant. He had always wanted just a start—but had lacked the necessary few hundred dollars—and there they were. Then what would She say? He could get her now, but for what?

"Just your vote and influence—nothing more!" said the Schemer, who seemed to divine his thoughts. "Just sign your name to this little contract here—and the notes are yours—nobody the wiser!" as he pushed pen and paper across the table toward the Man.

There was silence in the little room—silence that could be felt. The burning eyes of the Man gazed at the notes until his features settled into hard lines of decision. Slowly his trembling hand reached for the pen—but as he started to write he glanced again at the Schemer. A smile of triumph and even of amusement rested upon the bloated features.

"Fool!" cried the Man flinging the pen on the floor and crushing it with his foot, "I'm a fool to think of doing it."

"But nobody can ever know," persisted the Schemer. "And every note is good!"

"I'll give you my answer in the morning," returned the Man as he rushed from the room into the night.

"Ha!" muttered the Schemer. "I know it, now!" And as he took his way also into the night—"weak!"

For some time the Man wandered aimlessly up and down the streets of the great city. Finally he found himself standing on the bridge that spanned the turbulent river below. As he stood there and saw the water rearing and splashing beneath him in the moonlight, his eyes were wild. Once his pallid lips moved convulsively, and only the sound of the river answered his: "Must I sign?"

He bared his burning forehead to the cool summer breeze that blew up the river—and looked at the stars. He had often done the same thing in his troubles, and had been comforted. Yet now as he looked they were cold, silent, unchangeable—giving no solution for his problem. But gradually, under the influence of the moon-lit scene, the raging storm in his soul

sank into a dull pain, and finally the infinite calm of the stars seemed to creep in unawares. Still he was thinking.

"What would Eloyse say?" he murmured to himself.

She would know what to do! She always knew—when he was in trouble! She, away in the Southern home, sympathized with him as she did when they played together as children. If he could see her for a few moments!"

"But I can't, now!" he sighed to the rushing waters.

But scarcely had he spoken, when from the lighted drawing-room of a Southern home, the soul of a girl called his own and he answered! He seemed lifted out of himself—out of the dull surroundings of his warm body, and disembodied, was carried through infinite space. He became a part of the rushing river, of the cool air, of the very calmness of the stars. He was filled with an all-absorbing delight, as he felt himself free—free to go where he pleased—free to think as he desired—free to "come upon that which is and feel the deep pulsations of the world."

"Yes, as I thought, the drawing-room is lighted!" he said as he came upon the old Southern home. He entered quietly through the closed door, and seeing the girl at the piano, said in a glad voice: "Eloyse, I have come!"

But, strange to say, she seemed not to hear him, nor did she show any signs of recognition as she turned and looked in his direction. Her fine, deep eyes were dreamy, and a sad, pained expression came into them as she gazed at the carpet.

"He must be in trouble, and won't tell me what it is," she murmured, turning to the piano again.

"Eloyse!" said the Man again. "Eloyse!" he called at her ear, but not a sound was heard in the still room. Finding that he could neither make himself heard nor seen, the Man seated himself in his accustomed place in the corner—an unseen listener!

Eloyse slowly turned over the music before her, and finally struck the opening chords of "The Gypsy Song."

"Perhaps he can hear; who knows?" she said, as she began to sing. It was not a strong voice that filled the room, but one of transcendant sweetness. She was sad, and the sadness and

sympathy of her heart entered into the song. Softly, gently, with a subtle emotion running through every measure, she poured forth the simple melody. There was, too, an indescribable weird, minor strain that crept in—more the effect of the voice than found in the music itself. There was a fascination in that voice and music that held the Man spell-bound, while it uplifted and soothed his troubled soul—his naked soul was being overwhelmed by a flood of melody. She had finished! Her voice died away into an infinite silence—and the last note trembled on the silent air.

"You must hear me, Eloyse!" said the Man, coming nearer. "You must tell me what to do!" But only the rushing of the waters beneath him answered! The room, with its sacred presence was gone, and the stars shone above him as before. The moon still lit up the landscape, and as he slowly retraced his steps to the dingy law-office "The Gypsy Song" still echoed in his ears.

The Man's office looked barer than ever in the glow of the morning sun. There was a certain look of happiness on his face, however, as he began the work of a new day. A knock sounded at his door.

"Come!" he called.

"Good morning!" said the Schemer, as he entered and placed a bundle of papers on the table. "Here we are again; so if you will just sign here I won't bother you a bit longer." And he gave the Man a bright confident smile. "You will sign, of course?" as he nodded and waited in an expectant attitude. There came, once again, an echo of "The Gypsy Song" into the man's soul as he met the dangerous eyes of the Schemer and as he looked fearlessly and squarely into them, he answered firmly, "No!"

Child Labor in South Carolina

South Carolina has done much in the way of temperance in the last few years and, while she still has a great deal to do in that direction, she has another problem facing her.

Are her children to be allowed to grow up in ignorance?

There are over fifty thousand illiterates in this State between the ages of ten and fourteen. Although children under twelve are not allowed by law to work in mills, there are too many exceptions to this law even if the age limit were high enough. Children under twelve may be employed if the mother is a widow or the father is disabled. Again, if a child can read and write and has attended school four months during the preceding year, he may be employed during June, July, and August, regardless of his age. A child may work ten hours out of the twenty-four. Furthermore, until lately there were no inspection officers to see if even these puny and miserably ineffective laws were enforced.

Now, a child in South Carolina is deprived of the rights of a child, which are: First, the right to be well born. The mothers of most of the factory children are ill nourished and poorly cared for during their sickness. They have to work when they should be at home and be sheltered from all worries. This gives the child a poor start.

Next, a child has the right to be brought up right, to have the loving care of father or mother when he is not in school.

To have happiness is the right of every child. The child who toils long hours in a dusty, filthy room, hearing only commands and harsh words, does not really know the meaning of the word happiness. When he finally gets home it is nearly as bad. Or, perhaps, he does not go home, but loiters around; for home has no attraction for him. Happiness is a foreign element in his life.

Again, every child has the right to have a useful education. These factory children generally do not get this. Few get any, much less a useful education. When they do get the beginning of an education they, as a rule, stop when in the seventh grade. This is especially true of boys. At this age the usual studies are not interesting to them. They want to begin upon some subject that has in it a practical value.

Lastly, a child has the right to progress. When a child is born into a life that requires his being a wage earner at the earliest possible age, is he progressing? No! he is starting just where his father started. At this rate South Carolina will soon

be a "back number" as far as her intellect, influence, and physicl standing is concerned. Each child born in South Carolina should be born farther along in the scale of human progress than his father was.

These factory children are not the only ones who are hindered by child labor. But this form of child labor is especially obnoxious; for it ruins the health of the child as well as cramps him intellectually and morally.

But besides the harm done to the child we must consider the harm done to the general public in the State. Child labor lowers the morals of the community in which it exists and therefore the morals of the State. A child engaged in child labor cannot fully appreciate God as he is seen in nature. His moral nature is dwarfed as much as his intellectual one. He grows up into a man who does not do much free, clear thinking on any subject. This produces a class that is moved by prejudices.

There are causes of this child labor. First, the supply of laborers did not equal the demand in this rapidly increasing industry of cotton manufacture. Therefore, the mill manager resorted to employing children. This cheapened the men's wages. Then the men were nearly compelled to work their children.

The ill ventilated, crowded school-room is another cause of child labor. While a school-house does not have to be fine, it should be roomy and well ventilated. In a crowded school-house a child learns little even when he does attend. The teacher is overworked and cannot do either herself or her pupils justice. This kind of a school arrangement makes the few, who do go, stop sooner than they otherwise would.

Some children have defective eyesight or hearing and consequently fall behind and soon drop out. In some cases the parents just neglect giving their children the chance of an education, and therefore, they drift into the mill.

If the present conditions are allowed to continue in South Carolina, she will become as England was. England was noted for her strong men, but she developed a manufacturing population. When the Boer war came on she needed soldiers. The

government tried to raise companies of volunteers. They found it nearly impossible to get strong, healthy men. The race was so degenerated by the evils of child labor that, in one case, out of eleven hundred men examined only one hundred were up to the standard.

England had to learn the necessity of makig laws governing child labor by dear experience. "Experience is a dear school, but fools can learn in no other." In this important question is South Carolina to act the fool? May she be preserved from doing so!

This degenerating process has already started in this State. We see hearty men, women, and children go from the farm to the mill. They, being persuaded by a slick tongued agent of a mill, go with high hopes. All, the children, too, go to work in the mill. Soon the bloom fades from the cheek of the child. Then it becomes sallow and the eyes assume that well-known "factory look." These are but the outward signs of what has been going on in the lives of these unfortunates.

These evils should be prevented and the remedy is in a good compulsory education law. Some say a child labor law in itself is sufficient. This cannot be. Such a law is negative! for, although it takes the children out of the mills, still it does not say where they should be.

South Carolina needs an educated citizenship. She must have it! The South, and South Carolina is doing her part, is selling her franchises and natural resources to Northern capital, because she has not the wealth to develop them. This lack of wealth comes in a large part from the lack of education. Where the general standard of education is high, there is the money.

Compulsory education is broad; it reaches out and embraces all the children. They is no class legislation in this, and there should be none. The child of the merchant and farmer also has the right to have an education. It has been objected to, because it would compel the negro to send his child to school. This objection is blind and ignorant. The negro sends his child to school as it is, while the sallow-faced, despondent-eyed

child with the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in its veins toils at one form of labor or another.

This State, if it were ever to pass a compulsory education law, would not be usurping the rights of the parents in the least, but would be helping them to fulfill their charge and protecting itself.

May this grand old State of ours soon pass laws that will not only protect her citizens from physical degeneracy, but also insure her an intelligent populace, and so bring her to the place she should occupy, the foremost in the Union.

The Violet

Sweet violet, could I but sing
  Sweet song and tender lays,
I'd sing them all for thee, and sound
  For thee some deathless note of praise.

The sun is never quite so bright,
  Nor song of bird so sweet,
As when I stand and contemplate
  The priceless jewel at my feet.

Whether we walk through shady lanes,
  Or stroll o'er meadows green,
Thy tender form is ever there,
  To grace and charm each lonely scene.

Though we should seek this wide world o'er,
  In fruitless search thy peer to find;
We should ere long return and crown
  Thee queenliest blossom of thy kind.

Herbert Hucks, '11.

Biography

I once heard a great teacher say that every young man should be a careful student of the lives of great men. I wondered why he should put so much emphasis upon this. This is a world of progress, I thought, in which "the individual withers and the whole is more and more." The fact that America was discovered, or that the Protestant Reformation came about, not that it was done by a Luther or anyone else, but that it was done, seemed to me the fact of importance. One man makes a small contribution to progress here, another a great one there. We may forget their names but the result of all their efforts is the civilization of the twentieth century. And as for the details of the life of some plodding reformer of a century past, what are they to a man of the twentieth? What are the mere outward facts of a man's life, anyway?

But such questions ignore completely the true aim of the student of biography, which is not to master the facts but to reveal the spirit of the life. We want to know not what the man did but what he was. Thomas Carlyle has said, "The man is the spirit he worked in; not what he did, but what he became." This is what inspires. Regarding each man's life as the battle a brother waged against material force, in which battle you, too, have a share, you find the spirit with which he fought. But since there can be no inspiration without information, we must know what a man did, and in the face of what difficulties, in order that we may estimate the strength of his motives. But such data, from which to deduce the real spirit.

The spirit of a man is catching. The abstract virtue, courage, is too cold to touch our hearts, but when we see it personified in a Luther refusing to recant, it constitutes a dare to us to be brave, too, in our small way. Nothing can help our faith more than to see such a man as David Livingstone giving his life for Africa because of the love for God and man in his heart. How uplifting is his quiet assurance that although he could have made more money in England, his life was better

spent in Africa! Indeed there are noble lessons, heaven-sent, in the life of every great man.

Yes, in the life of every sincere man, whether he won the battle of his life or not, there is a lesson. There are many experiences of sin and remorse, which we will do far better to know in the life of some other man. Better look at Coleridge struggling with the opium habit than to know anything like it in your own life. This is the lesson of warning, there is also that of sympathy. It is natural for us to condemn men when we see them do that which is evil. But the student of biography learns also to look not only at the fact of sin but also at the struggles against it.

The great teacher whom we all know and love was wise in giving us this advice, and we would do well to follow it more.

Marion Dargan, Jr., '09.

The Maid Who Was Not

It was at a big summer resort, down on the beach where all kinds of folks go for every kind of purpose, where the old bathe and nap in the sunlight, and the young spoon and flirt in any light, that of the moon preferred. In short, it was such a place as we wend our way to every summer, fresh and expectant, and come back from weary and exhausted, rather burnt as to countenance and flat as to pocket, but with the memory of "such a good time."

On a certain blazing July morning all the populace was assembled on the long wharf for one of the events of each day, the arrival of the boat which twice daily came down from the city. And as she slowly swung in and tied up, there was to be noticed at the rail, first, a "Merry Widow" hat some few square feet in area, and under it the auburn head of rather a striking young woman. Such specimens of the eternal feminine not being quite so common as the variety of hat she wore, she was also noticed by every one of the opposite sex on the wharf, and the manly breasts of all not before mortgaged began to swell with new hope.

Having passed down the gang-plank and finally got in safe-

ty through the pushing circle of obsequious porters to that particular one who bore on his cap the legend "Aragon Hotel," she was driven up to this hostelry, which she entered, followed by some of the aforementioned unfortunates. And as soon as the fair unknown had registered and gone up to her room, there was a crowding around the desk to find out her name and place of habitation. There it was on the book, open to curious eyes, "Marjorie K. Langdon, Va." Unfortunately a large blot of the inevitable hotel pen had somewhat obscured the few letters which denote whether a lady is open to matrimonial bids or not, but they had all the appearance of M-i-s-s.

"O, I know all about her," observed a young man in the speaking garb of the college youth, "she's the cousin of my roommate at the 'varsity. Because, you see," he observed, "she's from Lexington, Va., that's her name, sure; and she's the image of the picture he had. Just watch us do the self-introducing stunt after lunch and see if I'm not right. Sorry you fellows don't want to meet her."

Loud was the howl of protest which went up at this last remark and many were the threats of vengeance on the head of Mr. James Rogers if he did not introduce the whole crowd. Peace was shortly restored, however, and the bunch departed to their rooms to do a little extra shining-up before lunch.

Not many minutes later they were all again assembled in the lobby watching the great staircase with expectant eyes, for it was then just five minutes before lunch. Soon their vigil was rewarded and what did they see? Not a man of them could have given any of the particulars of her appearance, but the general impression was a pair of lustrous blue eyes shining through a mist of copper-gold hair. Dazed they stood while the vision swept into the dining room; then they followed meekly, as sheep do their leader.

It was after lunch as the lady was promenading the great veranda, that Jimmy Rogers finally gathered his nerve and accosted her.

"Excuse me, but are you Marjorie Langdon, of Lexington, Va., cousin of Bob Langdon, Princeton, '07?"

"I certainly am," was the smiling reply.

"Well, my name's Jimmy Rogers, of Charleston. As possibly you may know, Bob and I roomed together all four years at Princeton and I thought Bob's cousin and chum might get together on the ground of a common acquaintance. I've seen your picture and heard Bob talk about you till I rather think I'd have recognized you anywhere."

"So you're Jimmy Rogers? Well, I'm glad to realize in the flesh this mythical person Bob was always talking about, and I'm glad again to find some one I know here at the Point; for positively, besides you, I don't know another soul on the beach and no one will be with me for a week or two."

And with a rippling laugh of amusement at the incident she invited Jimmy to occupy one of the empty benches with her.

He, poor boy, with his usual sudden way of doing things, was already becoming involved in the toils of Cupid, and every word and gesture of his chum's cousin only served to get him further in. Usually he was a fairly talkative youngster, but once let Dan Cupid get hold of him—something which happened quite often—and immediately he began to lose all desire for conversation when in his loved one's presence. The deeper he got, too, the dumber he got; it was a never-failing indication of the state of his heart. When he first sat down with Marjorie he talked fairly well, in a few minutes his conversation consisted mostly of monosyllables, and by the time they separated to get ready for the surf, Jimmy was the living image of the Sphinx.

That evening, after dinner, Miss Langdon, accompanied by Jimmy, the faithful, was again seated on the veranda when two of his now forsaken comrades came strolling by. The monologue by Marjorie having languished somewhat through inability to talk all the time, they were sitting in silence which she broke with: "Mr. Rogers, would you mind telling me who are those two men who just passed? I think I saw them with you this morning."

Jimmy came back to things earthly with a start.

"Why, certainly not; that's Dick Blythe, from Philadelphia; old Richard Blythe's son, and Roger Clay, of Denver, a young

civil engineer. They're both old Princeton men and frat men of mine and Bob's. I'll bring 'em over if you like."

Marjorie hesitated a moment. Then—"I think I do like," she said; "your recommendations are good."

So as they passed returning, Jimmy stopped them and "did the polite." A few casual remarks passed and then Clay took the unwitting Jimmy on some pretext, since before the introduction and in anticipation of coming events, a coin had been tossed to decide who should have the rest of the evening with Marjorie, which Blythe had won.

Dick Blythe was a specimen of the "genus homo" generally known as a lady-killer, having always been considered somewhat of a catch, partly because of his personal attractiveness but mainly because he was the son of old Richard Blythe, the railroad king.

Tonight, however, he was the one who succumbed, not Marjorie. And when the time came to go in, he had fallen into the toils almost as badly as Jimmy, though it was manifested in a different way; for the more infatuated Dick became the harder did he strive to win out; with the result—Mr. Richard Blythe more talkative and on great good terms with everyone.

As had been agreed, Clay was to have his turn the next morning and, like unto those who had so shortly preceded him, he also "fell in." The young engineer was no more proof to Cupid's darts than the college man or the millionaire.

At the university Roger Clay had been greatly liked by all the boys for his clean manliness and most lovable character, but all their efforts had seldom availed to get him out among the fair sex. Tall he was and "good looking," with an athletic record as long as the tail of the Princeton tiger—on account of which characteristic all the more did his friends seek to lionize him in society. But society had little attraction for Roger, and so far he had gone unscathed by feminine wiles. Now, however, the hero of many gridiron battles found a new sensation in possession of him and, with the determination which often in the last minute of play had carried him across that last white line to a touchdown and victory, he set out to achieve victory in a new field.

The three were in a neck-and-neck race for the greatest prize of all, and the three-cornered affair became the gossip of the hotel. Many were the wagers and much the conjecture as to the outcome. To outsiders first one and then another seemed to be in favor, but if you could have secured the private opinion of each, he would have told you he wasn't "getting on much." Marjorie was always the same to each one, a sweet, good friend, but no more. Beyond that the dumb Jimmy, the brilliant Dick, and the persistent Roger could not get.

It went on thus for nearly two weeks, until all three were in the depths of despair. Jimmy had become a fit candidate for the deaf and dumb asylum and Dick and Clay were most mournful over being "up against it" as never before.

Finally, Dick decided to try his fate "for better or for worse." Behold, then, Marjorie and him seated out on the end of the long wharf with all proper accompaniments, a phosphorescent sea below, and moon riding full above. They had been there for perhaps some half an hour, while Dick, for once silent, endeavored to get up his courage when Marjorie made some half-laughing remark about how well set the scene was for a couple of lovers when the lovers were so sadly lacking. This was the match which kindled the fire; Dick was startled into words.

"Marjorie," he said, "you've known for some time that I love you and I want to know, here and now, if I have any chance? Why shouldn't we be the couple of lovers? Don't you think just a little of me? Tell me, sweetheart, won't you tell me that you do?"

"But, Dick, I—I can't you know! Really, I'm awfully sorry, Dick. But you—you see, I just can't; for I'm already married!" stammered the girl in absolute embarrassment and distress. "You see Bob Langdon has two cousins from Lexington that look exactly alike, Marjorie Langdon and me, Marjorie Kent. My married name is Marjorie Kent Langdon and Jimmy Rogers must not have noticed a Mrs. before it on the register. None of you boys (how that term hurt!) have ever called me 'Miss Langdon' or I would have explained instantly. Jimmie Rogers has always said 'Miss Marjorie' on the strength of

his friendship with Bob, I imagined, and you and Roger Clay have never once addressed me as anything! You've generally begun, 'Say, let's go down to the pier,' or, 'Say, wouldn't you like to go sailing?' etc., and at the time I didn't notice, but now it is all perfectly clear how it happened. Oh, what must you boys think of me? You three have surely helped to pass the time here and I kind of adopted you everyone in an elder sister sort of fashion, never once dreaming of this! I'm too wretched over it. Tom, my husband, is coming in the morning—he has been detained by business before."

To express it mildly, Dick was surprised. In truth he had never been more surprised in all his young life; he could only sit and stare.

In a moment, however, he came back to himself and lamely remarked, "Well, I guess we might as well go back to the hotel," which, as being about the only thing, they in silence proceeded to do.

Marjorie was leaving Dick at the veranda when some one cried, "Why, Marjorie, I've been looking everywhere for you!" and she with a gasp of, "Oh, Tom!" was gathered unceremoniously into the arms of a tall young man who came rushing out. He kissed her three times, held her off a moment to look down in her face and then, in a most masterful way, did so again.

"But, Tom," Marjorie cried when she got her breath, "I thought you weren't coming until tomorrow."

"I wasn't, little one; but just got off suddenly this morning and thought I'd surprise you."

With which a couple of lovers, only married, strolled down to the long wharf, while Dick, having imparted the news to Jimmy and Clay, ushered them straight to the hotel bar, with the remark, "Fellows, the drinks are on me."

T. C. Montgomery, '09.

Sulla and Ceasar

Why is there such a difference of feeling between the calling up of the names Sulla and Cæsar? They were both dictators, yet Sulla is never spoken of but with hatred and scorn, but when Caesar is mentioned it is with some degree of admiration. They were both once great statesmen, generals, and scholars. We must decide on their military details of campaigns, yet Caesar's results of warfare were certainly no greater than those of Sulla. If Caesar conquered Gaul, Sulla conquered Greece and Asia. If Caesar overthrew Pompey, Sulla overthrew Pontius Telesinus. The political career of Sulla was far more honorable than that of Caesar. They both led arms against their own country, they also gave as an excuse that they were led to do so only by the intrigues of their enemies. Though during these struggles Sulla was fighting for a principle, at any rate for a party, he scorned royalty and did not try to keep the dominion for himself. It may be that at Caesar's time an empire was better for Rome; probably Caesar felt this, but his motives were purely selfish. He fell to the low ambition of titles and ornaments, he wanted to wear a crown and be called "king."

As these two great men were so much alike why do we hate Sulla and admire Caesar? Probably their success had something to do with it. Sulla's aristocracy passed away; Caesar's empire fell but had strength enough left to rise again under his adopted son Augustus. Sulla has left no such memorials as has Caesar. There is no month called Cornelius. The main difference lies much deeper. With all his wickedness Caesar had a heart. He was a man of battle, not one to win victory by proscriptions. Caesar was a generous enemy and kind friend. But from one standpoint, Sulla chose the wiser policy. He never forgave or spared. Caesar spared and died by the hand of those whom he had befriended while Sulla died in bed. Most men would prefer, and rightly, the death of Caesar, who might be called a martyr, than the lingering disease of Sulla.

Sulla was more of a man than Caesar, but Caesar one might have loved. Sulla was more like a destroyer. We can also ac-

knowledge the heaven-sent luck of Sulla. If God has ever sent a human to punish a guilty world, we may see it in the all-accomplished Sulla by the lines which he left for his monument:

"Lucius Cornelius Sula, Felix.
No friend ever did me much good, no enemy much harm, but I repaid him with interest."

So we see in the Roman aristocrat no less than in the Scythian savage, one who was emphatically the scourge of God.

O. L. M., '11.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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Class Reunion During Commencement

The classes of '68, '69, '70, '71, '72 will meet this year at commencement, which takes place June 5, 6, and 7.

The Committee on Class Re-unions, consisting of Mr. John B. Cleveland, Rev. E. C. Archer, Profs. D. A. DuPre, and J. A. Gamewell, has announced the above named classes as those invited to participate in this year's reunion. Among some of the prominent "old grads." are Rev. R. D. Smart, of Louisville, Ky., Class '68; J. R. Abney, W. H. Holland, of Georgia, and Gen. Gray, of Greenville, S. C., class of '70; Prof. J. A. Gamewell, of the Wofford faculty, and R. T. Caston, a prominent lawyer of Cheraw, of the class of '71; the late Bishop Coke Smith and Rev. W. A. Rogers, Dr. Charles Forster Smith, of the University of Wisconsin, and Judge C. A. Woods, of

Marion, S. C., class of '72. Of the class of '69 eight of its twelve members are still living.

A number of the members are expected to come back and visit the old campus. Many of the old stories of college life in the old days just after the civil war will be brought back to memory at the sight of Wofford's old familiar walls. Old acquaintances, perhaps long forgot, will be renewed and deeds of life's hard struggle related. No doubt there will be many touching scenes of old friendships revived when the college "pals" of olden times meet again. On behalf of the committee we wish to extend every member of these classes a most cordial invitation to come back and join in the re-union.

The College Press Association

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held at Charleston College on Friday night, March 26, a very interesting and attractive program was adopted for the convention which will be held in Columbia on the 15th and 16th of April.

The meeting of representatives from all the colleges of the State to discuss the difficulties and troubles of college journalism in a mutualistic way and to hear interesting papers and addresses from prominent instructors is, no doubt, a great benefit to all who are interested in such work. The hearty cooperation of all colleges along lines of common interest is a great attribute to the advancement of general educational work and such is the primary purpose of the convention. The College Press Association of South Carolina is as yet, in comparative infancy but with the continued support of all the colleges in the State and the right kind of zeal from those who attend the convention it can be made one of the most prominent and beneficial of Inter-Collegiate Associations. A very successful convention is expected this year and we are confident that much of the success will be due to the colleges of Columbia where it is to be held.

The Journal Staff

Owing to the fact that the new Journal staffs are often composed of inexperienced men and find much difficulty in getting out the first issue for the fall term this idea has been advanced, "Why not elect the new Journal staff now and let it get out the last issue for this term under the supervision of the present staff?" We think this a very good plan, indeed, and we believe it would be a great help to our successors and enable them to take hold of the work more confidently and intelligently. This plan is now being operated very successfully in a number of colleges and should be instituted at Wofford. A motion to this effect will be brought before the three literary societies at their next meeting, and we hope favorable consideration will be taken of it.

Editorialettes

With all respect and reverence for the memory of those who defended our cause in the days of civil strife, we think now that enough monuments have been erected to their memory. When we take in consideration the fact that nearly every county-seat in the State has a Confederate monument and at the same time call to mind the other fact that Souh Carolina's per centage of ignorance exceeds that of any other State in the Union, as well as does the number of crimes also, we think, perhaps, our people might direct their attention and means toward something else. Just as a suggestion we think that the most handsome monument to the memory of our Confederate soldiers and women would be an intellectual, God-fearing, law-abiding posterity, more lasting than tables of marble or tablets of brass.

—

An old graduate who recently paid a visit to the campus made this remark in speaking of Wofford men, "I never saw a man leave Wofford but that he felt as though he had some personal interest there." Isn't that college spirit?

—

Boys, we need a little more "pep" in our rooting for the ball team. Show it up!

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

Straight from the Old North State comes *The Pine and Thistle.* It is one among the best of our exchanges. Simple, natural and evenly balanced in all respects, it is an honor to the institution which it represents. "Twilight," the first poem, though a little stilted, is yet a real poem. "A Reverie" is well worth reading as is the other poems of the issue, "To a Beautiful Woman," "Comparison of Dr. Faustus and Faust" is an instructive essay on the differences between Goethe's masterpiece and Marlowe's play. The differences of the authors themselves are shown to be reflected in their work. "The Painted Carts of Sicily" is an essay on a subject which "the lovely character who pens" these criticisms never heard of before. The painted carts of Sicily are new ones on us. Of course, though, this fact made the essay all the more interesting for us. We are glad to learn that they have carts in Sicily, and we are extremely gratified to know that they are painted. "Sydney Lanier, Poet," is an appreciative study of the poet's struggles, hopes, and accomplishments. The remaining essay is "The Influence of National Music." It is all right until the last paragraph is reached. This paragraph we say with entire seriousness is not a success. It has no more business in this essay than the Fifteenth amendment has in the Constitution of the United States. In the essay proper the author in an entertaining manner describes the effect of national music on the nations of the past. Then, without warning, like a thunder clap out of a clear sky there comes the statement that we have no national anthem. Gee, whiz! Hail Columbia!! We offer no objection to the theory, however. Far be it from us to question it. What we mourn over is the fact that the author, after pointing out the need of suitable jigs for national purpose boldly advises us to make some—in precisely the same manner that we would construct a highly ornamental chicken coop.

"Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel," is the first of the stories—if it were not for the danger of appearing flippant we would answer with enthusiasm, "It sure is," referring, of course, to consistency. Seriously, though, this is a good story. A young lady is profoundly convinced that men are not worth while and determines never to marry one. She holds out until she meets *him* and even longer. She refuses him daily. *He* is a man and a Christian. He feels that he is called of God to be a missionary and prepares to go. *She* hears a sermon, is awakened, and decides to go with *him*. That is all. "The Lady of His Dreams" and "A Tragedy of the Sea" are cleverly executed sketches.

Without mention of *The University of Virginia Magazine,* as a whole, except to say that it is uniformly excellent, we submit the following poem as the simplest, most natural and therefore the best, and therefore again the most artistic—for naturalness includes all art—poem we have received this month:

ISAM'S PRAYER.

Marse Lwad, I'se jes a niggah
Ob de good ol' fashun kine,
An' ez neah ez I kin figgah,
I'se a-gwine on eighty-nine.

I guess you'se ovah-looked me
'Bout de three scoah yeahs an' ten;
But I's bleeged, suh, fer de extry
Time denied to mos' ob men.

I'se prayed dat I'd be las', suh,
Dat I'd see my people go—
Do' it wrung mah heaht wid anguish,
An' caused bittah teahs to flow.

Foh back dar in de sixties,
When he chahged wid Pickett's ban',

Marse Comyn called me ter him
An' he tuk me by de han'.

An' he sez, "Now, Isam, 'membah,
When de fightin' heah am froo,
Ef I's down, I leaves mah deah ones
In de care ob Gawd an' you."

Well, I has stood by 'um, Massa,
Jes de bes' dat I knowed how.
I has smoothed de res'less pillah,
I has soothed de fevahd brow.

We have seen better, we are free to confess. The poems are hardly passable, the stories are no better and the essays could be improved.—It is *The Chatterbox* of which we are talking. The first poem is a translation from Millevoyes "La Fleur du Suvenir." We, for one, need a translation of this translation, or better still an interpretation, or best of all, an explanation. We can not for the life of us quite see what the poem means to say. "A Reflection" is another contribution evidently meant to be a poem. "March" is the only verse in the number that is worth its room. "Nature, a Tonic," is a nature sketch. It is the "cutest" thing you ever saw—as "cute as a mule." "The Year of Genius, 1809" calls attention to the fact that a considerable number of great men selected the year 1809 as a good time in which to be born. "Was Macbeth the Third Murderer?" This essay discusses the question whether Mr. McBeth, Esq., a gentleman who plays a conspicuous, though not very enviable, part in one William Shakespeare's play of that name, was the third man in the delightful little party of three who murdered the Honorable Mr. Banquo, a liberal minded gentleman, in the same play. The author brings forward some pretty good argument to show that the late lamented Mr. McBeth did have a hand in shuffling the amiable Mr. Banjo from off this mortal coil. "A Ghost Story" is of the regulation type. A boy goes to a cemetery at night to see a ghost. He saw a stalk of mul-

len covered with frost and was frightened nearly out of his wits. "In Quest of Game" in another story. A little boy and his sister play truant, spending the morning in the woods. The boy decides to "play like" he is David with his sling. A turkey struts out, and the boy serves him as David of old served Goliath. He carries it home, and instead of a wild fowl it proves to be a tame one which the cook wanted for dinner. The story is artificially told.

CLIPPINGS

Blessed are they who laugh, for they shall inherit the earth. —Ex.

Little drops of water
  Frozen on the walk
Make the naughty adjectives
  In the people's talk. —Ex.

"Shall I tell your fortune, sir?"
"Yes, tell it to hurry up."—Ex.

A simple worm went out to play
Upon an April morning;
An early robin chanced that way
Without a chirp of warning.
And that is the end of the story.—Ex.

Judge—"Why did you strike this man?"
Prisoner—"What would you do, judge, if you kept a grocery store and a man came in and asked if he could take a moving picture of your cheese?"—Ex.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
Kissing an old man's daughter,
The old man, he came along,
And I—fell into the water.—Ex.

He—"I was on pleasure bent."
She—"And then—"
He—"And then before I knew it I was broke."—Ex.

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your coinage jade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemonade.—Ex.

The song died on her lips. It had been cruelly murdered.—Ex.

"I'm afraid your are forgetting me,"
She gently raised her head.
"I am forgetting you,
That's why I'm here," he said.—Ex.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was but I've been talking to my lawyer and he's convinced me that I aint."—Ex.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,
And his love for it was great,
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes,
And her dimple deeper grew,
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."—Ex.

Mother—"And when he proposed, did you tell him to see me?"

Daughter—"Yes, mama; and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same."—Ex.

LIFE.

Report by a young English school girl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood and Age:" "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."—Literary Digest.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

Summer School for Teachers

There will be a teacher's summer school at Wofford this summer. Heretofore there have been teacher's institutes at various places, but there has been no regularity as to their occurrence. For the last several years no State summer school has been conducted, only counties have undertaken the work here and there. Teacher training has been sorely neglected in this State, and somehow the legislature is slow to recognize the great need of such a school. It is to meet the demands along this line that the summer school will be conducted at Wofford this summer. Prof. Rembert is working it up, and has secured a very strong faculty, all of whom are leaders in educational affairs. It is the aim of those in charge to get teachers who are not perhaps so well known for their scholarship, but men and women of wide experience and practical knowledge. There are more than four thousand teachers in this State, many of whom have no conception of the latest and most improved methods in teaching. To go to a school like this would broaden their views, make them more efficient, besides offering many advantages along social lines. Spartanburg is peculiarly suited for such a school, as her climate and water cannot be equalled anywhere in the State. If the management meets with sufficient encouragement the school will be made a permanent institution. It remains to be seen whether this can be done at Wofford or not, meantime let every Wofford man lend his hearty co-operation towards making it a success.

The Griggs Lectures

Beginning on the 8th and closing on the 12th, alternatively at Converse and Wofford auditoriums, Mr. Edward Howard Griggs delivered a series of lectures on the lives of great

men as moral leaders: Victor Hugo, Thomas Carlyle, Tolstoi, and Emerson. These lectures were well attended by highly appreciative and cultured audiences. While the crowd was not the largest, yet it was of the select, eager to learn more of the lives of literary and moral leaders. These were not disappointed since the discourses were of the highest type. No one, after having attend these lectures, could have, to a certain extent, helped from catching the vision of the author in part, and admiring the pure ideal of its originator

This is Mr. Griggs' second visit to Spartanburg on his lecturing tour and we feel sure that he had a hearty welcome by both the college and town people.

Germain, the Magician

On Friday evening, 9th, at 8:30, before a large, highly cultured and appreciative audience, in the chapel, Germain, the famous magician, entertained for two hours in the most interesting manner the college and town people, who were all the time trying to "catch on" to his wonderful tricks, but these same people were always too late, for the magician had just begun his next unfathomable trick, while his hearers and spectators were unraveling the previous feat. His entertainment was of the highest type and his audience was held spellbound during the entire time. His stunts were by no means of the stale kind, but entirely new.

This was the fifth attraction of the lyceum number and one among the best. This lyceum work is under Prof. Gamewell's supervision, who seems to always know what a Spartanburg audience like and appreciates. But in his choice of this number the attraction was especially entertaining and instructive. Should the wonderful and famous magician deem it possible to re-visit this city and college, he would always find a hearty welcome by both town and college people.

Dr. Eliot's Visit

Friday morning, at 12 o'clock, March 20th, Dr. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard University, delivered an address before

a large and interested audience. The chapel was crowded to its utmost by both college and town people, eager to hear the lecture from so great and famous a man. This address was of the very highest type.

Dr. Snyder introduced the speaker, paying him and the university a tribute. Dr. Carlisle's and Dr. Eliot's shaking each other's hands upon the rostrum was a very beautiful sight and made an impression upon the spectators that will not soon be forgotten.

The speaker's voice was clear and distinct, and every one listened with the most careful attention. He was presented with a boquet of flowers in shape of a key, in token of his welcome to our city; also with a bunch of American beauty roses for Mr. Eliot. We trust that he may visit us again.

Emory-Wofford Debate

The preliminary Emory debate was held in the chapel before the members of the three societies, Saturday, March 27. The debate was an exceptionally good one, and even reflected credit upon himself and his society. Richardson, Black and Glenn spoke on the affirmative side, while Folger, Bearden, and Huff championed the negative. The query was: "Resolves, that the government of England is more truly democratic than that of the United States."

Richardson and Folger, with Glenn as alternate, were chosen to represent Wofford at the regular debate, which comes off May 17. Wofford lost the debate last year, but with two such able debaters there is no reason why she should not be victorious this time. The debate will be in Spartanburg this year.

The State College Press Association will hold its second annual meeting in Columbia about the middle of April. The association at its meeting here last year did a great deal of good towards bringings the colleges into closer touch with each other and many helpful suggestions were brought out in the various discussions. Easterling and Hicks, editor-in-

chief and business manager respectively, will represent the Journal at this meeting. Easterling attended a meeting of the executive committee in Charleston the latter part of March.

The Glee Club went over to Greenville April 13, and gave an entertainment in the G. F. C. Auditorium. The club had already established a reputation for itself, but it did better than usual with so fair an audience. All the boys are loud in their praise of Greenville, and especially the G. F. C. girls. The Glee Club will go to Greenwood at an early date.

The spirit of adornment, a decoration of our library and college in general, has found its way over to this side of town at last. The Seniors have a large flag floating from the flagpole on the campus, and they propose putting up two pillars at the entrance of the driveway to the campus proper. The Juniors have bought a bust of Longfellow which they intend to put in the new library, which is in course of construction. This is a hopeful sign and shows that the students are taking an interest in the appearance of the college.

Many of the boys will go down to Greenwood with our speaker to help him win the contest which comes off the last day of April. Cheap rates have been secured from the railroads and a nice time is assured to all those who will attend. Wofford has been successful on the last two occasions, and a large number of our boys in the audience that night will do much to help us win again.

An opportunity is being offered to the Wofford students just now to see the paintings as exhibited by the Arts and Crafts Club of this city. This is a fine collection of art and it is well worth while to pay it a visit. Many who have seen it say that it is even better than that of last year. We Southern people are deficient along this line, and such a fine opportunity as this should be taken advantage of by all the students.

Our ball team seems to have hit a streak of hard luck. Every member of the team fields well, but somehow they can't hit at the right time. Three games have been played. Our team defeated the Riverside boys, but met with defeat at the hands of both Furman and Clinton. Rain prevented the game with Erskine, but it will probably be played at a later date. The season is young as yet, and maybe our fellows will get on their hitting clothes and win some games.

Mr. Goodsby, of the Junior class, has returned to college after a severe attack of fever. We are glad to have him with us again.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

Suppose we had a Y. M. C. A. Building?

Is it looking too far ahead or expecting too much for Wofford to agitate the question of having a first-class Y. M. C. A. building? We think not. Other institutions have them, and in the last few years three new buildings have been erected on the campus—Gymnasium, Science Hall, and Library. Why not make the next one an attractive Y. M. C. A. building?

Of course we look immediately for numerous objections, and there will surely be some who think it an impossibility. But these objections, whatever they may be, we think can be overcome. There are a great many of Wofford's alumni who have the interest of the college at heart and are ready to lend aid to anything that will tend to the upbuilding of the young men who enter its walls. People are more willing to give to things from which they believe good will result, we think. Why not some man who has been blessed with the things of this world and anxious to leave something which will bear fruit in the future, leave several thousand dollars as a beginning on this Y. M. C. A. building fund? The thing to do is to let it be known that such a thing is needed on Wofford campus and that we intend to have it if possible, and then we may expect support from the men who love their almo mater.

Maybe we underestimate the value of a Young Men's Christian Association in a college. It is a source of great power and influence when the proper time and attention is given to it. It is an organization which holds up to the student body high standards of honor in every department of college life. It does not tend to make the campus any less the home of a crowd of spirited men, but encourages healthy sport and strives to create in the college community a healthy, vigorous and manly atmosphere. It may be agreed that in a town like Spartanburg, where there are so many churches, such an insti-

tution is not needed, or rather not on such an extensive scale. We argue that the churches, though they be attended regularly, do not get close to the students. Its influence is not felt so actively. The Y. M. C. A. is an institution of the boys, solely under their direction and care—it is their church, and its influence is greater than we think. Then the association meetings furnish an ample way of letting out instead of continually taking in things. For very often we cannot call things our own until we have given them out. In other words, it is a great outlet; things learned find expression and the efficiency of the man is increased.

If these things are true, then the Y. M. C. A. should present an attractive appearance. If it is a source of great influence and power and raises the general moral tone of the student body, then it should not be pushed off into a small room on the third floor. If there are loyal alumni who want to contribute money to something which will make better men, then it is our duty to let them know what the Y. M. C. A. is, and that better equipment is needed. We cannot sit idle and wait for means to come our way. The boys who are interested in the Y. M. C. A. and its work will have to see the need of it and get a vision of what would be be if a modern Association building with all its attractive equipment were on the campus. The Young Men's Christian Association would then be the hub of the campus. It would be vitally connected with every part of college life. Besides its auditorium for regular meetings these would be committee rooms open for any occasion—in fact, at the disposal of anybody from a Sophomore hazing committee to a band of ministerial students. There would also be a lounging room and game room especially convenient for town students. In the building would be a piano and other things which would make the place attractive. The Y. M. C. A. would then mean more. Its hold upon the boys would be greater and its influence for Christianity stronger.

Are these things which we have just spoken of too much to expect? Is Wofford not ready for such a project? All we can say is other colleges have them. That the Y. M. C. A. should count for more at Wofford cannot be disputed. It re-

mains for us to see the need of such a thing and to realize what would be the result. Imagine a beautiful association building looked upon by the students as the biggest and best thing on the campus, a crowd of lively boys in a Christian atmosphere. This must be an ideal, and for it we must work.

Southern Student Conference

The Student Conference of Southern Colleges will be held at Asheville, N. C., in June. This gathering of college men from all over the South is one of no little moment. They constitute the best part of our college life and are gathered together to discuss means and methods of conducting Christian work in the colleges. Most college men are thoroughly familiar with this conference, whether they have attended or not. It is not a new institution, but has been holding its regular June session for a number of years. Addresses will be made by the strongest men of our land, including preachers, missionaries, laymen and Y. M. C. A. Secretaries. Extensive Bible study courses will be mapped out and training given to Bible class leaders. Classes will also be held in mission study and various other departments of Christian work.

As a whole this conference is a great opportunity for any college man and he should not miss the chance of attending at least once during his college course.

Wofford should send at least fifteen men, really there should be twenty-five. It will only cost about eighteen dollars, and if a note is given to the Y. M. C. A., part of that will be paid. Then after graduation the amount will be returned to the Y. M. C. A. treasury with interest. It is true that it is a rather hard time of the year to get hold of money, but it could not be more profitably spent. Ten days in the mountains of North Carolina among several hundred picked college men and professors, besides others representing different departments of Christian work, is a rare treat, and we hope that many Wofford men will take advantage of this opportunity and attend the conference in June.

Visit of Mr. Ewing

Mr. Henry E. Ewing, a traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, was a welcome visitor to our association on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 30th and 31st. On Tuesday Mr. Ewing met several committees, with whom he discussed plans for carrying on their work. At seven o'clock Tuesday night he met the entire cabinet and discussed with them the association work in general.

Mr. Ewing conducted the regular chapel exercises Wednesday morning and that night in the association hall he delivered a very fine address on "Students and World-wide Missions." With his attractive and convincing style he held his audience spellbound for forty-five minutes. Everybody regretted exceedingly that he could not spend more time with us and it is hoped that he will soon come back to us. No doubt the association derived much good from his short and splendid advice. H. Grady Hardin.

Worth Reading

"A pessimist is one who when he has a choice between two evils takes both."

"My good sword carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure." —Sir Galihad.

"There are two things which fill me with ceaseless awe—the starry heavens above and the moral law within."—Immanuel Kant.

"Pay as you go, or don't go."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

Class '02

T. C. Austin.

B. H. Brown is a prominent young attorney in the city.

B. A. Bennett is cashier of the Bank of Greers.

W. H. Chapman is a practicing physician at Whitney, S. C.

H. B. Chapman is paying teller at Central National Bank.

Julian Calhoun is in the insurance business in the city.

F. S. DuPre is in cotton mill business at Clio, S. C.

W. Z. Dantzler is in Florida.

T. C. Easterling is superintendent of Marion Graded Schools.

A. T. Helms is teaching at Mullins, S. C.

M. Hoke is teaching near Rock Hill.

H. R. Harris, Bozeman, Ariz.

F. H. Hudgens is in cotton mill business.

S. T. Lanham is the popular Master of Spartanburg county.

D. S. Murph is the efficient Superintendent of Education of Calhoun county.

E. A. Montgomery is Superintendent of the Blacksburg Graded Schools.

P. H. Nash is a civil engineer in New Orleans, La.

Miss Carrie Nabors taught school till her marriage recently.

Norman L. Prince is in California.

D. C. Stabler is a lawyer.

R. E. Sharp is a member of the South Carolina Conference, and is stationed at Heath Springs.

C. H. Varner, Senatobia, Miss.

J. Frank Watkins, of football fame, is a prominent lawyer in Anderson.

Class '03

Frank C. Rogers is the efficient book-keeper at the First National Bank.

A. E. Taylor is farming in Greenwood.

M. B. Stokes is a missionary in Korea.

A. McKay Brabham, who played star ball on our team, is a merchant at Bamberg.

G. R. Dukes, Orangeburg.

B. F. Dent, Columbia.

J. F. Golightly is at his home near Inman, S. C.

W. W. Boyd is a physician in Laurens county.

T. C. Moss is farming in Orangeburg county.

J. C. Redmon is Judge Probate of Calhoun county.

M. W. Sloan is at Anderson.

W. H. Sullivan is at Williamston.

W. P. Wray is in the South Carolina Conference, and is at Buttee, Cokesbury district.

Geo. C. Hodges is in a bank at Greenwood.

T. F. Golightly is teaching in the upper part of the county.

D. E. Camak, a member of Conference, is stationed at Saluda.

W. C. Owen is a preacher at Little Rock, Marion county.

W. K. Green, a former star shortstop on our team, is in Tennessee.

F. E. Brabham is teaching.

L. M. Cantrell is a lawyer and a member of the Legislature from Spartanburg.

L. Q. Crum is principal of one of the graded schools in Columbia.

G. W. Grier has a responsible position with the Prudential Insurance Company in the city.

L. T. Leitner is at Marion.

L. D. Thompson, Stanley, N. C.

S. M. Dawkins is studying law at Columbia University.

Class '04

C. B. Goodlett.

T. O. Lawton

R. O. Lawton is at Los Angeles, Cal.

O. M. Chapman is studying medicine.

Miss O. L. Chapman has married since her graduation.

E. F. McWhirter, of football fame, is merchandising at Jonesville, S. C.

J. P. Lane is School Commissioner of Marion county.

I. E. Curry is professor of math. at Lander College.

Miss M. V. Tarbox is teaching in Brazil.

S. F. Cannon is with A. M. Law & Co., of this city.

E. K. Hardin is Conference evangelist in South Carolina Conference.

W. D. Burnett is a broker in the city.

E, L. Ott is studying law at University of Virginia.

W. C. Herbert is teaching in North Carolina.

A. C. Daniel, Jr., is principal of the Inman Graded Schools.

L. E. Cannon is a mail carrier in the city.

T. L. Cely is a merchant at Greenville.

C. L. Smith is a missionary to Brazil from Central Church of Spartanburg.

W. C. Arial is teaching at Liberty, S. C.

P. W. Bethea is teaching at St. George, S. C.

T. C. Turner is a lawyer at Laurens, S. C.

L. M. Oliver is a merchant in Marion county.

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W. M. Fair is cashier of the Bank of Elloree.

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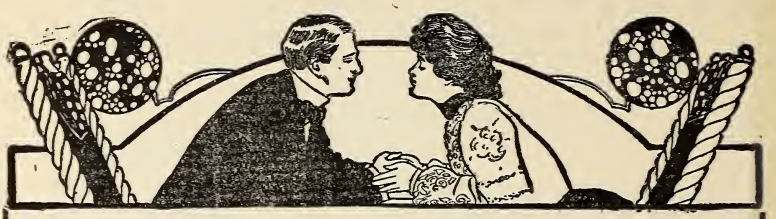

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Wofford College Journal

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

May-June, 1909

PUBLISHED BY
The Calhoun, Carlisle and Preston Literary Societies
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

SPRING

We've sped the parting guest, Winter, and we turn to make our bow to Spring, embodying, among other new things, the latest ideas in the evolution of Young Men's Suit Styles.

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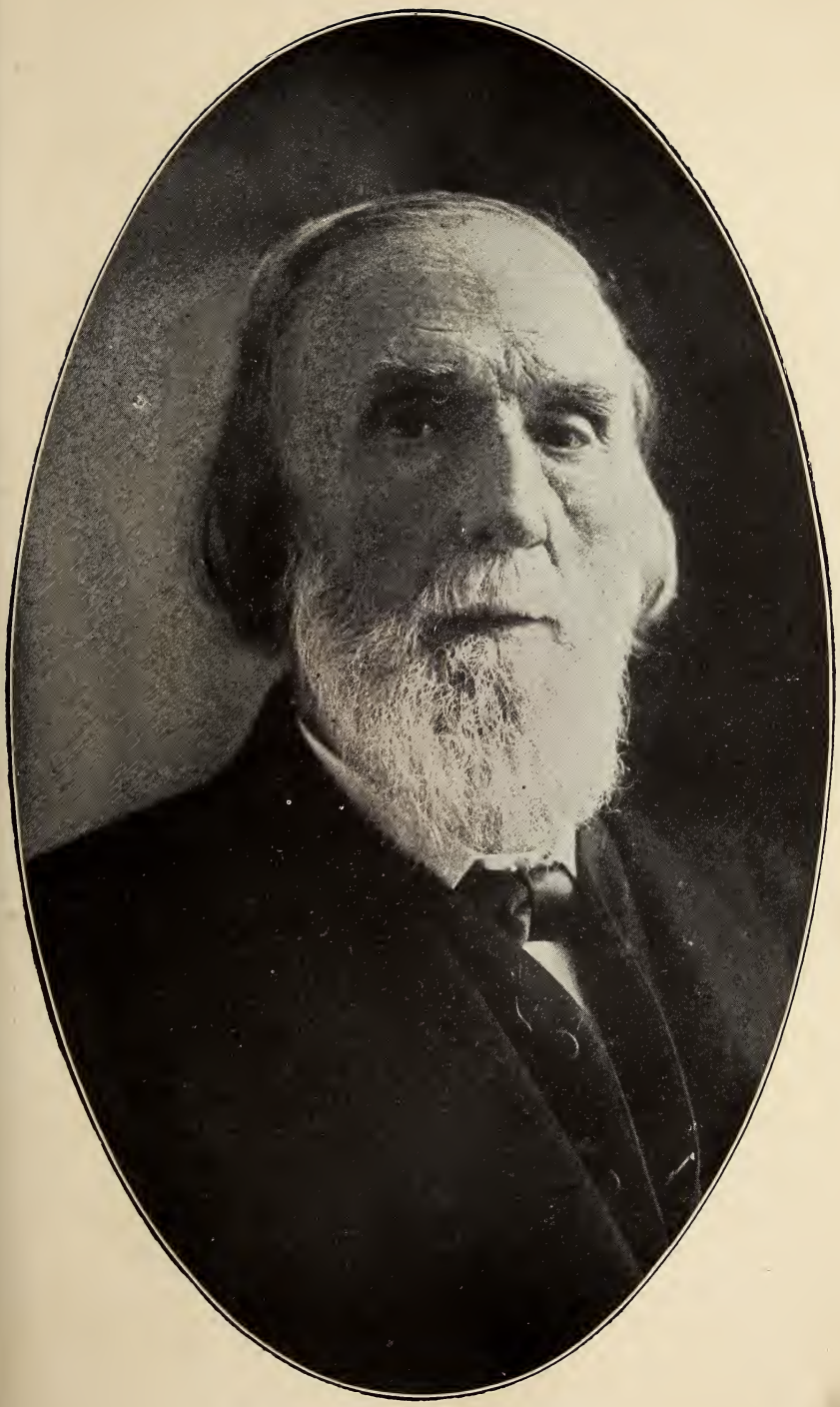
WEST MAIN STREET

May-June, 1909



JAMES H. CARLISLE, A. M., LL. D.

Senior Class, 1909

EDWARD DAVID ANDREWS

OSWOGO, S. C.

"To follow foolish precedents, and to wink with both eyes, are easier than to think."

Preston Literary Society.

A specimen of wonderful interest, on account of his innocence and simplicity. "John" has a very destinguished appearance—senator, judge, or something of the kind. Has lately developed a great liking for female society, and in this inspiring presence, has even shown signs of a dormant intelligence. Has great hopes of going back to his native "styx" and showing the natives what civilization can do for a man. His childlike imitation is a wonder in its perfectness.

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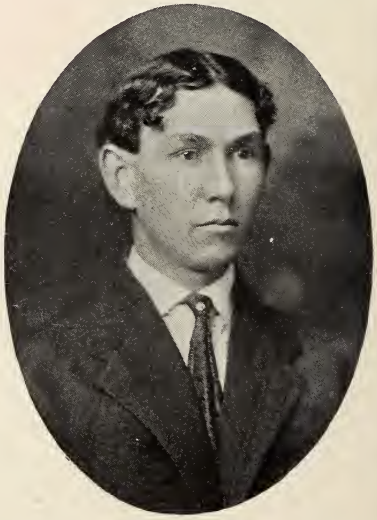
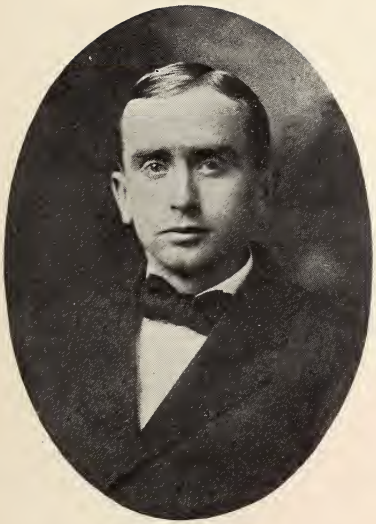
"A youth of labor with an age of ease."



Charter Member, President, Vice-President, First and Third Critic, Corresponding Secretary, and Monthly Orator of Carlisle Literary Society; Marshal, Freshman Exhibition, Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition; Member of Inter-Society Committee, '09; Alumni Editor of Journal, '09.

Bearden is city born and bred, Spartanbury city born and bred at that. With unruffled front, he pursues the even tenor of his way. Nothing ever excites Bearden. He is always calm in the face of danger. He can face a roaring fire in the heart of the business district of his native city, or meet a hundred Converse girls, without a tremor. Bearden will probably become a civil engineer. He has taken "Math." persistently and consistently through his entire course—whether because he has a special liking for this branch of science or because Professor Clinkscales has a special liking for him we do not pretend to say. Every man has his opinion, though!



HENRY BOUCHIER

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

"A nice girl could do wonders with me."

Special course A. M. Graduated at S. C. University in 1908.

Henry tries to impress upon his friends that precious articles are done up in small packages. He says, "Boys, it gives you social standing to walk down the street with a man that has an angelic countenance, graceful carriage and dignified demeanor that I have." We are afraid Henry has been listening to flattery.

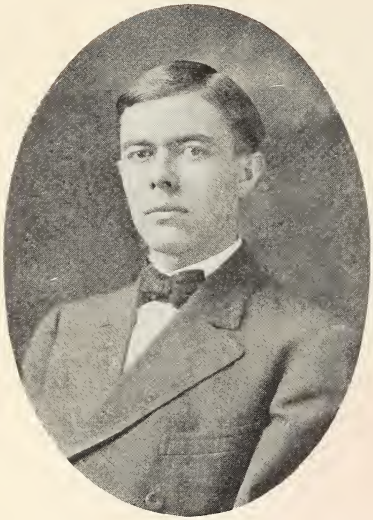
LINDSAY KISTLER BREEDEN

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

"Then he will talk—ye gods, how he will talk!"

First Censor, Third Critic and Vice-President of Calhoun Literary Society; Assistant Business Manager of Journal; Junior Marshal; Class Baseball '07-'08, Class Football '07-'08, Manager of Varsity Baseball '09; S. A. E. Frat.

"Kis" is a striking comparison to Tennyson's "Babbling Brook." "For men may come and men may go;" but "Kis" talks on forever. He is Mrs. Howard's adviser and counsellor, and through her he meets every "Flossy" in Converse College, but his acquaintances are restricted to the girls of the old North State. In his sleep Kistler calls out, "All aboard for Converse!"



JAMES CHESTER BROGDEN

BATESBURG, S. C.

"Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley, on!"

President, First Critic and Second Censor of Carlisle Society; Assistant Literary Editor of Bohemian, '08; Charter Member Carlisle Society.

Chester's face was not unfamiliar to us, for we had often seen his face in the advertisements of Mellin's Food. Chester says when he was a baby that he took all the prizes at the Baby Shows; but we heard afterwards that his nurse made him put them back. He says no matter what he is now, he knows he must have been a cute baby; but we are the judges of that statement. Some day, he will be found almost dead under somebody's dinner table.

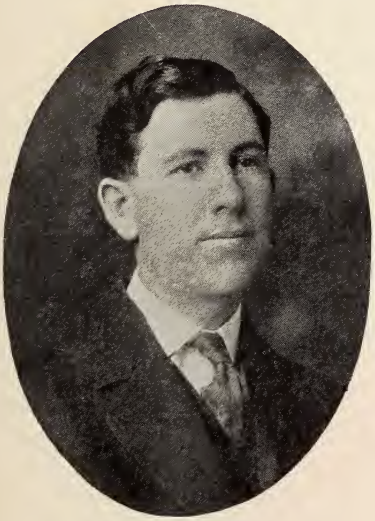
HEADLEY MORRIS COX

DOTHAN, N. C.

"He draweth the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

Entered in 1905. Charter Member of the Carlisle Literary Society; Member of the Committee to make a Constitution; Sophomore Orator; Treasurer of the Society, Second Critic, Vice-President.

Well, well, well, here we have him, just like he was when he came! (?) The same yesterday, today and forever —with the exception that now and then a new girl shines in upon "his benighted existence." He is a logician of exceptional ability, spending much of his time in trying to reach the logical (?) conclusion that "it is raining outside," when the sun shines from a cloudless sky. In other words, he is a Sophist.



HARLEM LONGSTREET CREECH

BARNWELL, S. C.

"Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thought."

Preston Literary Society.

Creech is from Barnwell County. Hurrah for Creech! We do not know anything about Creech!! Creech is a mystery!!! Creech is the "nth" power of the unknown, the unfathomable!!!! All hail to Creech!!!!! He eats, sleeps, walks and talks like an ordinary mortal, but on certain occasions the nurse seizes him, and he spins out poetry—my, how the rhymes do hum! Creech expects to take the place of Frank L. Stanton on the staff of the Atlanta Constitution.

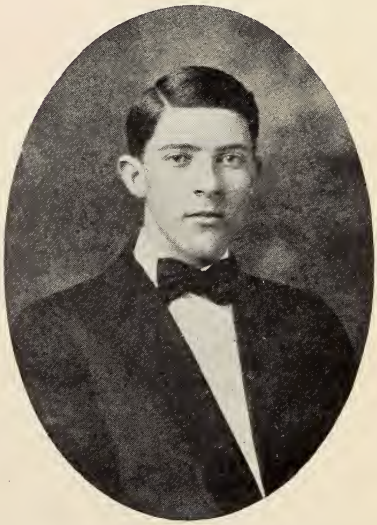
THOMAS LIPSCOMB COLEMAN

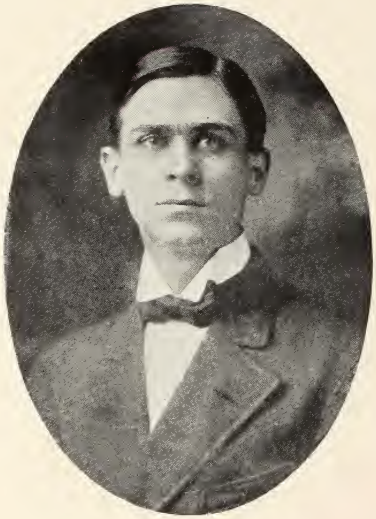
NEWMARKET, S. C.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Member of Calhoun Literary Society; Third Critic, Recording Secretary, Second Censor; Member of Class Baseball Team.

"T. L.," as the Converse lassies affectionately call him, is a typical looking college sport. He wears his hat at an angle of 30 degrees, the "sin" of which cannot be determined numerically, but the "sign" æsthetically (?) speaking, is that he is always jolly and ready for a lark. He has not determined his life work as yet, but his friends say they suspect him of secretly preparing himself to sell Dr. Scott's "Little Early Riser" pills—at 15 cents per box. Luck to him, and hurrah! for Dr. Scott.





F. MASON CRUM

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"His very foot has music in it."

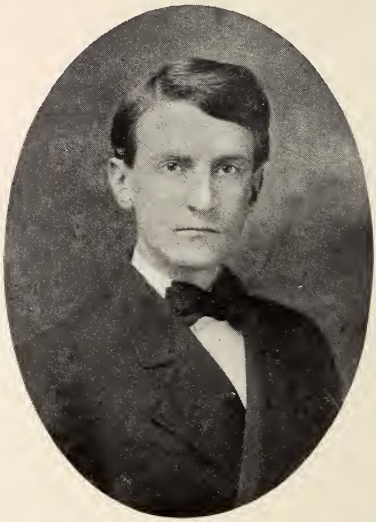
President, Vice-President and First Censor of Calhoun Literary Society; Vice-President of Senior Class, '09; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., Y. M. C. A. Editor of Journal; Member of Glee Club, Member of Executive Committee of Glee Club, '08; Winner of Science Medal, '08; Winner of Calhoun Literary Society Essay Medal, '08; Chi Phi Frat.

Crum is the Cassius of the Class of '09. "He has a lean and hungry look, . . . he reads *many tiptops,* and looks *quite through the deeds of men."* He is a great believer in what he calls the axiom. "Beauty itself doth of itself persuade the eyes of men without an orator." Being very susceptible, he is constantly being persuaded himself.

WALTER CLYDE CURRY

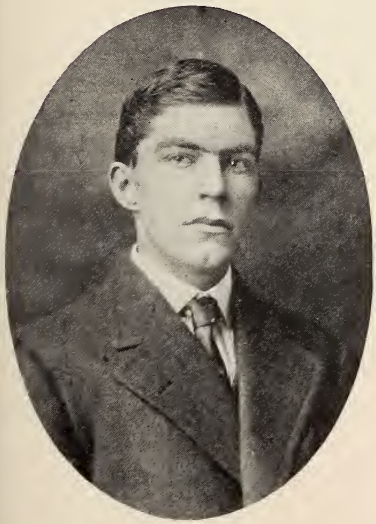
OWINGS, S. C

"Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."



Entered 1904; Stopped out the year 1906-07 to teach; President of Class, 1904-05; Secretary and Treasurer Classes, 1905-06 and 1907-08; Class Poet, 1908-09; Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society; Speaker on Soph. Ex.; Fresh. Marshal, 1904-05; Soph. Marshal, 1905-06; Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First Censor, and President of Preston Literary Society; Assistant Literary Editor of the Bohemian, 1907-08; Literary Editor of Bohemian, 1908-09; Literary Editor of Wofford College Journal," 1908-09; First Bass on Glee Club Quartette, 1908-09; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., 1905-06; Winner of Fresh.-Soph. Short Story Medal, 1905-06; Junior-Senior Short Story Medal, 1907-08; Poem Medal, 1907-08; Contributed fifteen articles to Journal; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Asheville, 1904-05; Senior Speaker, 1908-09.

Curry comes from Gray Court, but Gray Court is in no way to blame for this. Curry looks well, thinks well, speaks well, sings well, makes love well, and dresses extremely, extraordinarily well, but—"Would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought." The end and sole motive of Curry's life is clothes. He has got Thomas Carlyle's "British Dandy" "skint a block" when it comes to fashionable gent's wearing apparel. Any up-to-date tailor in need of a model will do well to see Curry.



RICHTER MANNING CUDD

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"I have no other but a woman's reason; I think so, because I think so."

Charter Member of Carlisle Literary Society.

Cudd is from the city of Spartanburg. Quietly and unostentatiously has he pursued his work at Wofford during the past four years. He has had but one object in view—his diploma. What a diploma represents, Cudd has no idea, nor cares to have. What he wants is a diploma, a pure, unadulterated sheepskin. "Others may choose what course they may," says Cudd, "but as for me—give me a diploma, or give me death." Cudd will devote the first two years after his graduation to the framing of his sheepskin. Afterward, he will play the part of Jesse James in a popular-priced comedy company.

MARION DARGAN, JR.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Go slow, and carry a big stick."

Freshman Delegate to Student Volunteer Movement, '06; Monthly Orator, '07; First Critic, Preston Literary Society; Treasurer, President Y. M. C. A.; Chi Phi Fraternity.

In "Marion" we find the somber, thoughtful type. He never by any manner of means, nor under any circumstances, allows his words to run away with his thoughts (?). He is a striking example of the "power of mind over body," for the inquiring state of his mind has resulted in a body of decidedly question-mark propensities. In the near future 'Marion" hopes to go to China, or develop, at home, his great musical talent. He is undecided, and while he ponders the question, still thinks upon matrimonial lines.

RAYMOND HUNTER DOMINICK

NEWBERRY, S. C.

"Not learned at court nor versed in wit,
But loved by those who know him best."

Preston Literary Society.

"Dominicker," tho of the feathered tribe commonly known as the "yard-bird," is nevertheless anything else than "feather-legged." Tho slightly domesticated, this "bird" sometimes leaves this earth of fact and "wings his way" into the ethereal regions of poesy. His sedateness is especially noticeable, and the plaintiveness of his "morning call" on examination mornings shows him to be a bird of wonderful sagacity. He views with masterful and lordly eye the barnyard of Sciences. There he is "cock of the walk."

THEODORE BRADLEY DuBOSE, Jr.

DARLINGTON, S. C.

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none."

Entered January, 1906. Preston Literary Society; Senior Football Team.

"Teddy," since his name is "Teddy," has great hopes and high ambitions. He looked over the great wood, just back of his home, in a vain effort to find the "Big Stick," and says he is going to hunt it in Africa after he graduates. He is a good historian, a wonderfully fine lady's man—and wears tan shoes. The ladies say he's "mighty cute"—"cute" eyes, "cute" expression in his face, and especially "cute" in his football suit, which he wears with much grace.

WALLACE DUNCAN DuPRE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps."

Treasurer of Class, 1905-06; Winner of Freshman Oratorical Contest, 1905-06; Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition, 1906-07; Marshal, Monthly Orator, and Recording Secretary of Calhoun Literary Society; Presiding Officer of Junior Debate, '08; President of Calhoun Literary Society; President of Senior Class, '09; Winner of Oratorical Contest, '09; Chi Psi Fraternity.

Now, here he is—Mr. President—of '09! He is always at his place—in the classroom, in the athletic field, in the parlor (very ornamental), in the automobile (with his best girl), and in the church (!). He is great in electrical lines; has great hopes of establishing communication with Mars, by means of the electric spark sent from a special appliance of his own invention. He is modest, yet aggressive; bashful, yet a good speaker; hopes to be successful in losing the medal to some other college in the Oratorical Contest, where he represents us.

CRAWFORD A. EASTERLING

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Secretary Class, 1905-06; Member Class Baseball Team, four years; Member Class Football Team, four years; Manager Class Football, 1906-07; Emory Debater, 1907-08; Junior Debater, 1907-08; Treasurer Calhoun Society, 1907-08; Assistant Editor Annual, 1907-08; Chairman Inter-Society Council, 1908-09; Editor-in-Chief Journal, 1908-09; Member S. A. E. Fraternity.

Ananias stood (fo(u)rth; but "Egypt" comes first, second and third. He has twofold duties. First he calls himself a student at Wofford; second, he looks out for a goat on East Main street. Once "Egypt" was very ill and thought his time had come. His friends heard him say, "Get busy, Ananias, your rival is coming."

LUTHER CLAY ELROD

PIEDMONT, S. C.

"Formed by thy CONVERSE *happily to steer*
From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Member Preston Literary Society; Member Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Luke is from Piedmont, S. C. All who have traveled widely are quite familiar with that thriving little city hid away in a cup-like valley of upper Carolina. Luther is his real name, but the girls all call him Luke. Since entering college, he has given much time to poetry. He never writes it, but just lets it pass over his soul in inarticulate language. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Luke is also planning a trip to Seattle. He expects to go with Mr. "Jew" Harden and offer to the public for sale that very useful commodity, soap. This distinguished salesman informs us that each box will contain six cakes of the best soap made, one bottle of perfume, one set of teaspoons and a toothbrush, all for 50 cents.

FRED WILSON FELKEL

CRESTON, S. C.

"Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak."

Treasurer Preston Literary Society; Member of Gymnasium Team, 1907-08, '08-09; Class Baseball Team, 1907-08, '08-09; Football Team, 1907-08, '08-09.

Orangeburg County claims Felkel, not because she wants him, but because she is anxious to put the best face on a bad fact. Music is a passion with Felkel. He utilizes all his spare time in studying it, and has made sufficent progress in the art to distinguish with a tolerable degree of accuracy the difference between "Yankee Doodle" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," provided the latter is played on a pipe organ in a church and the former by a brass band in a circus parade. Felkel has not decided definitely whether he will be a truck farmer or the conductor of a crack orchestra.

PAUL FREDERICK FINCH

MOORE, S. C.

"Along the cool, sequested vale of life
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

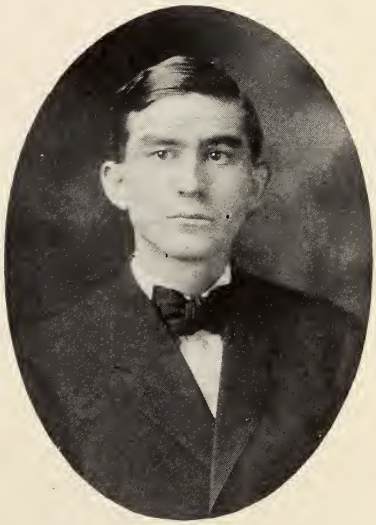
Wofford Glee Club, 1907-08; Class Football, 1908-09; Preston Literary Society.

Your pardon, please, did you say "Sister" Finch? We see now, upon closer inspection, that this is our "Sister"—"she" of the precise manner, the gentle voice, and mild eye. We would not have "her" changed in the least, if some good fairy were to make us the offer gratis. For what would the campus be without the dulcat (?) notes of "her" sweet (?) violin! How could we live without "her" presence? Away, Fairy, and leave our "Sister" to us in peace—just as "she" is!

RILEY CARLISLE FOLGER

CENTRAL, S. C.

"A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven."



Vice-President, First Critic, and Recording Secretary of Preston Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Junior Debater; Wofford-Emory Debater, 1908-09; Anniversarian, 1908-09; Commencement Speaker; Chief Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; Freshman Marshal; Member Inter-Society Committee, 1908-09; Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Four years ago "Doc" landed on the campus and registered as one of the sons from the progressive little city of Central, S. C. Since his entrance in college, he has been a great lover of English poetry, especialy that of Kipling. Like Orlando, he writes poetry of his fair Rosalind and sticks it about on trees. It is said that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but this young man, from all we know, lives in a dream of fair women, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. He is especially interested in houses of the old Colonial style, and what could be more romantic to such an artist than to spoon on a bit of clover in the moonlignt somewhere! Ask "Doc."

BERTRAM HORATIO FRANCE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Opposition is the sweet persuasion."

Freshman Marshal; Charter Member and Third Critic, Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Corresponding Secretary, First Censor, Vice-President Carlisle Literary Society; Junior Debater; Marshal, Secretary and Treasurer Sophomore Class; Member Inter-Society Committee, 1908-09; Art Editor "Bohemian," '08; Assistant Business Manager Glee Club, '08; Member Executive Committee, '08 and '09; Pianist for Glee Club, '08; Manager Glee Club, '09.

Yes, this is the Glee Club Manager! No doubt you have heard of him. No? You should read the papers more, for they are full of him and "Teddy." Tho he has made quite a reputation for himself as Manager, he has even eclipsed that reputation by the greater fame gained as "Chief cook and bottle washer" of the Glee Club. He is good at driving a bargain: never losing his temper, but mildly remarking, "You know, sir, you should not charge so much." Thus he appeals to reason. His motto is: "If you have no reason yourself, appeal to the reason that lies in other men, and it will rise in majesty to make you feel as tho you had some."

JAMES HARDIN GLENN

CHESTER, S. C.

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

First and Second Critic, Preston Literary Society; Secretary of Sealed Marks, S. C. I. O. A.; Manager Senior Class Baseball Team; Class Ball Team, 1908-09; Class Football Team, 1906-09; Chi Phi Fraternity.

The first time we ever saw "Shug" was when he was going up in the bell tower looking for the English room. But he has learned many things since, for "a word to the wise is sufficient," and this young student has developed into one of the brightest stars of the Class of '09. "Shug" lived down at Prof. Rembert's in his Freshman year and was very fond of sugar. Learn this lesson from him: Whenever you put sugar in your coat pocket, be sure there is no hole. For, a trail of sugar from your room to the dining-room is a pretty good sign that you are the man. So beware! "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." Moral: A little hole may bring you an immortal name.

JAMES CARLISLE HARDIN

CLOVER, S. C.

"As true as the needle to the pole, or as the dial to the sun."

President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor and Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society; Speaker on Freshman Contest, Sophomore Exhibition, and winner Wofford Oratorical Contest, '08; Winner of State Oratorical Contest, '08; President Sophomore Class; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Senior Class Historian; Assistant Exchange Editor Journal; Sophomore Marshal; Chief Marshal; Manager Junior Baseball Team; Captain Senior Baseball Team; Member of Executive Committee of Athletic Association; Commencement Speaker; Chi Phi Fraternity.

"Jew" hailed from Clover, S. C. Four years ago he struck this campus, and has since developed into a marvelous business man. He is a clothier of the first water, and keeps the boys posted on all the latest fantastic fads of fashion. When it comes to accurate measuring, he is there with the goods, for he fit several members of the faculty. "Jew's" latest scheme is to go to Seattle, Washington, next summer. He expects to work his way selling the newest things in kitchen furniture, such as breadboards, combination rolling-pins, and dippers. In fact, he will be able to furnish the modern housewife with everything useful from a hairpin to a gatling gun.

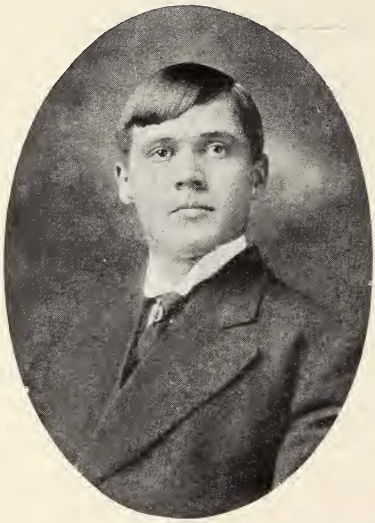
CASWELL VINCENT HAYES

DILLON, S. C.

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven."

Charter Member, First Censor, Second Critic, Carlisle Literary Society.

"Grass" was captured in the swamps of Marion, after several hours' chase with "hounds and horn." The taming process has been very successful (?) considering his pristine wildness. He says "ne'er a word," except when the pain of necessity strikes him, then brevity is his chief aim. Has a happy faculty of always "plumbing" the "pass" line.



OREN L. HERRING

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Let majesty your first attention summon;
Ah, ca ira, the majesty of women."

Member Calhoun Literary Society; Monthly Orator; Second and Third Critic; Recording Secretary; Member Gym Team, 1907-09; Captain Gym Team, 1907-08, '08-09; Class Baseball Team, 1906-07, '07-08, '08-09; Manager Class Baseball Team, 1905-06; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1907-08; Class Football Team, 1905-06, '06-07, '07-08; Manager Class Football Team, 1908-09; Athletic Editor of Bohemian, '09.

"Cap" is an apt pupil of the man who taught "Overtaxation is a thorn in the flesh," and he also tries to carry out his teachings; for he spends most of his time trying the double-backward side somersault. Am sure many years won't go by before we see our dear "Old Cap" doing the flying trapeze stunts in "Smith's Greater Shows." He will fill his spectators full of horror when he takes his final "Flight from Heaven to Hades." We certainly hope he will land safely.

RICHARD BURTON HICKS

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"A good, strong character, with independence and force."

Charter Member, President, First Critic, First Censor, Recording Secretary, Monthly Orator, Carlisle Literary Society; Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition; Preliminary Speaker, Wofford-Emory Debate; Senior Speaker; Assistant Literary Editor, '08; Business Manager, '09; The Journal; Assistant Business Manager, '08, Editor-in-Chief. '09; The Bohemian; Second Tenor; Member of Executive Committee, '08; First Tenor of Club, and Second in Quartette of Glee Club, '09.

It is not possible to classify Hicks. He is not tall, and he is not short; he is not fat, and he is not lean; he is not brilliant, and he is not dull; he is not good, and he is not bad—he is either *in medias res* in all things or else he is *sic semper tyrannis*. Or is he *e pluribus unum?* Anyway, he is something like that. Hicks will enter the legal profession with a hop, skip and jump. He hopes to be able to pursue his studies under the tutorship of Abraham Ruef, the well known San Francisco lawyer and, up to a short time ago, successful grafter.

THOMAS FOSTER HILL

ANDERSON, S. C.

"The sweetest, simplest thing that ever grew."

President, Vice-President, First Critic, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Monthly Orator, College Marshal 1907-08 of Preston Literary Society; President, 1907-08; Vice-President, 1906-07; Class Marshal, 1905-06; Vice-President of Musical Association; Member of Glee Club, 1908-09; Member of Gymnasium Team, 1907-08, 1908-09; Class Baseball Team, 1908-09; Assistant in Chemistry; Art Editor Annual Staff, 1907-08, 1908-09; Member of Executive Committee of S. C. I. O. A.; Member of Executive Committee of Athletic Association, 1908-09; S. A. E. Fraternity.

Tom is a genial sort of a fellow, liked by both sexes. In spite of the fact that he has never made less than a1, yet he was always troubled about his "dip." He achieved his coveted position on the Glee Club by singing solo(w) entitled, "Wait till May comes." "Tucker" is undecided whether he will be a gymnasium instructor or a dentist.

FRANK CARL HUFF

SIMPSONVILLE, S. C.

"Herein lies wisdom."

President, First Critic Calhoun Society; Junior Debater; Local Editor Journal, 1908-09; Glee Club, 1907-08, '08-09; Glee Club Quartette, 1907-08; Treasurer Musical Association, 1908-09; Preliminary Emory Debater; Commencement Speaker; Class Prophet; Business Manager Annual, 1909.

Frank hails from the backwoods of Greenville, tho' to be perfectly "frank," no one would ever suspect this origin. His smile, "so charming," "so divinely simple," attracts wonderfully the ladies. Has a good reputation in his classes—so absents himself from the unnecessary (?) exams. Hopes to be successful in bringing the Annual out in debt. Very unassuming, very modest, he often expresses a wonder why all the "lassies" he meets fall in love with him.

JACOB SHUFORD HUFFMAN

ELLOREE, S. C.

"Who never said a foolish thing, or ever did a wise one."

Preston Literary Society.

This fair youth takes things easy. He never uses more words than is necessary to make his thoughts clear—consequently speaks but seldom. Never runs two sentences together. He is modest, unassuming, bashful; chews his gum in silence, with a peculiar goat-like motion. "Shuf" works with untiring energy for *his* Society—there giving vent to the congestion of ideas which heap themselves up in his quiet moments. Ladies? "Take 'em away!"

DONALD HUGGIN

GAFFNEY, S. C.

"I have no ambition to see a goodlier man."

Preston Literary Society.

Huggin's home is Gaffney. He recognizes that concealment is impossible, so he admits the fact without a blush. Greek is the *bete noir* of Huggin's existence. He is the only man in college who has one of these; but it suits him remarkably well. He says that, when he gets out of college, he is going to secure a *coup d'etat* and a *faux pas* to go with his *bete noir*. Huggin took astronomy this year. His imagination took an affectionate farewell of our little earth and soared into distant worlds unknown. He is sure a star gazer. His life will be given to teaching the young minds to grow and the young ideas how to shoot; that is to say, he will become a teacher of schools.

RIVERS CONRAD HUGGINS

BISHOPVILLE, S. C.

"Here is a soul with immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for glory spurns."

Vice-President two terms; Second Critic of Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball Team, 1905-09; Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

"Gants" is his name, and never did a fairer lover woo a lady—at Converse. He is admired for his unassuming manner, and never is he heard publishing abroad the glad news that there is one in the world dearer than all the wealth of Crœsus. He loves in silence, and only on one occasion were those deep ebullitions of passion found to take the form of articulate speech. And these were the words that he sang: "Show me and the girl is mine." "Gants" is a very liberal-minded fellow, and has won many friends by his willingness to give over to the desire of others. Whenever any controversy arises, although the thermometer may be zero, he takes his hat and fans and makes this big-hearted reply: "You can do as you like about it, but I rather you wouldn't."

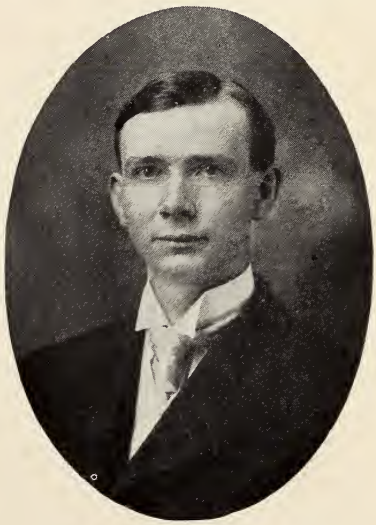
MASON GILBERT LATHAM

SHARON, S. C.

"Man delights not me—nor woman neither."

Member of Preston Literary Society; Contributor to the Journal; Delegate to Southern Students' Conference. Non-frat.

Allow me, please—the "Divine!" Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, make your bow! He is sensible (to wit: wrinkles his brow while talking), smiles occasionally, wears gloves, and, wonder of wonders, carries in his small head sometimes as many as four weighty (?) discussions of Biblical topics (sermons). "Total depravity of man" is his chief subject, his one idea, subject of his deepest thought, and principal characteristic.



JAMES BROCKINGTON LATIMER

LOWNDESVILLE, S. C.

"The best occupation is recreation."

Entered '06; Prseton Literary Society. "Kid" has never given his mother any trouble, for he has been so afraid of doing something wrong that he wouldn't do anything at all. He has a horror of dying with "walking" typhoid fever or "galloping" consumption. His favorite song is "Please go 'way and let me sleep." And the verse of scripture that appeals to him most is, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands."

JAMES BOYCE MAHAFFEY

CLINTON, S. C.

"As headstrong as an ALLEGORY *on the banks of the Nile."*

Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society. Never missed a class during entire four years .

Huoh! Listen, the "Constitution" speaketh! Here is the "Law, the Prophets, the Writings," and the supreme court of the question! After having tried in vain for four long years to reform the campus to the right way (his way) (?) he gives it up as a bad job. The "Constitution" is a deep thinker (see his broad brow, like Plato's), philosopher, tho rather pessimistic, and even secretly writes love letters, tho no one is certain of this.

RICHARD SMART MAJOR

LEESVILLE, S. C.

"Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain."

Entered 1906; First Censor Preston Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Editor of 1909 Bohemian.

Having acquired all the knowledge of Leesville College, he came here to see if perchance he might find new springs to drink of. "Rocks" is his mania—his one idea, his first and only love. "Stones for bread" suit him exactly—up to a certain point! "Dick" has great hopes that he will be able, in the near future, to prove the rocks of the Moon are composed of quartz, mica and feldspar! His work is earnest, and partakes of the character of his rocks—hard!

DACUS PIERCE McCAIN

M'CORMICK, S. C.

"A 'bear' among the ladies is a dangerous thing."

Vice-President; Second Critic Preston Literary Society.

A striking example of the philanthropist. With beautiful indiscrimination he lets his fair countenance beam upon all and any of the fair sex. Has improved upon his last years' "sporting" record by making it a rule never to be out more than six nights in the week, and not later than 3 o'clock a. m. "Mac" is a fairly good student, and is especialy fond of "Hop" coca-cola. There is a rumor on the campus that he is contemplating joining the Salvation Army after graduation, tho we are not able to give definite informaton.

D. CARLISLE McLEOD

LYNCHBURG, S. C.

"A man condemned to wear
The public burden of a Nation's care."

First Critic Calhoun Literary Society; Member of K. A. Frat.

"Mac" is one of the hundred and eighteen Freshmen who entered in 1905, and has stuck with the Class through thick and thin. Since he has become a Senior, his face has chnaged from the gay Sophomore type to that of a more philosophic nature. What brought about this transformation is hard to tell. Some say he is in love, while others think he is trying to upset some of Prof. DuPre's pet theories in Geology. Of the two, we rather believe he is in love, for whenever you hear a fellow talking about babbling brooks and shady nooks, or sunny skies and sparkling eyes, you watch out.

THOS. CARLISLE MONTGOMERY

MARION, S. C.

"You look wise—pray correct that error."

First Critic; Monthly Orator; Member Inter-Society Committee; Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football Team, 1907-08, '08-09; Class Baseball Team, 1908-09; Gymnasium Team, 1906-07, '07-08; Glee Club, 1908-09; Bohemian Staff, 1909; Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

"Reddy," "Sorrel Top," "Mont" and "Gilt Edge," a commodity of good names. A man's popularity may be estimated by the number of nicknames he has. "Mont" is from Marion, S. C., and adored by all the girls very much. Lord Chesterfield would be a back number when "Reddy" is around. "Rain or shine, sleet or snow, up to Converse I must go." "Mont" has made quite a record since he entered Wofford, and the Class of 1909 is proud to call him her own. He was always faithful to his duty, and never absent from his post on Saturday afternoon (Converse) but twice in four years. And that wasn't his fault. Who expects a man to do more than his best?

BENJ. ROBERTSON MULLINS, JR.

MARION, S. C.

"While time serves and we are but decaying, come, my Corinna, come, let's go a maying."

Member Preston Literary Society; Member Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity; Active Member Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Editor Bohemian, '08; Secretary Athletic Association, '09; Class Baseball Team, '06-07, '08-09; Captain Class Football Team, '05-'06-'07-'08; Captain Junior Sophomore Team '06 and '07; Captain Senior-Freshman Team, '08; Gymnasium Team, '09.

"Shorty" has made a reputation for himself in several directions, namely along classical lines, especially Latin. Improved upon his last year's record by purchasing a "pony" and attending classes once a month. Short, white (neat), cute, apparently fascinating to the fair sex, he holds his own with the tallest. "Shorty" is a firm believer in the "innate superueity" of the whites over the "nigger." Has solved (?) the South's question in an extensive work, which will soon appear.

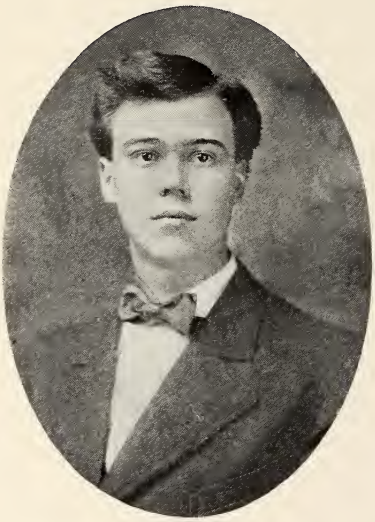
BUICHI MURAOKA

JAPAN

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Contributed to Wofford College Journal two articles; Preston Society.

Buichi Muraoka hails from Yamaguichi Ken, Japan (the Ken is the Japanese district). His postoffice address is Yashiromura. Note the harmonious vowel sounds in this address. Note also the inharmonious consonant sounds. A man with an address like this ought surely to succeed at anything he undertakes. It is not every man who could stand up under an address like the above. It takes a man who hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Think of it! Meditate over it, and give ear O ye Heavens—Buichi Muraoka, Yamaguchi Ken, Yashiromura, Japan!! Muraoka will be a theologian of the latest approved pattern.



PAUL MARION MURPH

WHITE STONE, S. C.

"So long as life and health allows,
I'll be raising hogs and cows."

Charter Member; Monthly Orator; Secretary; Junior Marshal; Vice-President; President Carlisle Literary Society.

Murph, alias "Minister," alias "Chaplain," otherwise known as "Little Boy," one bright day brought to us some of the beloved dust of White Stone. The "Minister" has always aspired to oratory (?), even now moving stones from their places with his eloquence. Says that if Congress is not in session his address will be Spartanburg! Give ear to him, all ye people!

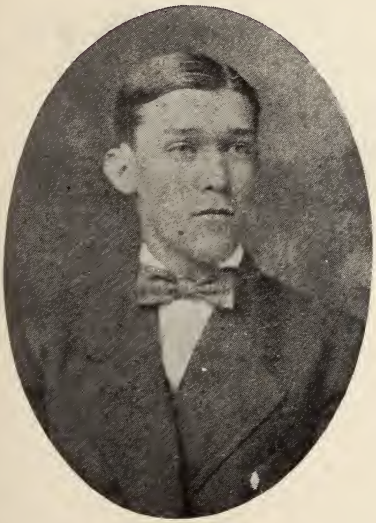
WILLIAM GAIRY NICHOLS

NICHOLS, S. C.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth."

First Censor and Second Critic of Preston Literary Society; Class Baseball Team, 1907-09; Class Football Team, 1907-09; Class Basketball Team, 1905-06; Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

"Lives of great men all remind us." Gairy came to the campus four years ago, and reported that he was from Nichols, S. C., U. S. A. Those who have seen anything of the world will remember that this thriving little city is in the lower part of the State where Marion did some great "stunts" in the days gone by. In scientific circles he is known as "Nucleus," because he is the center of attraction when it comes to springing new theories on the world. His latest theory in Biology is one touching on the great question of Evolution, and from all we know he is having a hard time trying to convince Dr. Waller that tadpoles turn to butterflies. Besides being a scientist of great repute, "Nucleus" is a German student also. Four years ago he boarded the "German Train," and has since stuck to it like a man. It is his present intention to occupy the chair of modern languages at some college out in California, and we predict for him a brilliant future.



WILLIAM JAMES PARKS

GREENWOOD, S. C.

"A girl, a girl, my kingdom for a girl."

Entered College September, 1904; Dropped out 1906-07; Re-entered 1907-08; Member Tennis Tournament 1907-08; Sophomore Marshal; Contributed to Journal; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity; Third Critic Calhoun Literary Society.

That reminds me, has anyone seen Clif. Ligon? Converse hearts have been known to splinter at the sight of this fair Lochinvar. We are sorely afraid "Jimmie" will commit matrimony early in life; for he has an idea that two can live cheaper than one. What will old Wofford do for a "Park" when this green youngster has left its scholastic walls?

GROVER FOLSOM PATTON

CROSS ANCHOR, S. C.

"I hate shams."

Second Censor; Corresponding Secretary; Monthly Orator; Second Critic; Vice-President and President of the Preston Literary Society; Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition; Junior Debater; Oratorical Contestant; Historian of Junior Class, '08; Exchange Editor of The Journal.

Here is a fossil discovered through the earnest research of Prof. DuPre some four years ago. There has been some trouble in determining to what age he belongs; but since he was found in the latest "Social" strata of Cross Anchor, we judge that he might be classed in the Age of Man. "Pat" is a philosopher of no mean ability, following in the footsteps fo Pythagoras (!). Has appeared in evening suit several times, and, if our memory serves us rightly, "spoke a speech."

VARDRY DIXON RAMSEUR

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"Wherefore gettest thou that goose-like look?"

Member of Kappa Sigma Fraternity; Member of Preston Literary Society.

It is hard to tell where "Vard" is from. His present abode is in Central, S. C.; but all we can say is that he sprung from the Southern States. He is a great railroad man, and spends much of his time in viewing the sights of our great country. All communications will be sure to reach him if addressed to V. D. Ramseur, U. S. A. There are new worlds to conquer, but "Vard" has about decided to settle down in the great old State of Tennessee. What the attraction out there is, we hardly know, but "Vard" is a business man, and we are sure he will make a mark in life.

MADISON RICHARDSON

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Such geniuses are rarely found,
Search as you may the world around."

Entered 1908; First and Second Critic, Carlisle Literary Society; Emory Debater, '09.

No, no, he won't hurt you! He's perfectly tame—with the exception of a kind of oratorical wildness that sometimes transports him in some of his mighty (?) orations. His speaking ability is simply wonderful—we wish he had the "voice of seven thunders," so that the world might hear him. He is also a great student of human nature—especially that as found in the female sex. Says that the type which appeals to him most is the "spirituelle." Ask him!

ALLEN LIVINGSTON ROGERS

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"To his experience and his native sense,
He joined a bold imperious eloquence."

President and Monthly Orator of Calhoun Literary Society; President of Pan Hellenic Council, '09; Chairman of Reception Committee, '08; Speaker on Freshman Declamation Contest; Sophomore Exhibition; Oratorical Contest, '09; First Tenor, Glee Club, '08-09; Art Editor of The Bohemian. Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

"Allen" is one o fthe Spartanburg boys, and has been with the Class of '09 for four long years He has had the advantage of us in one respect, however, in serving two terms in the "Fighters' Hole" before we arrived on the scene. His reason for doing this was to give the '09 bunch time to get together so he could join them. Allen is an orator, too. On a sunny day in May, when he sits beside his lady fair down by the babbling brook, and listens to the merry twitter of the birds, and the sighing of the trees, his oratory rises to heights which would rival Demosthenes, and as for old man Cicero, he wouldn't be in it. The only objection the English professor finds with "Allen" is that he puts too much time on the "Romeo and Juliet" type of literature.

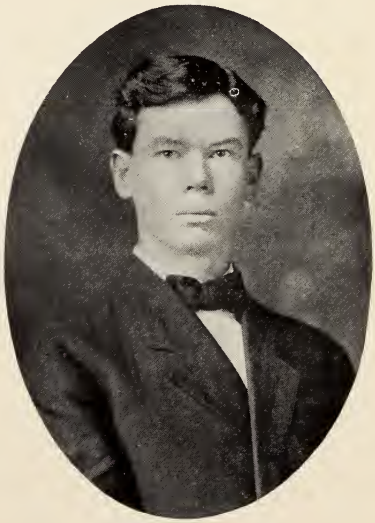
WILLIAM ELLERBE ROGERS

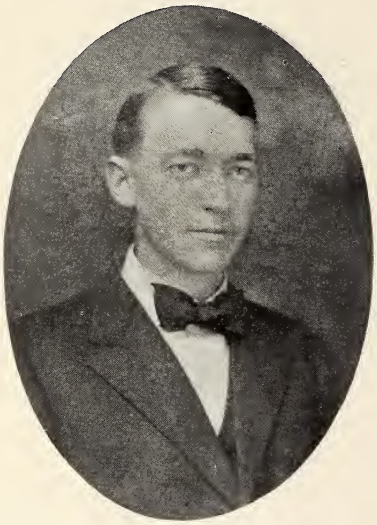
BLENHEIM, S. C.

"I can be happy without good sense."

Second Critic, Monthly Orator, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football Team, 1907-08, '08-09.

"Red" is a wonder, and it has been troubling all of us to know what he really is, or what he is going to be. He is a follower of the Truth, but hasn't caught up with it yet. He is a great admirer of the fair sex, but he usually admires from a distance. He will some day be a great "chemist" (?).





JAMES WILLIAMS SCOTT

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look."

First and Third Critic of the Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football Team, '09; Contributed to the Journal.

"J. W." will some day be an editor of a book entitled, "How to learn 'Maud.'" We are sure it will be a success, for the editor proved to be an excellent scholar, and was especially brilliant on this particular poem. If he is not an editor, he will be the founder of a girl's college, for J. W. thinks heaven cannot be a beautiful place if girls are not there, and every one he meets he tells her, "Give me back the presents I promised you."

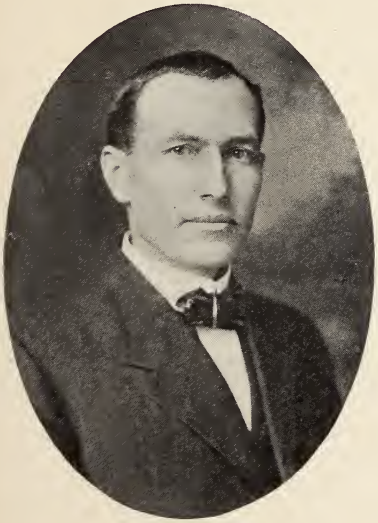
JOHN FRANCIS SIMMONS, JR.

ROWESVILLE, S. C.

"Then try, my boy, as quickly as you can,
T' assume the looks and manners of a man."

Second Critic Calhoun Literary Society.

"Jean" (with the French pronunciation) came to Wofford with an ambition, and that was to develop "mind, spirit and body." Has succeeded admirably in the latter operation; but as to the other two (mind and spirit) he has grown rather skeptical as to their existence since studying "Psycho." Loves science, and is especially fond of hot biscuits for supper! Has lately contracted the habit of "calling," and makes a great hit with Spartanburg femininity. "Jean" and "Dick" Major hope to occupy the settee of Geology at this classic place in the future years.



EDWARD PATRICK STABLER

NORTH, S. C.

"Never too old to yearn."

Entered 1905; President of the Freshman; Charter Member of the Carlisle Literary Society; appointed on the Inter-Society Committee, 1908-09; Sophomore Orator for January, '07.

Here we have the venerated picture, or likeness, of the "Grandpa" of our Class. He carries his years with dignity, advising and admonishing with great paternal discrimnation and care. A mighty seriousness sometimes settles in his deep (?) eyes, an untold sorrow, like that of Dante, which some suspect (tho are not irreverent enough to express) is caused by the fact that he's "wi'out a wifey!" Patiently, tho, he works, and waits for her coming.

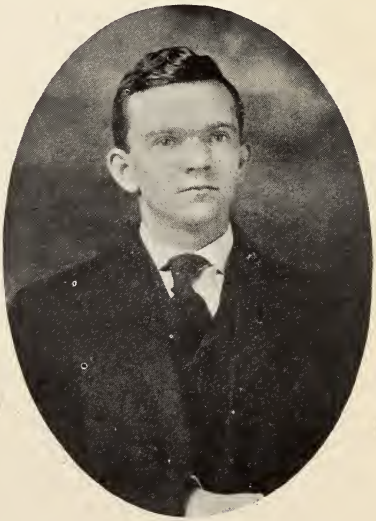
ROBERT BOYD STACKHOUSE

DILLON, S. C.

"Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore."

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor; First Critic of Calhoun Literary Society; Vice-President of Class '07-08.

Some day "Stack" will shock the whole world with one of his eloquent speeches, which we all know he surely can make. His favorite subject on which to debate is "Darwin's Theory of Evolution." He wants to know if he is an example of this theory, or whether he is headed that way; but why isn't he an example of both? We shall expect great things from "Stack" in the future; and no doubt he will some day be a teacher of writing lessons.



JOHN MARCELLUS STEADMAN

ST. GEORGE, S. C.

"The grinders may cease, but the grind goes on forever."

Entered 1905; Member Preston Literary Society; First Censor; Member Gymnasium Team, 1907-08; Manager Gymnasium Team, 1908-09; Art Editor of Bohemian; Contributed two articles to Bohemian.

Steadman, being the son of a Methodist preacher, is from the State of South Carolina at large, generally speaking. At present, however, his address is St. George. He calls this his instantaneous address. Steadman is the handsome man of the campus (?). Imagine a pale, lean face, a ravenous looking mouth, a pair of soulful blue eyes, and the whole surmounted by a shock of hair about the color of good pipe clay! That is Steadman. Steadman is a Latin student. He has tirelessly pursued this study, and says he is now able to state, on his own authority, that General C. J. Cæsar did really cross the Rubicon once upon a time, several years ago. He will devote his life to proving that the said Cæsar was the ancestor of Napoleon Bonaparte.

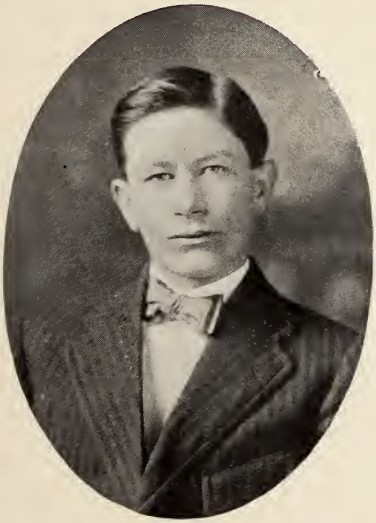
E. P. STEPHENSON

BISHOPVILLE, S. C.

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

Recording Secretary and First Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Class Basket Ball, 1905-06; Class Baseball Team, 1907-08; Glee Club, 1907-08; Glee Club, 1908-09; Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

"Steph" is from Bishopville, and that little city never produced a better all 'round man. He took up Latin in his Freshman year, and that old language grew on him so that it was impossible to turn it loose. And today we find him delving into the mysteries of this ancient tongue. Higher criticism is his chief hobby, and he has about convinced Prof. Gus that Hannibal did cross the Alps on skates, and that Cicero was not the man who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death." "Steph" is delighted with his work, and we predict a brilliant future for him in the University of Arizona, where he expects to hold the Chair of Latin.



ARTHUR EUGENE TINSLEY

WHITE STONE, S. C.

"To reap some pleasure and to sow
Seeds of fair fame in after times to grow."

Charter Member, First Censor, Second Critic, Recording Secretary of the Carlisle Literary Society.

La! Here's the boy! "Possum" always looks on the bright side of things: always meets the world with a happy smile (or grin—whence his name). He looks upon the world as "easy money," feeling sure that there is always a place for the worthy young man. "Democracy of Jefferson" is his watchword—"all men *free* and equal." Let downtrodden Republics take on new life, here comes the deliverer, strong in his own might (?)!

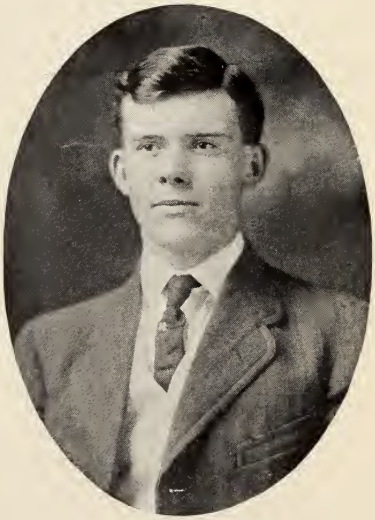
WALKER SLEIGH WHITTAKER

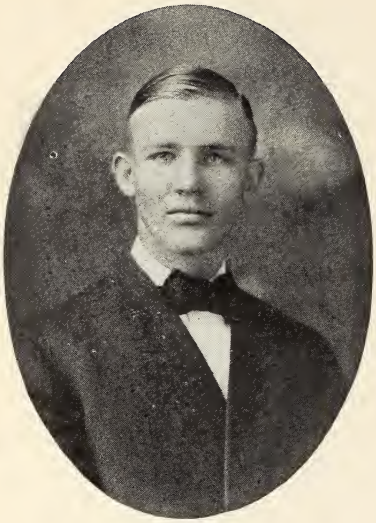
NEWBERRY, S. C.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Preston Literary Society; Football three years, 1906-07, '07-08, '08-09.

"Whit's" address when he entered college was Prosperity, but one would never have guessed it from his appearance. He himself early realized that his general air and demeanor did not bespeak Prosperity, so he changed his postoffice to Newberry. Since he has been at Wofford College, "Whit" has been a walking budget of information. With admirable *sang-froid* he gives his august opinion on all conceivable subjects. His life work will be the compiling of a pocket encyclopedia—of the type which defines everything except the one particular thing for which one happens to be looking at any given time.





JOHN FRANKLIN WOODLEY

SUMTER, S. C.

"Come one, come all! this ROCK *shall fly*
From its firm base as soon as I."

Class Football Team, 1908-09; Member of Preston Literary Society.

John is the only Senior who has the distinction of knowing personally the mayor of Spartanburg. It was purely accidental that this precocious youth met the "City Father." He had a fondness for Geology, and while studying rocks and their uses, he received a very formal introduction to the "Chief," and was urged to spend the night with him for safe keeping.

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

W. C. Curry, Literary Editor
E. B. Hammond, Assistant Literary Editor

Senior Class History

For four years we have labored and toiled on this old campus, have had our trials, troubles, and our pleasures; but how short the time has actually seemed! It seems as if it were only yesterday when we registered as Freshmen, and now the time, which was then inconceivable, has arrived, and we find ourselves endeavoring to write a history of our class.

Who would have thought that we would stay here long enough to make any history? What if you had seen Mace Crum offer his hand to the conductor when asked for his ticket? But we must excuse Mace; for he, like the rest of us, was homesick and lonely, and was only too glad to receive a handshake of consolation from any source. Seeing this, could you have pictured him as the star in Wofford's Glee Club, or standing, as he does, six feet two inches in his stocking feet, receiving two medals at the commencement of his Junior year?

When you heard the toll of the old college bell, caused by "Stack" running over it in his vain search for the matriculation office, could you have imagined him as he stands today, a dignified Senior, leader in all the debates of the Calhoun society, and chief spokesman for the class in the arguments which arise with Dr. Wallace?

Knowing Dacus McCain ,as we now do, can you think of him when a "Fresh" trying to pay his diploma fee? These are but a few instances which go to prove the great changes, and reformations resulting from a four years' college course.

Like all classes, we have made our record, one of which we

are justly proud. As Freshmen we had 118, and now we are 57 strong. We entered with the largest enrollment of any class in the history of the institution, and now as Seniors we hold the same record. As to scholarship, w ehave always carried off more distinctions than any other class.

Many things have we accomplished with our large number. The two Society halls were inadequate, and today we have the Carlisle Literary Society in a live and prosperous condition, owing its existence to our class. The ladies of the campus, seeing such a large number, and such a large per cent. of the number very handsome (even if seven were red-headed), immediately made arrangements to serve us with cream and cake, aftr the Y. M. C. A. Reception. They sure had a time getting around; for "Shug" Glenn ate six saucers without stopping to take a good breath. Possibly you would like to know why we call him "Shug." Just ask Mrs. Rembert the tale about Jim Glenn, the sugar dish, and the fig tree. We certainly enjoyed the reception, and all the comforting words of welcome from the upper-classmen. They seemed so eager to be of any assistance to us, and of course we thought they knew it all: but my, how our conceptions have changed!

Class officers soon were needed, and our first class-meeting was a new experience for us all. Each seemed to think he was in Congress casting a very important ballot. Each man got one vote for President, and it was with difficulty that we ever came to any agreement as to whom the honor should foll. Finally all agreed that "Daddy" Stabler was the right man in the right place. R. L. Keaton was elected Vice-President, and C. A. Easterling, Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Jonas P. Gray, of Woodruff, offered a medal to the best Freshman Declaimer, and on May the fourth, the birthday of Wofford's "Grand Old Man," the first "Fresh Ex." was held. Our class President, E. P. Stabler, presided, and introduced the following speakers: Preston—D. G. Spencer and J. C. Hardin; Calhouns—W. D. DuPre and A. L. Rogers; Carlisle—E. A. Hutto and J. B. Cannon. Those speeches were great. DuPre captured the medal. Everybody said it was

the best exhibition of Oratory given from the platform in many years, and of course we believed them.

II.

But the time wasn't long before we put away Fresh ways, and took upon ourselves the wise, but foolish, look of a Sophomore. Our officers this year were: J. C. Hardin, President; Tom Hill, Vice-President; B. H. France, Secretary and Treasurer. The all important event to every Sophomore, is the annual Sophomore Exhibition. Our speakers were Hicks, Bearden, DuPre, Rogers, Patton, and Hardin. Tom Hill, in his characteristic unassuming dignity, presided over this occasion. R. C. Folger was the chief marshal.

II.

But, like all Sophomores who have any "stickability" whatever (and we are noted for ours), in a year's time we stepped one round higher in College circles. Our officers were chosen as follows: Tom Hill, President; R. B. Stackhouse, Vice-President; W. C. Curry, Secretary and Treasurer.

When the preliminary to decide Emory Debaters came off, although only Juniors, we had to represent us, Easterling, Hicks, and Glenn. And Easterling was selected as one of the two to battle against Emory. We also sent one of our number to Greenwood, who, according to precedent set by the former Wofford representatives, captured the State medal. Our commencement debaters were Patton, Huff, and France, with Wallace DuPre presiding most gracefully over the exercises.

IV.

However long it may have seemed, we at last became Seniors, dignified of course. Many wonderful things have we accomplished this year, many of our number holding great records for scholarship; in fact, a large per cent. of our men have gone through the four years' course with a "flunk," and quite a number have never made less than first grade, until our final "exams." Professor Clinkscales, realizing that it would never do for a man to leave college not knowing how it feels to flunk, passed around a good bunch of "fours," some

of our very best men having to suffer the effects of the explosion.

Our officers this year are: W. D. DuPre, President; F. M. Crum, Vice-President; R. C. Folger, Secretary and Treasurer; W. C. Curry, Poet; F. C. Huff, Prophet; J. C. Hardin, Historian. The Journal this year is a creditable one, gotten out under the supervision of C. A. Easterling, Editor-in-Chief; R. B. Hicks, Business Manager. It was after much discussion that we decided to get out an annual, and with R. B. Hicks as the Editor-in-Chief, and F. C. Huff as Business Manager, we are confident of the best publication that Wofford students have ever gotten out.

Our men are taking part in every possible phase of college life. On the Gymnasium Team, Herring, as captain, is an acrobat who always attracts large crowds to witness his performances. We cannot imagine how the Glee Club could possibly exist without France, as manager, and Hicks, Crum, Hill, Rogers, Stephenson, Huff, Curry, and Montgomery, as singers. The winner of the Oratorical contest this year was W. D. DuPre, giving us two men to represent Wofford at Greenwood. Our society presidents have been: Calhoun—W. D. DuPre, A. L. Rogers, F. M. Crum, and F. C. Huff; Carlisle—R. B. Hicks, P. M. Murph, F. E. Barden, and J. C. Brogden; Preston—J. C. Hardin, W. C. Curry, T. F. Hill, and G. F. Patton. The speaker srepresenting our class in our commencement exercises will be W. C. Curry, W. D. DuPre, R. C. Folger, J. C. Hardin, R. B. Hicks, and F. C. Huff.

Looking back over our course, we cannot help but record the mighty awakening in Spartanburg, prompted by the appearance of one hundred and eighteen Freshmen entering Wofford. Her citizens seemed to realize that a class destined to break every record was entering for the first time into those old classic walls, and they began to "sit up and take notice." It wasn't long before we were walking on paved streets; then the Kennedy Free Library was built for our accommodation, Rock Cliff Park was built for our recreation, and the County Fair was organized for our dissipation. The old Opera House

was torn down, and a new and more commodious one was built on North Church street in order that we might be able to attend with more ease and convenience. We overran Central Methodist Church, and Bethel was soon erected. So many people do we attract to Spartanburg, that a new hotel was needed, and hence we now have the "Finch," named for one of our own number. We have done so much for Spartanburg that she is fact becoming one of the great railroad centers of the South. The C. C. & O. will soon bring into this city trains loaded with coal from the beds of Tennessee, drawn by new and monstrous engines. Spartanburg will be the stopping place of many handsome Pullman cars, loaded with passengers from the North and West.

Realizing that we will not be long remembered by these wonderful achievements, we felt within our hearts a desire to extend to the dear old institution we love so well, and which will be dearer as our Alma Mater in the years to come, some slight token of that love, thereby showing our deep appreciation of the noble influences that have been brought to bear upon us, and at the same time leave something by which we might be remembered; hence, on February the 22nd, we raised in front of the main building the largest flag that floats in Spartanburg. When the members of our class are stirred and tossed by unfriendly temptations, or beset by the trying conflicts of this life, in after years when they have wandered perhaps far away, may tender memories take possession of the tired brain and heart, causing them to remember that back at old Wofford, above the swaying oaks, there gently stirs in the evenings breezes, that which signifies strength and purity, keeping guard silently, but securely, over the scenes and forms of long ago! James C. Hardin.

Class Prophecy

June seventh Wofford College will send out more than half a hundred young men to represent her in the various activities of life. These same young men will take their part in the development of our Commonwealth, and will help in a large

measure to mold and shape her destinies. Many, we believe, will attain to positions of eminence, while others will allow the pursuit of superficial matters to turn them aside from the real and vital issues of existence.

To that one of our number who ever keeps before him that self that in his boyhood days he aimed to be, and who weaves on the loom of everyday experience a bit of the ideal, and to him only, will come the high aims, is a glorious period of life.

In this formative period one looks out into the conditions about him, and sees good in everything. He feels as if he could be master of any situation, and confident in his strength, he will attempt any undertaking. And why should be not carry these impulses into maturity and old age? Why is it necessary that we should give these up as but the playful fancies of youth? To attain to this high aim one must cultivate a sympathetic feeling for humanity, and learn to view conditions in their larger aspect. At the same time, he must not allow adverse circumstances to turn him aside from his chosen ambition.

Then, too, members of the Class '09, in the matter of morals and religion, we can almost invariably follow the example of our mothers, and feel sure we have done the right thing.

This question is one that is certain to come up sooner or later, and all of us will, at one time or another, come to see the question as mother sees it now.

Here's to the Class of '09, which has as large a percentage of fine, noble, and manly fellows as any class Wofford has ever graduated! May each fellow be what he wants to be, and may he want to be the best that in him lies!

Class Poem—Dreamers

The Prophet, all his soul aflame
  With inspiration from above,
His great heart filled with sympathy,
  Gone out to all the world in love;

Looked deep into the ways of life,
  Saw where the world's procession streams,
Saw Youth, and with approving smile:
  "Your young men all shall dream vain dreams."

We're Young, we smile, we play at life,
  Our blood is warm with youth's warm wine,
We feel a glow—an impulse—act;
  We thirst for glory, names that shine!
That white-haired prophet—life sublime
  Spent for our youth, a priceless gift:
"Tho glow shall fail, tho glory pale,
  Try yet again, young man, don't drift!"

How oft amid earth's pleasure, woes,
  'Midst suffering of our human kind,
We've made resolves to right the wrongs,
  Make glad the heart, relieve the mind.
But lo! the years have come and gone,
  We awake and realize the truth,
There's nothing done, no task performed,
  Our years have passed in dreams of youth,

We've reconstructed in our thoughts,
  With fine-spuns the'ry, perfect art,
With boundless hopes—impossible;
  With raptured soul, and beating heart,
The world, its systems ages old,
  It's laws, its customs, views of life,
And made instead af faultless world
  Of beauty, kindness, love—no strife.

If will is free, divinely born,
  If effort gain an end desired,
The dream-hours passed are not in vain,
  Not all in vain the good aspired.

We can't forecast the future years,
  Yet thru the veil a bright hope gleams,
That' somehow, here or there, we'll catch
  The far-off interest of dreams.

Our dream-world shattered, real world gained,
  To find our place, or low or high;
To fill it gladly, strong in heart
  To do our small tasks well or die;
To have convictions, earnest, deep,
  Nor shrink from Duty's chastening rod,
To brook the pain, in faith sublime
  That paths of duty lead to God.

To spend ourselves in service sweet,
  Our sympathies, our love, our all,
For those who, faithless, doubt 'twere true
  We hear God thru our errors call;
  To share our brother's load, his cares,
His petty sorrows, deepest woes,
  With soul made strong thru what it bears;

This be our constant ruling aim
  As thus we meet the world and Fate,
Untarnished motive thru the years:
  Content to toil, to strive, to wait!
Unselfish, working, dreaming still
  With brighter visions in the Soul,
We'll stretch our hands into the dark
  Find God, the One, the perfect Whole!

—Class Poet.

Saving the Nation's Resources

It has been said that the warfare of the future is to be competition for supremacy in carrying to the ends of the earth things to clothe, shelter, and feed mankind. This warfare is already begun, and the victors will be the people with the most

productive soil; the greatest national energy; the best system of industrial education; the deepest and safest harbors; the best and cheapest transportation facilities, and the wisest conservation of their natural resources.

Thus far we Americans have never admitted that any other nation could beat us at anything. We have boasted for a century and a half of our wonderful natural resources and yet, except in the thought of a few farsighted men, we have never realized the possibilities they may attain under proper care and use, but have been measuring them by their power to stand abuse. But with all our natural resources we should remember that they must not only be made available and properly preserved, but must also have for their distribution the fullest means of transportation. For transportation is one form of production. Like taxes it mingles with the cost of the goods in every step of making. It is in this one item of transportation that the European nations excel us. Against nations having such "tools of production" as cheap freight canals at their command, the United States is fighting this war of competition at a very great disadvantage, and unless some speedy changes are made, there is grave fear that instead of our holding the high position we have attained in the commercial world, we will have to turn this honor over to some other nation.

Yet we have the finest inland waterways in the world, if we would only realize the fact and develop them in such a manner as to be profitable to the whole country. In extent, distribution, navigability, and ease of use they stand first. Yet I dare say, the rivers of no other civilized country are so poorly developed, so little used, or play so small a part in the industrial life of the nation as those of our own country.

What more could we want than a stream like the mighty Mississippi, flowing through the very heart of the country, with tributaries entering it from almost every conceivable direction; connecting industrial and agricultural sections; and possessing as it does the possibility of being developed to such an extent as to join the Gulf of Mexico and the lakes, thereby

bringing the ocean, so to speak, to the farmers' very front doors, thus helping to solve the problem of high freight rates, and promoting commerce in general, both domestic and foreign. It could be made one of the greatest economic assets of the country if we would only take advantage of the vast opportunities it offers, by fully developing it and its tributaries.

If then the development of our inland waterways will help solve the problem of transportation, and thus assist in putting us on at least an equal plane in the commercial competition with other nations, why do we not develop them?

Naturally the reply is that it will not pay because the railroads have control of our traffic. But this is hardly the case. 'Tis true that during the early history of the railroads, when our country was less productive than it is now, they underbid the waterways in order to get control of the traffic: But since that time, our country having had a marvelous growth in population, wealth, and productivity, commerce has grown to such huge proportions that the railroads acknowledge that they can no longer solve the problem of transportation. And railroad men such as Jas. J. Hill are earnestly appealing to us to develop our waterways, saying that this is the only way to solve this great problem, and that by so doing we will not only better our country but also the railroads. For then heavy, low rate stuff such, for example, as granite, can be shipped by a water route, thus leaving the light, high rate stuff for the railroad to carry. Freight trains will then have faster schedules and such a thing as a congested freight yard will be almost unheard of.

It has been estimated that it will require five billions of dollar to put the railroads in a condition to meet the demands made upon them, and the railroad men have no idea where this vast sum is coming from. The question of obtaining land for new terminals has become so vital, because of the high price of land in cities, that one proposed road between Chicago and New York was given up, because it was found that the price of land in New York alone was so great that the cost of the right of way averaged one hundred and fifty thousand dollars

to the mile, not including construction expense. Moreover, were this five billions raised by the railroads, the demand for new equipment and rolling stock would be so great that there is not enough iron and labor in the country to make and install the equipment. Thus we come to the conclusion that we cannot blame the railroads for not solving this problem of transportation, nor can we look to them to solve it for us in the future. They have done all they can.

Engineers have shown us that for a great deal less than five billions we can improve every river of any size and dradge every proposed canal in the United States—not by dredging a little every year at a great expense, but by carrying out the whole undertaking in a systematic way, including the irrigation of arid land, the reclamation of swamp land, and the making of many streams navigable. In addition to this, by building dams and creating reservoirs, thus holding in check the flood water of summer and the melting snows of spring, floods, the greatest menace our farms and cities along our river banks have to contend with, would be practically eliminated. Storage water would then be at our disposal either to be let gradually out into the streams in order to maintian a channel of desired depth, or to be used to irrigate arid land, which acting like a sponge would allow the water gradually to seep back into the stream. Not only is it possible, for example, to have a thirty-foot channel in the Mississippi, connecting the Gulf and the Lakes and allowing our lake vsesels, which lie idle during the winter months, to pass out into the sea and help restore our merchant marine, but it has also been found that the water power created by the reservoirs necessary to maintain this thirty foot channel will earn returns large enough to pay for the whole undertaking.

Annually there flows over government dams one million six hundred thousand horse power, which rented at twenty dollars per horse power would yield thirty-two million dollars, or capitalized at three per cent. would represent an investment of one billion sixty million dollars now wholly wasted. Further uncontrolled water is a curse. The flood damage in

the United States exceeds one hundred million dollars per year. With this water controlled and utilized this sum might be saved and several fold value produced.

But what is the use of building these reservoirs only to have them filled up with soil from the slopes above, destroying the purpose for which they were first built? And here is where we find the core of the whole subject. We have allowed our forests to be cut in a wasteful manner and with no regard for their future use. Besides, by leaving our hillsides in a barren condition, rain falling upon them rapidly runs off, carrying soil and leaving ugly gullies behind, filling our streams with the debris washed from the hillsides, and enlarging their volume to such huge proportions in such a short time that the rivers flood their valleys and do millions of dollars worth of damage before we can realize what has happened.

Every year the waterways of the United States wash from the land to the sea a billion tons of earth. In weight it is almost equal to the total tonnage of all our railroads, river and lake vessels combined. Its bulk is equal to a block one mile square and over one thousand feet high. Applied as a fertilizer it would cover to the depth of one quarter of an inch all the land surface of our Atlantic States from Maine to Florida. It is valued at over one billion dollars, and is the heaviest loss borne by the American farmer. This soil waste is sapping a resource richer than all others combined, save that of our inland waterways. These our greatest resources are perverted from a blessing into a curse, and both soil waste and river ravage are largely to be traced to the absence of forests upon the sloped in which the rivers rise.

The time has come, therefore, when, for yet another reason, we must do something to preserve our forests. At present we are using timber three times faster than our forests are producing it. It has been estimated that at the present rate of consumpion our forests will last only thirty years, and then we must face a lumber famine which every man, woman, and child in the United States will feel. Fuel will be scarce,

railroad rates will rise, coal and iron which are now showing signs of exhaustion during the present generation will rise accordingly, and our lumber business, the fourth largest business in the country will disappear. When we consider the facts that the railroads' annual consumption of hard wood ties is more than one hundred millions, and that in the single item of matches, the consumption of which is one and one-half millions a minute in the United States, and that it requires sixty million feet of timber or the growth of ten thousand acres of selected land to supply our yearly demand of this small necessity of life, we can imagine to some extent to what tremendous drains our forests are subjected.

Are we, as American citizens, with intelligent love and patriotism for this great country, going to allow our resources to be thus recklessly wasted and our waterways to remain not only useless but burdensome and destructive? If not, then we must establish more national forest reserves; control the head waters of our streams; but an end to the reckless destruction of our timber land, and preserve our natural resources with regard for the use of those who are to live in this country in the generations yet to come.

And on the way in which we decide to handle these great natural possessions, not only depends whether we shall be the victors or the losers in this great war of competition to which I referred in the beginning, but most of all hangs the welfare of those who are to come after us. As Mr. Gifford Pinchot has well said, "Whatever success we may have in any other line of national endeavor, behind and below it all is this fundamental problem. Are we going to protect our springs of prosperity, our sources of well being, our raw material of industry and commerce, or are we going to dissipate them? According as we accept or ignore our responsibilities as trustees of the nation's welfare, our children and our children's children will call us blessed or will lay their suffering at our doors."

In our mood of swollen national pride we should remember that we are no more exempt from the operation of natural

laws than are the people of any other nation. When the facts are squarely before us, when the magnitude of the interest at stake is clearly before our people, it must surely be decided aright.

Cupid

You may speak of the brightness of Cupid,
  But his brightness my judgment disputes;
And persuades me to think he is stupid,
  Now, I judge from the way that he shoots.

He carelessly pulls back his bow-string,
  And that michievous gleam in his eye
Never marks out the course of the arrow,
  But at random through space let's it fly.
And this is the reason, I reckon,
  That his arrows so frequently smite
Some frail heart with a love for a creature
  Which the heart of the loved can't requite.

But I'll not get offended at Cupid,
  And his brightness I will not dispute;
I am sorry I said he was stupid,
  Too stupid to know how to shoot;
For to love of itself is a pleasure,
  And if Cupid fails ever to move
The heart of some fair one to love me,
  I will be content just to love.

—H. F. Gault, '12.

"By the Sea"

Late one afternoon toward the close of summer, two young people shoved off from shore to enjoy a last row together. Only four short weeks before, they had met at this little pleasure resort by the sea, yet Roy Cummins felt that he had known Laurie Elwood for many years.

As their boat glided out into the little stream, all nature seemed in sympathy with the story he had to tell. To the north and south they could see the tiny inlet winding its way between green marshes and through great, white, shall banks; over in front for a mile lay a broad, green marsh, dotted here and there with numerous little lakes; on beyond this was a long chain of sand hills, on which the sun was throwing his last long rays; and still farther on, as a background, was visible the great, blue ocean. This afternoon no sound was to be heard except the gentle murmuring of the sea a mile away and now and then the splash of the water about the boat as some bold fish, encouraged by the deep stillness, came up to take a look at the quiet couple drifting silently on down toward the sea.

The summer had passed quickly and they were all alone now for the last time. For a long while Laurie sat leaning over the side of the boat, dipping her fair hand in the cool water and gazing away over the landscape toward the setting sun; and he sat quiet, regarding, unobserved, the beautiful girl before him.

"Laurie," said he, finally, "What are you dreaming about?"

"Take me on down to the little island where the inlet enters the sea and you shall know," was her quiet reply.

A few strokes of the oar and their boat was drifting alongside the little island to which she had bidden him take her.

"I was thinking of the time just twelve years ago when I was lost from my companions away upon the beach. This little island here was then visible only at ebb tide. The water on each side was then shallow, but when the tide came up, it was all changed into a deep and rushing stream. I wandered on under the scorching sun until I came to this place and waded over to this island. Here I fell unconscious. The incoming tide would soon have swept me off into the waves, but a brave boy saw me lying here and saved my life. I often wonder whether I shall ever see him again." And the dreamy expression once more came over her face.

For a moment he was silent. Then he said as he looked deep into her eyes, "And, Laurie, here just twelve years ago I rushed through the mad waves and saved a little girl. Can you not, will you not see that we are intended for each other? Little girl, give yourself to me here and make this a doubly blessed spot. Speak, Laurie, will you?"

She lifted her sweet face up to him and replied in a low tone: "Roy, my dear friend, I thought you knew. Next month I marry another and leave for his far away Western home. Forgive me, dear friend, if you are pained, but it can never be." And tears glistened in her eyes.

Meanwhile their boat had been drifting on with the tide and suddenly they found themselves tossed in the waves. A moment more, and a mad whirlpool seized the small boat like a pebble and drew it down beneath the billows. With a cry of despair, Roy seized Laurie in his strong arms as the boat sank beneath them, but they, too, went down into the terrible whirlpool.

And the waves continued their murmuring as the sun went down and darkness settled over the sea. 293.

But Where?

A mystic Presence 'mongst the hills,
  On plain, in sky, cross ocean's blue;
'Thwart gorgeous sunsets, souls of men,
  E'er flashed; and subtly Beauty grew,
In form, in flower, fall and fen,
  Elusive—gone—yet felt as true.

Rose in perfect beauty met the day;
But rain and sunshine caused decay;
With falling petals, Beauty slipped away.
        But where?

In face, in form beyond compare,
She filled the home with joy—so fair!
Yet Beauty passed with trouble, pain, and care,
        But where?

A gentle Soul a pure life led,
E'en gave that life in 'others stead;
Yet gentle Soul, and life, and Beauty fled!
But where?

But, sometime, when He wills it so,
I doubt not—wrapped in Beauty's glow—
That somewhere 'midst eternal day, I'll know.
But where?

W. C. Curry, Jr.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Crawford A. Easterling, Editor-in-Chief

To our Readers Farewell!
To our Successors Greetings!

Our work is finished and with a feeling of regret we drop the editorial reigns. Our work as a whole has been exceedingly pleasant; many of our contributors have been true and we wish again to assure them of our deep appreciation. Our mistakes have been numerous and we gladly consign them to the pages of "bygones," trusting that they have proven beneficial. To our successors we have no advice to give. We still feel our inefficiency. But trusting that you may be more successful than we have been and that the Journal may reach its best under your guidance, we resign it to you with just that one word, do your *"Best."*

The Fitting School Record

For several months now we have watched the growth and progress of our baby sister—the Record—and we feel that we would, indeed, be guilty of gross neglect and unappreciativeness should we g oto press for the last time without addressing a few words to it. So far, we have r-frained from saying anything about the Record because we were desirous of seeing it first win its laurels and then, too, praise of any kind is always sweeter and more appreciated after it has been merited. Since the Record has done the Journal the honor of paying it recognition as its elder sister we wish to extend to it our deepest feelings of sisterly regard and heartiest congratulations on its success. The Record should be justly proud of its record as a magazine representative of a preparatory school. During its short existence it has already reflected great credit upon its institution and the Journal expects much of the men from the Fitting School who shall enter college next year. May the future continue to add to the success of the Record. It foundation is a very important step in the advancement of the Fitting School and it is a phase of work which we wish had been begun long ago.

There has been much talk for the last few weeks of a weekly newspaper on the campus for next year, an organization has been formed with this object in view and the editorial staff and business managers have been elected. These officers have been looking into the advisability of getting out this paper, and have found that the cost of printing is reasonable and that a number of advertisements can be secured. At present the outlook is favorable for its publication.

The purpose of this organization is to publish a clean newspaper that will contain the weekly happenings on the campus written by the boys themselves. It is to let the outside world know what we are doing here. This paper will serve almost as a letter home each week telling in detail many things interesting to our home folks which would never get there oth-

erwise. It will place Wofford more before the eyes of the people of the State and in this way will be a great advertisement to her. So let us be up and doing. Talk the newspaper at home this summer among alumni and friends of the college, and get them interested. This is a worthy object and one in which every man in college should feel an interest and to which he should give his hearty support and co-operation.

W. G. H.

Fraternities Farewell

With the close of the present collegiate year the existence of all Greek letter fraternities and secret organizations at Wofford ceases. Three years ago the board of trustees decided to stop any further initiations and to require the fraternities to hand in their charters by June, 1909—consequently all fraternity men, with one or two exceptions, including a few men who have dropped out for a year or two or have come in from other schools, will pass out of college with this year's class. This does away with what has been a distinct phase of college life at Wofford for the last fifty years. These fraternities have sent out among their alumnae many men who are now ranked among Woffords most distinguished sons and of whom both their college and fraternity are justly very proud.

In the last few years there has arisen at Wofford and in a number of the colleges throughout the South a strong feeling of opposition to all forms of fraternities and secret orders in a college community. Realizing, however, the delicacy of the subject, as a local one, we shall not attempt to enter into a discussion of the situation either pro or con but we do believe that the cause of such opposition to fraternal orders is not confined within the limits of the college campus. More likely, the source of such antagonism is to be found in the social character of the South. A kind of Democratic idea highly colored and stretched beyond the bounds of a true Democracy. This movement came into South Carolina some twelve or fifteen years ago and since that time fraternities

have been excluded from every college in the State except two. Also, this idea of non-discrimination among classes from all standpoints has come into many phases of Southern life and is now very manifest, especially in the political world. That it is to a great degree an abnormal state and that it must follow out its course and finally come to an end and be remedied, as is the rule in most socialistic irregularities, by the re-action ary swing of the pendulum, we have little doubt. In the probability of such a re-action lies the only hope for the re-instatement of fraternities in South Carolina.

Recognizing the fact that fraternities have their faults and are prone to error as are all other social organizations, still there remains the unquestionable fact that they hold up to young men ideals and ambitions of the very highest nature. Whatever may be their faults—and in this State they have often been over-exaggerated—they have been in numerous cases highly indicative of uplift to young men and the influence of brotherly regard and brotherly interest has contributed much toward moulding and shaping the character of the youth standing on the threshold of manhood where the two paths begin to diverge. But the feeling with which a man regards his fraternity is so intangible as to be indescribable. He feels and is deeply conscious of the strong, close ties of brotherly attachment which bind him to his fraternity in a way which it is well-nigh impossible for any other than a fraternity man to understand. The existence of such a peculiarly characteristic feeling of attachment among all fraternity men makes it doubly hard for those at Wofford to see their life light flicker away. To stand submissively by and see the last fleeting breath of a life which has been so near and dear to them is the saddest scene to come before the eyes of Seniors who are fraternity men as they draw near the end of college days. And yet, while unable to see and realize it as being so, fraternities give their farewell with the hope that perhaps it may prove best; but at the same time cherishing the desire that should the course of events create a change and fraternities be placed in what fraternity men believe to be their true light, that they be allowed to come back to old Wofford once again.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Grover Patton, Editor
Harry C. Raysor, Assistant Editor

The literary department of *The College of Charleston Magazine* contains one essay and two stories. Of this hugs mass of material the essay is by far the most important portion. It is entitled, "The National Problem." Whatever we may say of the idea of the author we must admit that from a literary standpoint his work is admirable. He assumes that centralization of wealth and power is a law of life, and, therefore, whether it is good or bad, inevitable—there is no escape. The essay is a good example of clear, forcible exposition. "Appreciation," the first story, is an excellent example of what a story should not be. The plot is a passably good one, but the development is woefully inferior. A young Sophomore, puffed up with conceit over college honors, forgets "the girl he left behind him." In his Junior year he drifts into "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." By and bye he finds himself, discovers that his girl still loves him, and the sky becomes blue again, the birds sing once more, the daisies begin to peep above the ground anew, the grass grows as green as it once did, the brooks as of yore sweetly murmur as they run and—"Believe me, dearest, when I swear thee this," "Oh, happy love, where love like this is found," "Doubt thou that the stars are fire," "She was a vision of delight," "Helen, thy beauty is to me," etc., at last become popular again. That is all. The greatest objection to the story is its unnaturalness. The dialogue is as unnatural as blondined hair, and the situations are absurd. "Defeated At Last" is interesting. A youthful ball team always invincible go to a neighboring town to "beat" their rivals. They succeed in this, but on their victorious journey home the driver of their wagon gets drunk and carries the conquering heroes by a haunted house, and two scarecrows prove their Waterloo. The story is skilfully told.

The Wake Forest Student is in every respect one of the very best magazines which we have the privilege of reviewing. With an exceedingly attractive binding and filled with truly excellent matter it is a real pleasure and a profitable exercise to read it. Judged by departments it is much superior to the majority of college publications. Unlike most magazines it is so large that it is not possible to mention each article and give our opinion as to the merit or demerit of every contribution. We shall accordingly call attention to only a few representative ones. The essays form the most notable portion of the magazine. "Mr. Carnegie and the Steel Trust" is a clear account of the consolidation of the great steel companies of America. "Our Moral Awakening" is a delightfully optimistic view of modern social conditions. The author is persuaded that better times are in view, and he expresses his hopes in very forcible English. "The Unfinished Task of American Democracy" in vigorous terms declares that the problem that faces Republicanism today is how to control wealth. The poems and stories although good as a rule are yet not so uniformly so as the essays. "To the Sea" is a really artistic translation from the Spanish. Another poem which certainly deserves mention is "Amid the Wood-Clear." It is the description of a hunt and the happy verse formation reminds us of Browning's "Cavalier Songs." One can almost heart the galloping of the horses and the baying of the hounds in the music of the verse. As to the stories, "The Water Rat" is a transparent imitation of Conan Doyle. "Samuel Sanders" in place of "Sherlock Holmes, unravels the impossible mystery and the crude hands of a beginner instead of the practised fingers of a successful author tells the story—herein is the difference between Dr. Watson's yarns and "The Water Rat." "A Call to Duty" is a story with a moral to it. A young minister allows money to come between him and duty and thereby almost lose his sweetheart. He "wakes up" in time and all is well. Only the experienced artist can tell a moral tale—in the hands of a novice instead of a tale with a

moral to it such a story becomes a moral with a sadly mutilated tale to it.

With this issue *The Journal* passes into the hands of a new staff. Nothing remains for us to do but to put out the cat, lock the front door, cover up the fire, blow out the lamp, and retire. Before doing so, however, we wish to say a few appropriate words of farewell. We would that we might combine these words into swelling clauses full of the fire of eloquence, clauses and sentences that would rise and fall in rythmic cadence (we are a little short as to the exact meaning of that last word, but it looks well in print) and—rise and fall—and —just keep on rising and falling until something got out of fix. But "the lovely character who pens these lines" is not a success as a Patrick Henry and will, therefore, say what he has to say and gracefully quit.

Of our contemporaries we will say to all the world, "they are royal good fellows." We are not denying but that they hit us pretty hard at times and gave us the black eye on auspicious occasions, but they fought fair—not one of them hit below the belt. We are not complaining—indeed, we rather liked it—and we conscientiously endeavored to return their compliments with interest. If we have said things that hurt and served no good end we are sorry, and we take them all back. We hope and we are willing to believe that everything that our contemporaries have said either about us or our magazine during the past year was said for "the good of the service." If we at times seemed to some to have forgotten this end, we are really and sincerely sorry, and without arguing the question simply that state our idea of college journalism and theirs differed.

And so, contemporaries, we have come to the parting of the ways. What we have written we have written. Henceforth "new faces, other minds" will control the journals, and with no disparagement of our own work we may indulge the hope that they will succeed where we failed, will work where we idled, and will know where we were ignorant.

CLIPPINGS

The farmer may talk of the birds,
Of zephyrs the poets sing;
But a tack upright
On a floor at night,
Is the sign of an early spring.—Ex.

She—I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you?
He—Ah, that has been my custom!—Ex.

Fair Cleopatra held the adder,
And as it to her clung,
She smiled, though pale and sadder,
And gently whispered, "Stung."—Ex.

Belle—I wish the Lord had made me a ma.n
Nellie—Perhaps He has, only you haven't found him yet.—Ex.

If you want to go anywhere don't wait for a star; hitch your cart to anything going your way.—Ex.

Teacher cranky,
Pupils few;
Questions flying,
Zeroes, too.
What's the matter?
Don't you know?
Monday morning,
Always so.—Ex.

Stung

One summer night, in twilight dim,
A fellow wooed a maiden trim.
Around her waist with some alarm,
The naughty man had put his arm.

Her dimpled hand he stroked awhile,
Then murmured low, with loving smile,
"Could e'er so soft a thing be found
If all the world were searched around?"

With laughing eyes and flaming cheeks,
The maid replied: " 'Tis just two weeks,
Since I found out that you, my pet,
Have something that is softer yet!"

"That I? I have? Oh, can it be?
You darling, now I do love thee!"
O vanity! She made a dart,
And put her hand upon his—head.—Ex.

I popped the question to Marie,
Like any other beau;
She blushed and smiled and answered, "Oui,"
For she is French you know.
"My dear," I asked her, bending low,
(I feared my cake had turned to dough),
"Whom do you mean by we?"
O, U, and I," said she.—Ex.

In the parlor there were three,
He, the parlor lamp, and she.
Three is a crowd, there is no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out.—Ex.

"I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not
You were 'making the waist places glad.' "—Ex.

"Hello, central! Give me heaven,"
So the beggar sang, they tell;
Sang until the harsh policeman,
'Stead of heaven, gave him—
An order to move on and shut up.

Nothing Doing

We went to Cupid's garden;
  We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly
  I held her little—*shawl.*

Yes, I held her little shawl,
  How fast the evening flies—
We spoke in tones of "love";
  I gazed into her—*lunch-basket.*

I gazed into her lunch-basket;
  I wish I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
  My arm around her—*umbrella.*

Embracing her umbrella;
  This charming little miss—
Her eyes were full of mischief,
  I shyly stole a—*sandwich.* —Ex.

"To love some one more dearly every day;
To help some wandering child to find his way;
To ponder on some noble thought and pray;
And smile when evening falls:
  This is my task."—Ex.

Senior—Er—what was the denomination of that bill I lent you?

Junior—Episcopalian, I think—it keeps Lent so well.—Ex.

Why hide your light under a bushel when a pint measure will answer just as well.—Ex.

The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.—Ex.

The exchange editor may scratch a pen,
  Till the ends of his fingers are sore;

When someone's sure to answer with a jest,
"Rats! how stale! I've heard that before."—Ex.

Bakin' Day

Have you any smiles today?
Send me up a peck—
Kind that reaches all the way
Round behind your neck.

Send a dozen boxes of
Best assorted cheer;
Also twenty quarts of love—
Must be warm and clear.

Happy thoughts and pleasant words—
Mix 'em good and strong—
Kind to make you think of birds
Burstin' into song.

'Leven bars of kindliness,
Free from flaw and chill;
And two dozen packages
Of the best good will.

Send me all the charity,
You can rightly spare;
And a box of sympathy—
Pizenness to care!

This is bakin' day, and
Have a sort of plan
For to make a tasty pie
For my fellow man.—Ex.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

F. C. Huff, Editor.

The three literary societies have elected the following officers for the first term of the college year, 1909-1910:

Calhoun Society—W. J. McGarity, President; E. B. Hammond, Vice-President; O. N. Bowman, Fisrt Critic; J. L. McCall, Second Critic; L. C. Bradley, Third Critic; W. F. Klugh, First Censor; P. L. Thompson, Second Censor; W. S. Elerbee, Recording Secretary; L. C. Wannamaker, Corresponding Secretary; E. K. Epps, Treasurer.

Carlisle Society—H. C. Raysor, President; C. B. Dawsey, Vice-President; B. M. DuBose, First Critic; John Wannamaker, Second Critic; O. C. Bennett, Third Censor; E. B. Roberts, First Censor; J. A. Bledsoe, Second Censor; M. S. Lively, Recording Secretary; L. A. Carter, Corresponding Secretary; C. W. Rankin, Treasure.

Preston Society—G. K. Craig, President; H. C. Hardin, Vice-President; Geo. A. Beach, First Critic; J. K. Davis, Second Critic; T. B. Penny, First Censor; D. M. Turbeville, Second Censor; R. D. Guilds, Third Censor; W. R. Wightman, Recording Secretary; J. L. Glenn, Corresponding Secretary; W. P. Meadors, Jr., Treasurer.

The Wofford College Journal will be in charge of the following staff for the ensuing year: W. G. Hazel, Editor-in-Chief; B. M. DuBose, Literary Editor; J. L. Prince, Assistant Literary Editor; H. C. Raysor, Exchange Editor; E. K. Epps, Assistant Exchange Editor; Geo. A. Beach, Local Editor; W. J. McGarity, Alumni Editor; E. B. Hammond, Business Manager; M. S. Lively, Assistant Business Manager.

The fourth annual contest for the Gray declamation medal was held in the college chapel Monday evening, May 10th. This medal is given for the best Freshman declamation, and

was won by Mr. R. R. Nickles, of Ninety-Six, who gives much promise as a speaker. All of the speakers acquitted themselves well, and Wofford has a right to be proud of her Freshman class. The following is a list of the speakers who entered the contest and their subjects: R. B. McIver, "Peerless Civilization;" R. L. Cox, "Home in the Government;" R. L. Glenn, Jr., "Forefathers' Day;" R. T. Wilson, "Valley Forge;" J. D. Brown, "The Teacher the Hope of America;" R. A. Nickles, "The Path of History."

On Tuesday evening, May 18th, the second annual Wofford-Emory debate was held in the college chapel, between Wofford and Emory College, Ga. The query was, "Resolved, That the Government of England is More Truly Democratic Than That of the United States." Wofford upheld the affirmative, while Emory defended the negative.

Emory's representatives were Messrs. W. S. Bryan, Wrightsville, Ga., and E. G. Mackay, Belfast, Ireland, who were skilled debaters, presenting their side with ease and grace and keeping the attention of the audience.

Wofford was represented by Messrs. R. C. Folger and Madison Richardson, of the Senior class. These speakers did not present their side with such ease as was manifested by their opponents, but had much the superior argument. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of Emory.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

F. Mason Crum, Editor

Influence of Athletics

The world has never ceased to admire the physical man. Whatever estimate may be put upon any other quality, the man who has a strong body and handles himself with ease and grace will be admired. In other words his muscular powers whether in college or out is always looked up to and has exceptional influence. What young college man or boy is there who would not like to be the best pitcher, wrestler, or runner in his vicinity. The athletic men of any clolege are admired by the students for their skill in whatever line it may be; the burly football player who goes through a line like a shot and brings victory to his college is the ideal of a new college man.

Realizing then the influence that the athletic men have in a college, why should not some of this power be used to uplift the moral tone of the students. Suppose the captain of the baseball team got up in some mass meeting of the students and said to the boys, that they as a team would rather no man put up any money on the games. That betting for the home team is not what is commonly known as being "game," and backing up his college. That they expected to do their best and if they lost there would be nothing lost but the game, and if they won they would be all the happier.

If this was the way any athletic team in any college looked at this matter what a change there would be in the whole student-body. The mistaken idea that the true type of a sportsman is found in the man who is willing to back up his judgment with a bet would be seen in its true light. There is a vast difference between the sportsman and the sport. The sportsman plays the game for the fun of it and takes defeat as manfully as victory. The sport must win fair if possible, but by all means win. To him an athletic contest means no

more than so many scores, and the fact that there are other issues involved never enters his little mind.

The influence of athletics is great, and it is the duty of every association to try to incorporate it in its activities and use it to a good advantage. Athletic sports are attractive and will always continue to be so as long as human nature is what it is now and it is a strong point in favor of association work if a lively interest will be taken in clean, wholesome athletics.

The Faculty Ball Game

One of the most interesting and spectacular events of the season took place out at the ball park last Friday when the Wofford and Converse faculties played the Senior class. This game was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and a very good sum was realized, the gate receipts amounting to $60.00. This money will be used to establish a loan fund so that more Wofford men may be sent to the Southern Student Conference, at Asheville. This money will be loaned to any members of the association who shall be appointed as delegates, payable at a certain date after graduation. All notes will be kept in the hands of a member of the faculty, who will be assisted by the treasurer of the association. If they are not paid at the specified date interest on the amount will be required. By this means many worthy men will have the opportunity of attending this conference who could not otherwise.

Dr. Waller Elected

Dr. C. B. Waller was elected by the association to act with the Y. M. C. A. Treasurer as a committee holding all notes of loans made by the association. Dr. Waller has kindly accepted this position and will be of great service to the organization. He is already chairman of the Faculty Committee which confers with the Y. M. C. A., and is interested in the Christian work of the students, and we are all glad, indeed, to have him advise and assist us in any way he may see fit.

Visit of Mr. Johnson

Mr. J. E. Johnson, traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A., for the Carolinas, was on the campus last week. While here he met with the cabinet and discussed various topics concerning association work. He was taken to the rooms under the present library and shown where the students were contemplating the equipment of a first-class Y. M. C. A. hall. Mr. Johnson thought the idea a good one and after some plans were talked over, a committee was appointed to look further into the matter and make a formal report.

Professor Cunninggim

Prof. Cunninggim, director of the Conference School of Vanderbilt University, was at the college sometime ago. He made a very interesting address before the Y. M. C. A. on the demand for strong intellectual men entering the ministry. He said that Wofford was held in very high esteem by the Vanderbilt faculty and that Wofford boys were always found to have thorough preparation.

Mother's Day

One of the prettiest customs and one which should stir the heart of every man, is the observance of mothers' day. This day was observed at Central Methodist Church last Sunday when a white carnation was pinned on the coat of every man that entered the church. This pure white flower was worn in honor of the wearer's mother and an exceptional sight it was. Old men, whose heads were white with the frosts of many winters reverently wore that token of reverence and respect in memory of that sainted mother ho had possibly passed out of this life many years ago. Also the young man in the bloom of life felt a flush to his cheek as this carnation was pinned on him and he felt a deep pride in wearing this token in honor of the greatest woman on earth to him. The hearts of many strong men were stirred as they thought of

their mother at home or possibly of one who had gone, and maybe whose exact image had passed out their mind, but there was left the impress of an unselfish love and an impetus to something higher that could never be blotted out. We are reminded of that beautiful poem of Kipling, which has brought tears to the eyes of many a strong man:

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose tears would come to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine;
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

Worth Reading Twice

"Nothing is too good for the commonest man or woman, and there is nothing which the commonest man or woman cannot understand if it is presented in a vital and not a technical fashion."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Fred E. Bearden, Editor

Wofford Men on the Bench

HON. C. A. WOODS.

Charles A. Woods was born at Springfield county, July 31st, 1852. His early education was in the school at Darlington. He entered Wofford in 1868 and graduated four years later. He then worked in his father's store and taught school till June, 1873. He spent as much time as possible studying law. After three months studying in the office of Woods & Dargan, in Darlington, he was admitted to the bar. He later opened an office at Marion. For a time he was in co-partnership with the late Chief-Justice Henry McIver. He practiced law until January, 1903, when he was elected associate justice of the Supreme Coutr of South Carolina. In January, 1909, he was elected justice of the same court.

HON. C. G. DANTZLER.

Charles G. Dantzler was born at Orangeburg, S. C. He was prepared for college at Mt. Zion Institute, Winnsboro, S. C., and at Kings Mountain Military School, Yorkville, S. C. He then entered Wofford, graduating in 1875, after studying law sometime he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Orangeburg. He represented Orangeburg in the house for six years. He was elected judge of the First Judicial Circuit of South Carolina in 1902, and was re-elected in 1906.

HON. G. W. GAGE.

George W. Gage was born in Union county, February 4, 1856. He was prepared for college by his parents and by the family governess and entered Wofford, graduating in 1875.

He then spent three years in the banking house of Geo. W. Williams. In the fall of 1878, he entered Vanderbilt University and took the Bachelor of Laws degree in 1880, and was also awarded the Founders' medal. He began the practice of law at Chester, in October, 1880. He was elected member of the legislature in 1897 and judge in 1898. He has been re-elected twice since then.

HON. D. E. HYDRICK.

Daniel E. Hydrick was born in Orangeburg county, August 6, 1860. His early training was in the neighborhood school and in the Columbia Male Academy. He then entered Wofford at the age of 16. Later he graduated from Vanderbilt University. He then taught three years as principal of the Darlington Male Academy. After studying law sometime, he stood the examination and was admitted to the bar in 1886. He began practice in Spartanburg. He served several terms as a member of the house from Spartanburg county and two teams as State senator. In January, 1905, he was elected judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit, and was recently elected to succeed Hon. C. A. Woods as associate justice of the Supreme Court.

HON. G. E. PRINCE.

George E. Prince was born in Abbeville county, January 24th, 1856. He was prepared for college in Williamston, S. C., entered Wofford in 1872, and graduated in 1876 as valedictorian of his class. He was professor in Williamston Female College for three years. Then he studied law and was admitted to the bar, beginning practice in Anderson, S. C. Was attorney for that city for several years. Has been a trustee of Wofford and Lander Colleges for several years. He was a member of the State legislature from 1899 to 1902, and was elected again in 1905. In the same year he was elected judge of the newly created Tenth Judicial Circuit of South Carolina.

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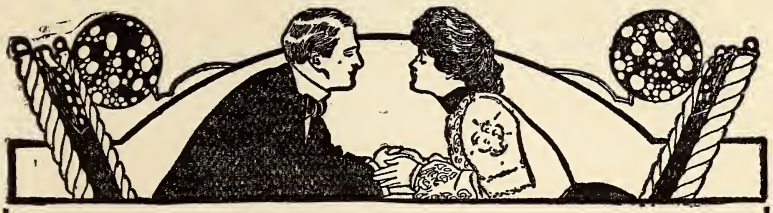

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